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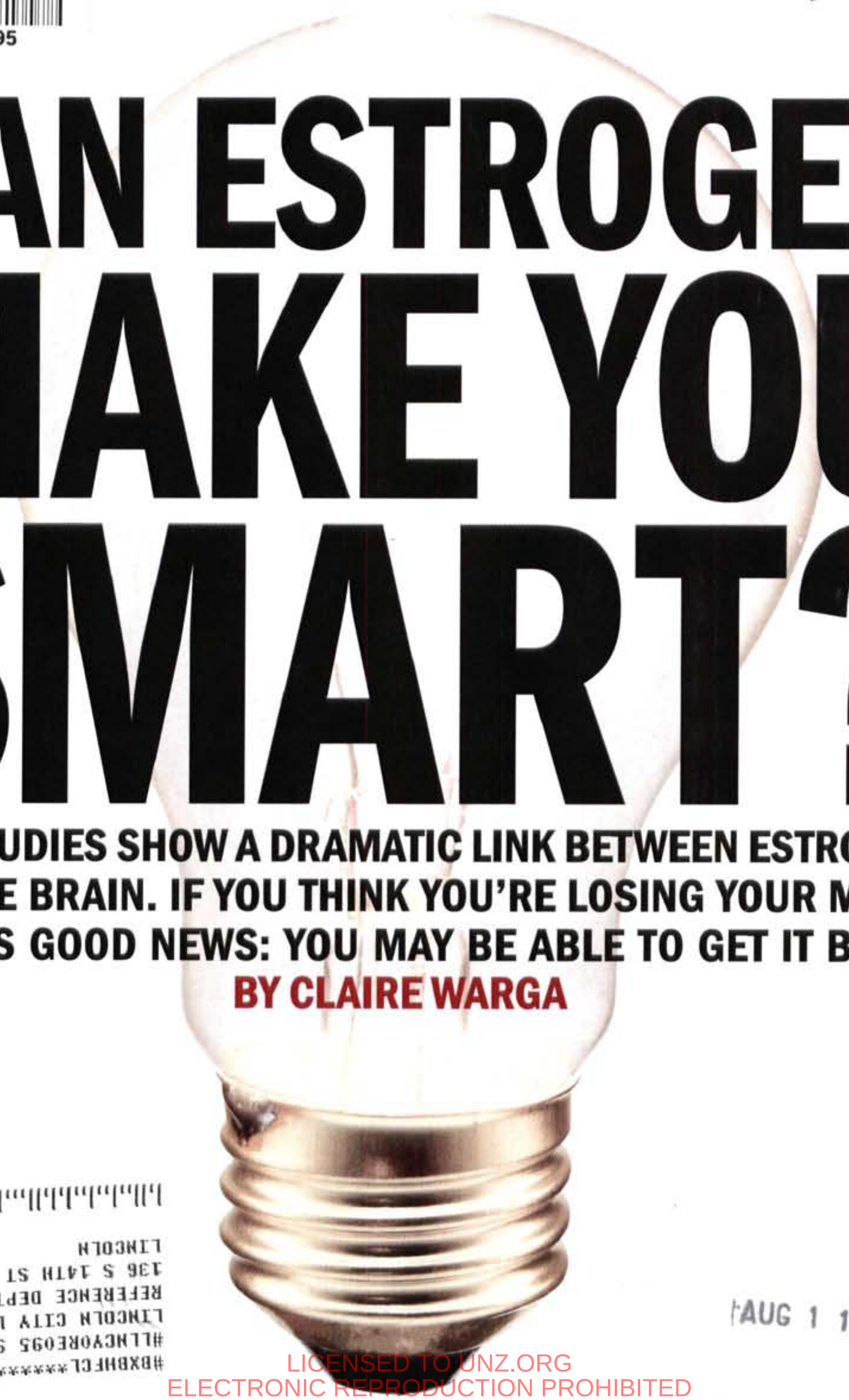

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BY CLAIRE WARGA

AUG 11 1997

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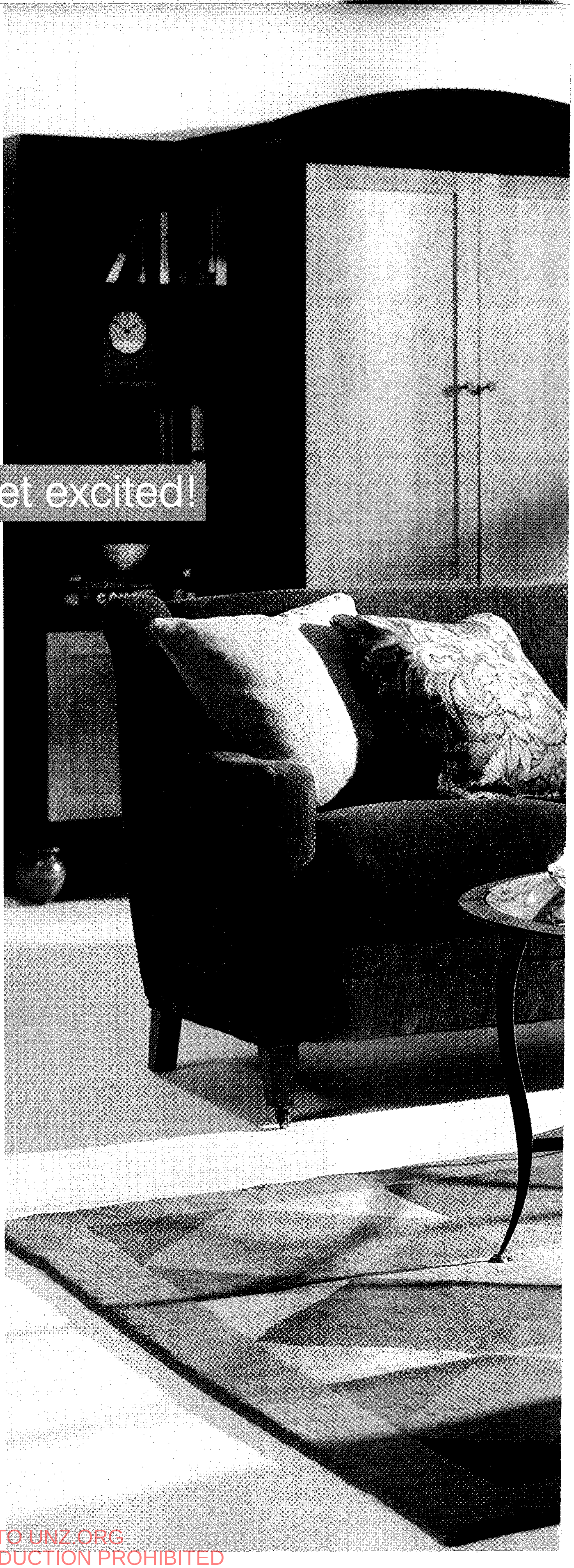

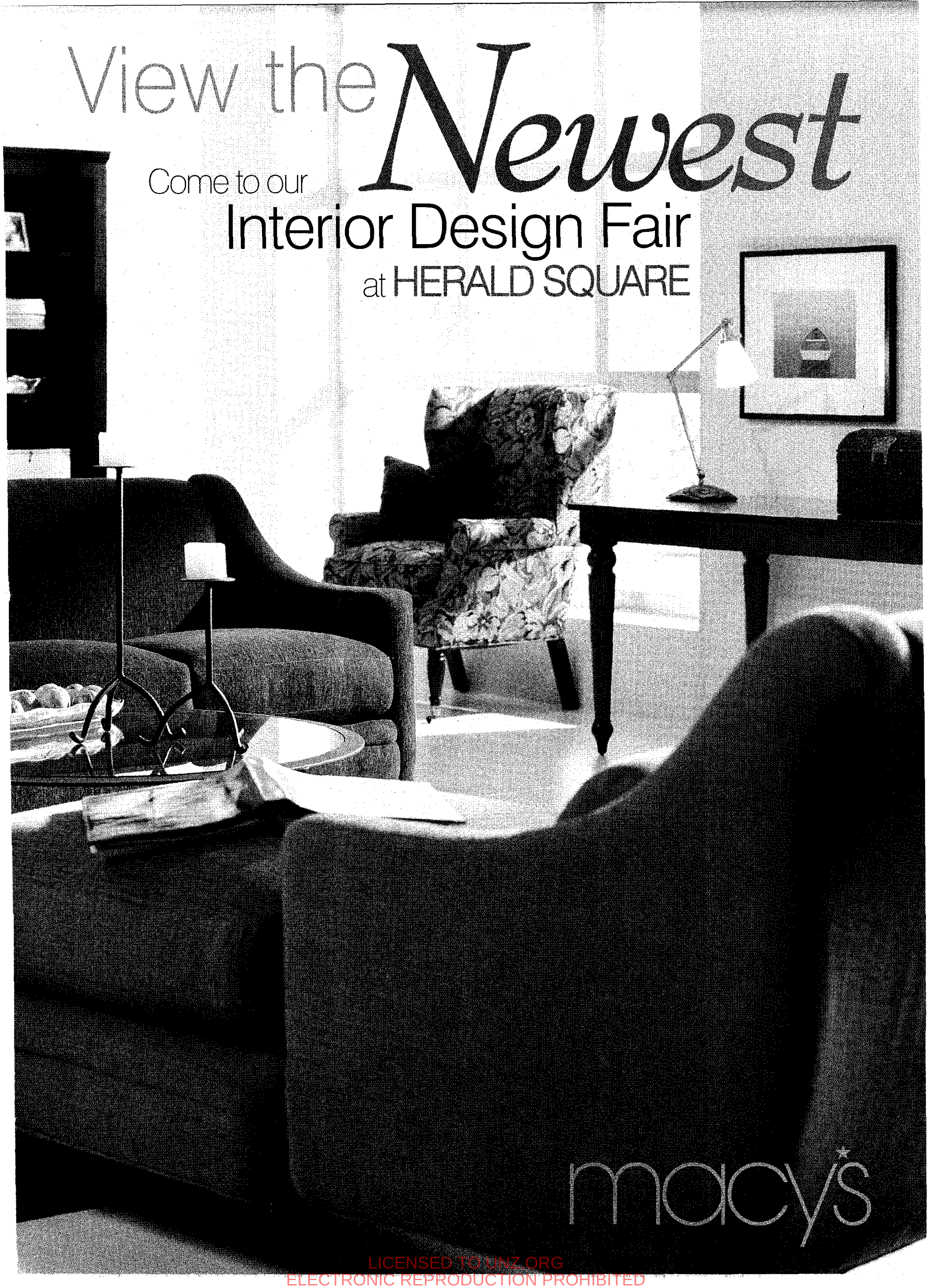
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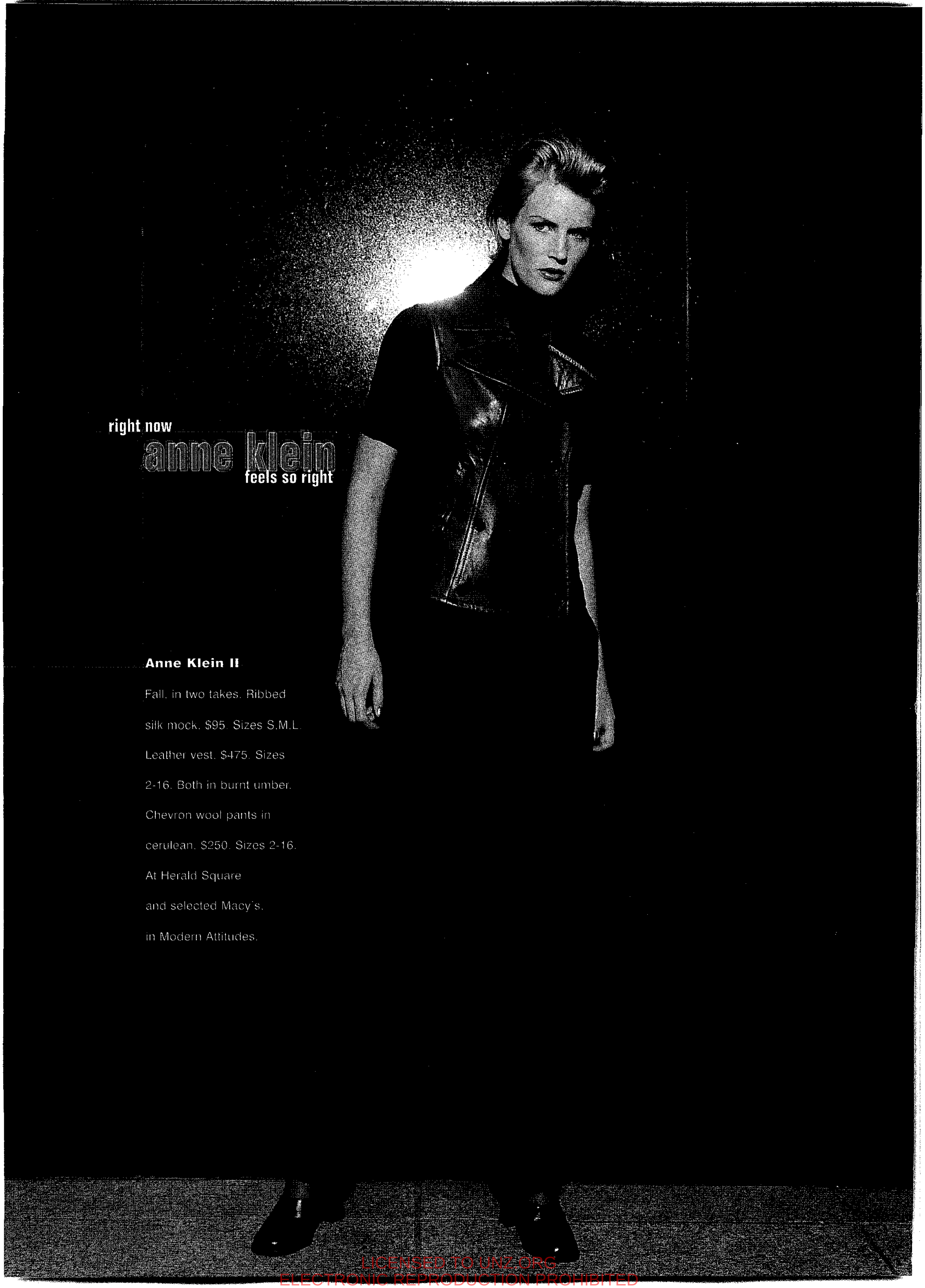
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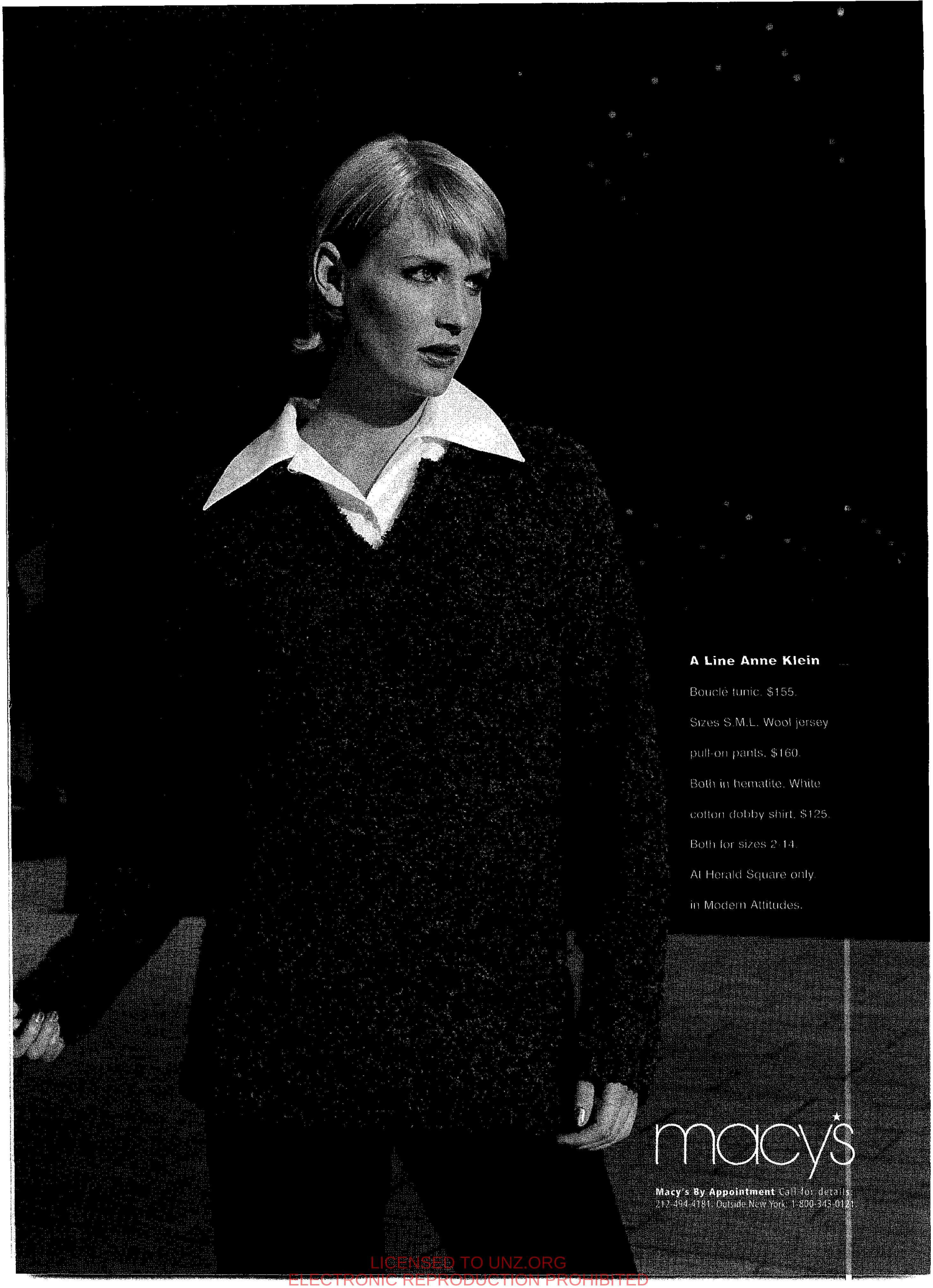

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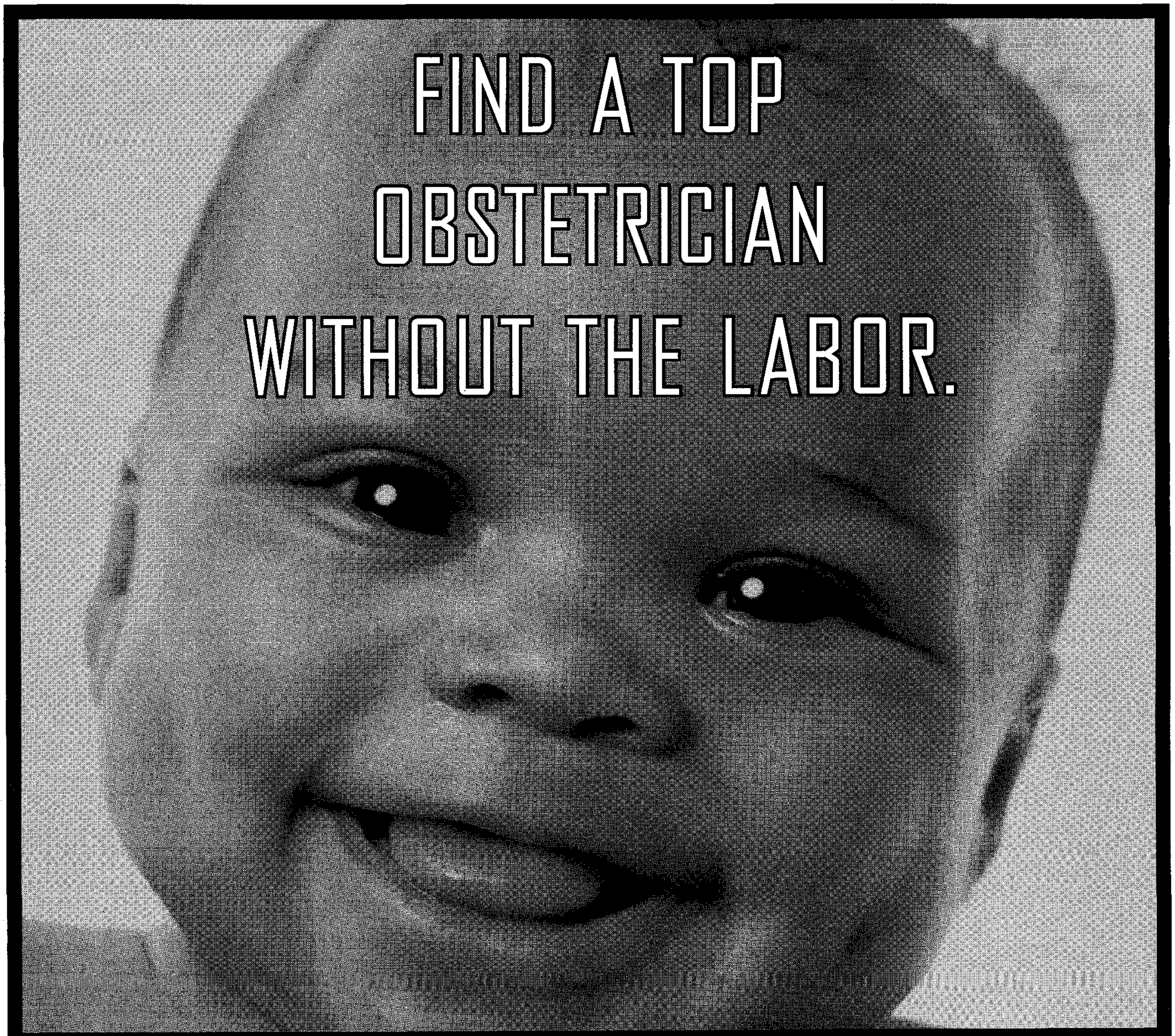

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By Claire Landsberg Warga

Everywhere you look, there's a story about what estrogen does for the body; oddly absent is any discussion of what it does for the mind. But major research links declining estrogen levels to memory loss and verbal lapses in women beginning in their forties and fifties (and, to a lesser degree, in men). Which means it can often be reversed. But first, women have to be willing to talk about it.

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By Billy Altman

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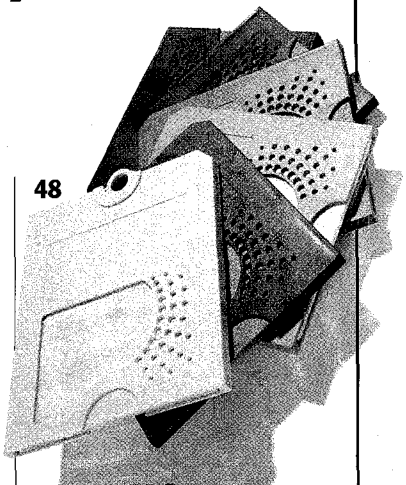

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The "Off-the-Shoulder" Look—
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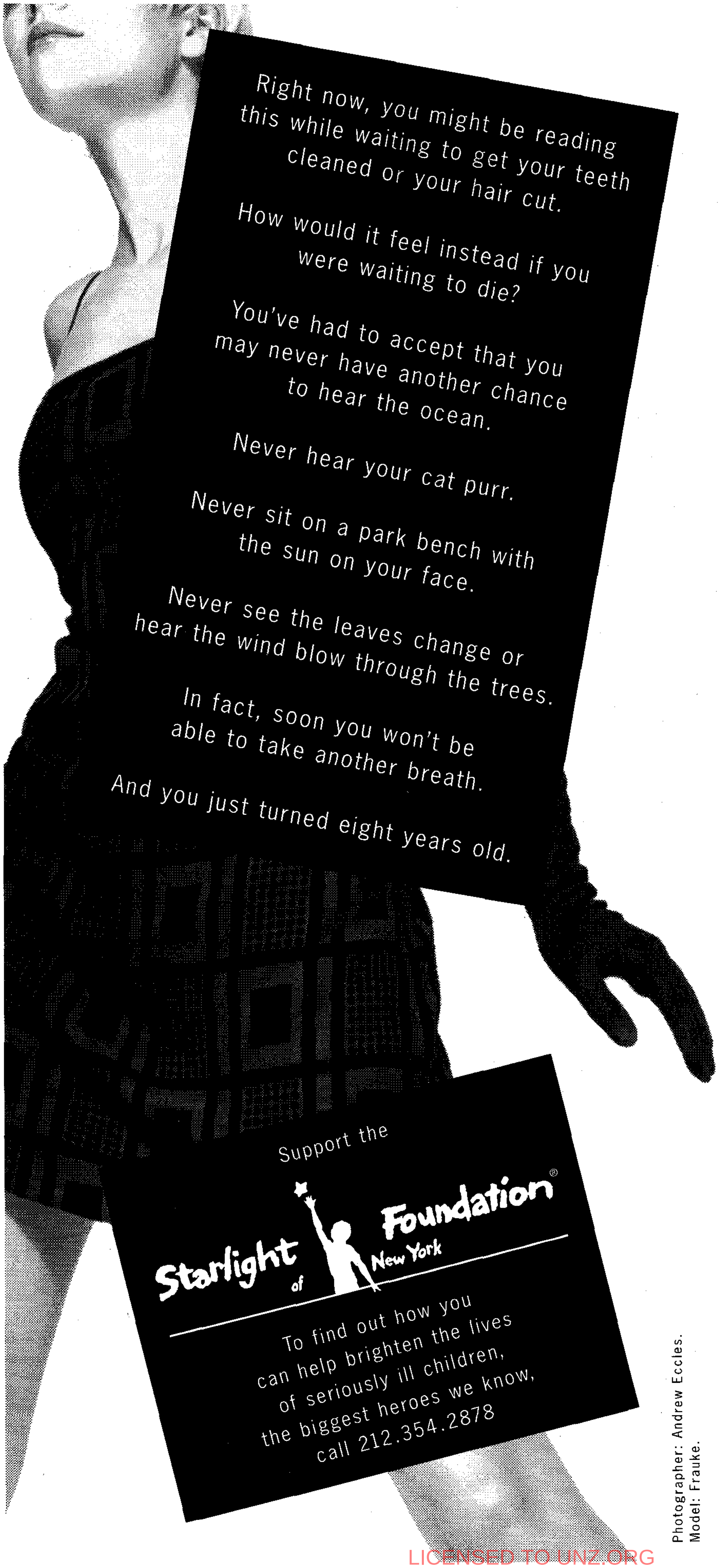
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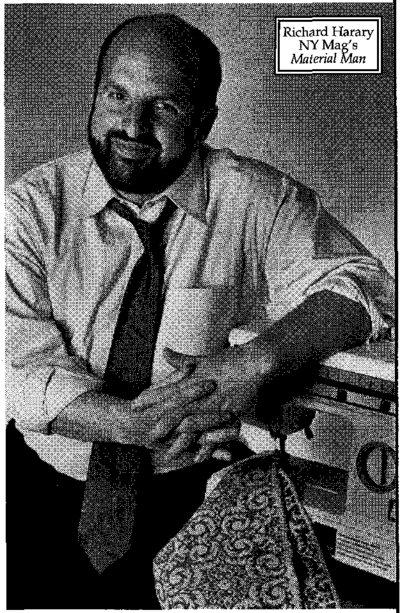

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Religious Differences

Has American Judaism gotten too permissive, or too insular?; Gotti and Gigante, on perpetual trial in the press and in the courts.

CRAIG HOROWITZ IS MISINFORMED regarding the Anti-Defamation League's actions during the 1991 Crown Heights riots ["Are American Jews Disappearing?," July 14]. Without our reopening the debate about how quickly we might have intervened, one thing is certain: At no time during ADL's discussions and decisions on Crown Heights did the social status or religious practices of the riot victims play any part. To suggest that our response was conditioned by "disdain" for "those people" is an outrageous falsehood.

Abraham H. Foxman
National Director
Anti-Defamation League
MANHATTAN

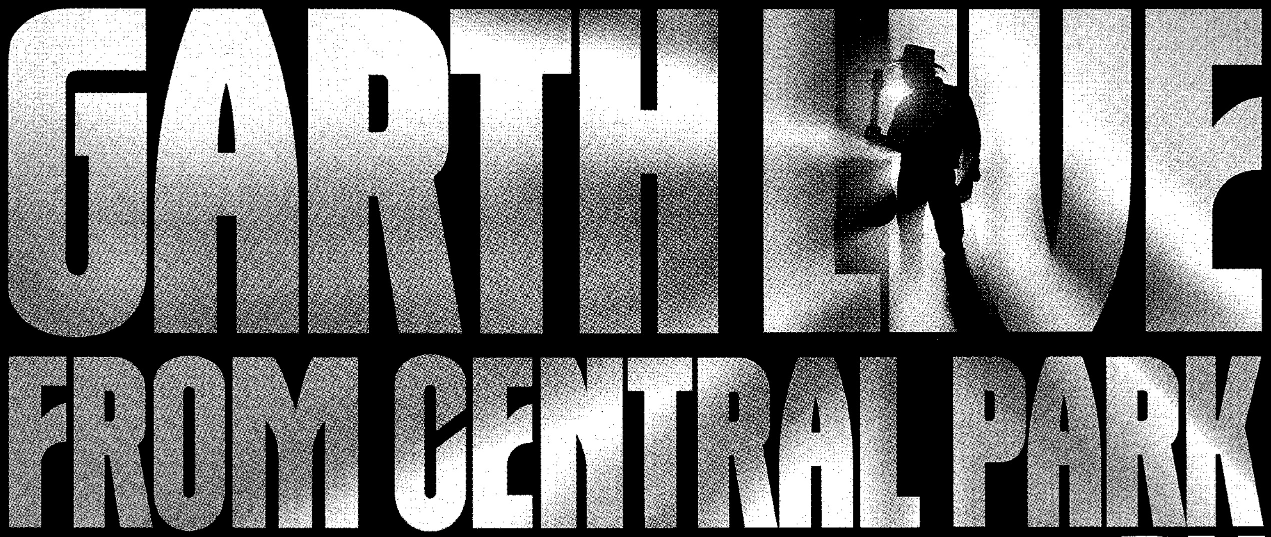
Craig Horowitz responds: I am sure that during the Anti-Defamation League's policy discussions regarding the Crown Heights riots, Abe Foxman never articulated any negative feelings about the social status or the religious practices of the Lubavitch Hasidim. I'm equally sure that no other executive of a major Jewish organization did, either. However, the fact remains that the overall response to the riots by the organized Jewish community was curiously slow and muted. Without "reopening the debate" about how quickly and enthusiastically any particular organization responded, I must say that I have done dozens of interviews with Hasidic residents of Crown Heights since the riots, and to a person, they believe that when it really counted, they were abandoned.

CRAIG HOROWITZ QUOTES LEONARD FEIN AS saying that the principal problem facing the Jewish community is boredom. Who can blame Fein, as a Reform Jew, for feeling this way? Judaism is a religion, not an ethnicity. Bagels and lox aren't Judaism; the Torah and the Commandments are. Reform Judaism has done away with almost every Commandment that exists. It's no wonder he finds his brand of Judaism so boring. There's nothing left.

I have yet to meet an Orthodox Jew who feels that his or her lifestyle is boring. We learn Talmud for an hour or two, go to synagogue every day, and raise our children to be religious Jews who will not intermarry because they actually appreciate their heritage.

Nachman Schneider
MANHATTAN

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE RAMPANT INtermarriage among American Jews is organized religion's failure to provide opportunities for those who have adopted modern culture and modern values to



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meet. Going to a dance at a synagogue to meet a "nice Jewish boy or girl" has become an anachronism. Yet attendance at cocktail parties for young Jewish professionals grows each year. In the past two years, over 10,000 young single Jewish New Yorkers have attended parties sponsored by Utopia Events. Our attendees may not enjoy the insular existence favored by some Jewish leaders. But they sure get married to each other a lot.

Jeffrey Strank
President, Utopia Events
MANHATTAN

SPEAKING FROM MY EXPERIENCE AS A "GOY" who attempted to "join the tribe"—could the Jewish people make it any harder? To convert, I had to be sponsored by a rabbi (donation appreciated), take a seventeen-week course on "how to be a Jew" (fee mandatory), learn pseudo-Hebrew (how to pronounce, no idea what you're pronouncing), have a naming/conversion ceremony (another donation suggested)—all to be able to say that my children will now be Jewish. If 50 percent of Jews are marrying out of their own faith, then maybe the "goy welcome mat" should be a bit more friendly!

Alison Rose
MANHATTAN

Nothing But the Truth

THERE ARE TOO MANY FACTUAL ERRORS IN John Lombardi's "Taking It on the Chin" [July 28] for me to list them all, so I will focus on just a few. Only someone who had not read it could say that *Mob Star,* a book I co-wrote with Gene Mustain, was part of "an FBI publicity blitz" that "made the bureau look swell." Published in 1988, it is an unauthorized biography of John Gotti that includes the story of how the federal government bungled its first prosecution of Gotti. It's hardly a puff piece.

It is equally preposterous to suggest I left the city for a year because "the mob hired detectives to follow [me] around." I left because Stanford University awarded me a Knight fellowship—not out of the blue but after a yearlong process of essays and interviews. Besides, are the mob's detectives so bad that they couldn't have followed me to California? Lombardi could have learned the truth in a single phone call, and while I was at it, I could also have told him that Carmine Sessa did not testify at the Gigante trial.

Finally, Lombardi blithely asserts that the *late* New York FBI chief Jim Fox was a regular source of mine. He had no way of knowing whether that's true or false.

Jerry Capeci
BROOKLYN

John Lombardi responds: While *Mob Star* does allow for government mistakes in the handling of the first John Gotti prosecution, the thrust of the so-called biography is meant to show the FBI on the side of the angels; it couldn't have been written without federal sources. It's part of the same media process as Howard Blum's *Gangland* and Peter Maas's *Underboss,* two books that toe the "official" line and overdramatize the danger of organized crime. Regarding my other "errors": One, Carmine Sessa was scheduled as a prosecution witness when deadline overtook me. Two, I'm sure Mr. Capeci deserved his fellowship, but does he deny being followed?

Correction The following information should have been included last week in "Restaurants: Let Them Eat Bread," by Hal Rubenstein. *Bouley Bakery, 120 West Broadway (964-2525), is open for lunch from 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. and for dinner from 5 to 11:30 P.M. seven days a week. The bakery is open daily from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. All major credit cards accepted.* ▬

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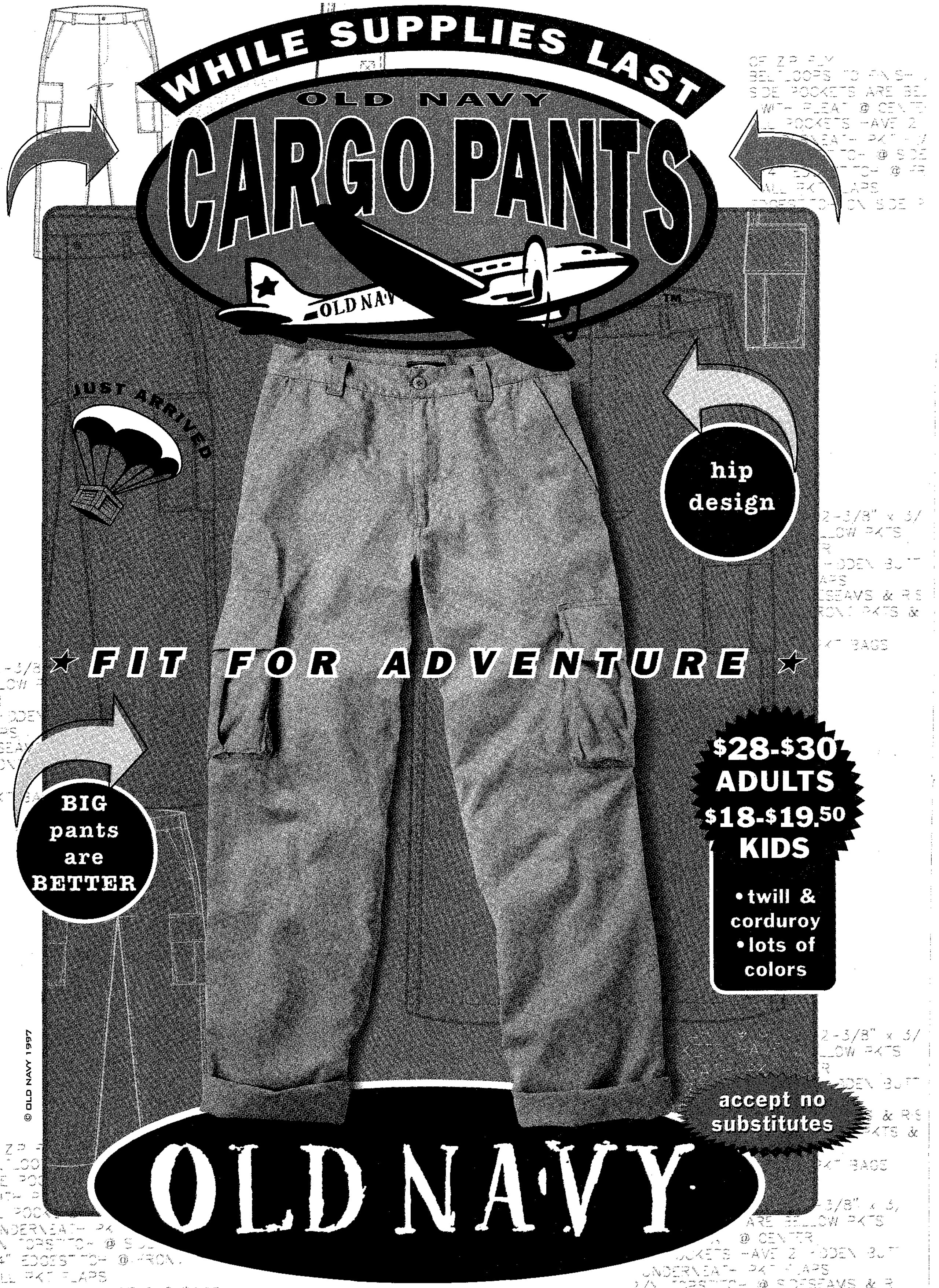
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18th & 6th, Manhattan

SHOPS AT BRUCKNER BOULEVARD, BRONX • ATLANTIC CENTER, BROOKLYN • REGO PARK SHOPPING CENTER, REGO PARK
STATEN ISLAND MALL, STATEN ISLAND • CALDOR PLAZA, LEVITTOWN • ISLANDIA CENTER, VETERANS MEMORIAL HWY.
BIG H SHOPPING CENTER, HUNTINGTON • FIVE TOWNS SHOPPING CENTER, WOODMERE • GREAT SOUTH BAY SHOPPING CENTER, BABYLON
SUNRISE HWY. (RTE. 27) AT JOHNSON AVE., NEXT TO SAYVILLE PLAZA • INDEPENDENCE SHOPPING CENTER, SELDEN
WAYNE TOWNE CENTER, WAYNE, N.J. • GATEWAY SHOPPING CENTER, OLD BRIDGE, N.J. • EDGEWATER COMMONS ON RIVER ROAD, EDGEWATER, N.J.
MENLO PARK MALL, EDISON, N.J. • MONMOUTH MALL, EATONTOWN, N.J. • DARINOR PLAZA, NORWALK, CONN. • TRUMBULL SHOPPING PARK, TRUMBULL, CONN.
LIMITED QUANTITIES ON ALL ITEMS. SOME ITEMS NOT AVAILABLE IN ALL STORES.

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

SKIMPING TO CAMBODIA

After being congratulated for his recent media coup—airing journalist **Nate Thayer**'s tape of the genocide trial of deposed Cambodian leader **Pol Pot,** who hadn't been seen for eighteen years—*Nightline* producer **Tom Bettag** told *USA Today,* "The only credit we get is not being stupid enough to not do something with the tape." But the decision didn't look so obvious to his ABC colleagues in New York, who weren't ready to pony up the six-figure sum that Washington, D.C.–based *Nightline* did. According to **Tom Keller,** a New York–based photo agent who was one of the people handling Thayer's coverage, ABC and CBS's news desks in New York and CNN's in Atlanta all dropped the ball on their chance to air the historic footage. Says Keller, "I tried to explain the news value, but Pol Pot didn't ring any bells for the woman who answered the phone at ABC-TV's news desk. I even asked her if she'd seen *The Killing Fields*—she hadn't—and when I asked to speak to someone who knew something about the news, she hung up." An ABC News spokesperson says, "No one on the assignment desk has a recollection of speaking with Keller, and obviously, as a news organization, we recognized the tape's value." Keller says CNN told him it was not the network's policy to buy freelance tapes, but a spokesman there denies such a policy exists and says, "As far as we know, the incident never happened." As for CBS, Keller says, "The news desk offered me $2,500 for the footage, saying that *60 Minutes* was on vacation and 'No one watches the news on weekends.' " Says a CBS News spokeswoman: "We determined that what they were looking for in terms of a fee didn't make sense to us. As for the weekend news, ratings show that we do very well." Keller says he's baffled by the tepid responses: "I mean, it's at least as interesting as **Bill Cosby** and **Autumn Jackson.**"

1 REP, NO RIV VU

A gleeful **Donald Trump** has been caught gloating over the notion that his Riverside South project, finally under construction despite the vociferous protestations of Representative **Jerrold Nadler,** among others, is about to cut off the river view from Nadler's Lincoln Center–area apartment. "You've finally figured out that this is why Nadler's been fighting the project so hard—because of his view," crowed the attention-shy builder. "That's what's behind all his protests. I've known about this for a while now, for about two years. But I've won. It's really very funny." Nadler thinks the joke is on Trump. "I live on the third floor, and my apartment faces the back," he says. "My apartment does not have a river view. So if Mr. Trump built this in the hopes of ruining my view, he's wasted his money."

Donald Trump:
Nadler needler

Naomi Campbell:
Ready to wear

NO *BONGWATER* IN FORD'S FUTURE

It doesn't always matter who you know. Or even who you're related to. Which is why **Alicia Witt** (of *Cybill* fame) may drive a Chrysler Jeep Cherokee in *Bongwater*—a $1 million independent film currently in production—instead of a Ford Explorer, even though the film is being produced by **Alessandro Uzielli,** Henry Ford's great-grandson. Ford Motor Company came through for Uzielli's first movie, *Shakespeare's Sister,* loaning six Explorers just for the actors to drive to the set. But when the automotive auteur's staff asked the family firm for an Explorer to use onscreen in *Bongwater* (which is based on **Michael Hornburg**'s novel about a group of friends who pop pills, smoke dope, and generally party around Portland, Oregon, and New York), they were turned down cold. Ford got a copy of the script (under the cleaned-up title *Big Red*) and sent it along to Showcase Placements, the L.A.–based firm that handles Ford's product placements. Showcase's **Orah Devany** promptly rejected the request: "The content was not appropriate. Ford is family-oriented." Uzielli would not comment, but a production source admits that Chrysler was a lot easier to deal with. "I think we had one piece of paper," says the source. "We filled it out and got a Jeep Cherokee."

IN ALL THEIR MOURNING GLORY

Gianni Versace's meticulous attention to detail was not forgotten in the hours after his death. Before the designer's ashes were flown to Milan, the florist asked that the urn be carried down to the basement, where his stock of flowers had been brought. Instead, he was told, "Gianni doesn't go into the basement," and was asked to bring his supplies upstairs. The Versace family's careful planning did not stop there. Before **Naomi Campbell, Eva Herzigova, Carla Bruni,** and **Valeria Mazza** arrived for the funeral, the Versaces put together a selection of officially approved mourning outfits, just in case. "But to ask the family for anything would have been so inappropriate," says a representative for one model. Instead, the women wore suitably somber attire from their own wardrobes.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

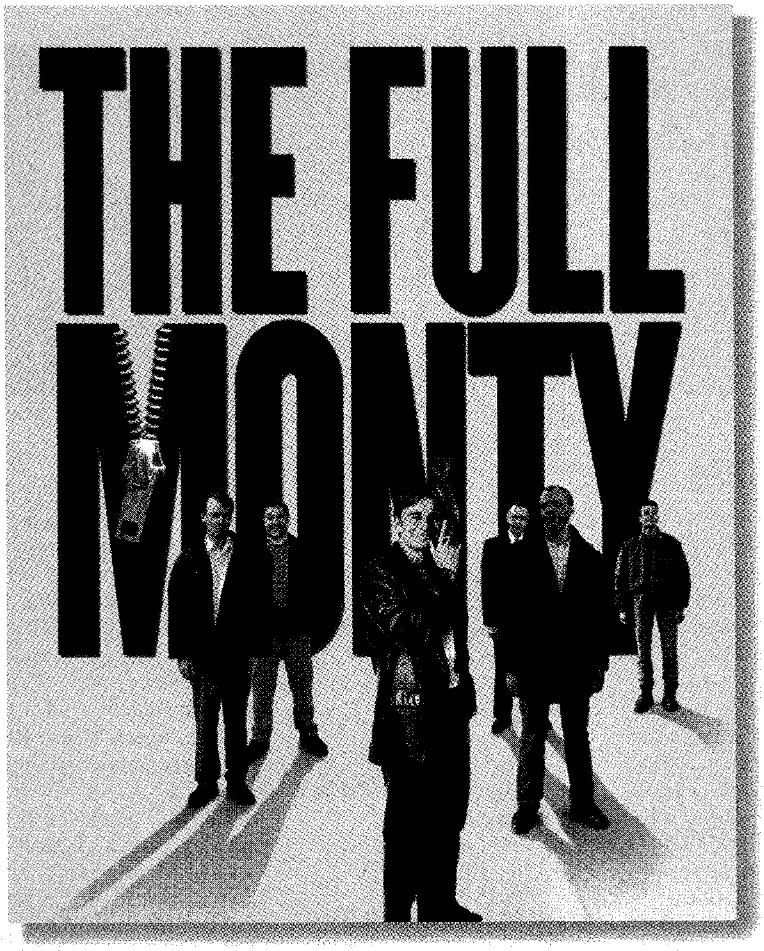
hotographs: top, Gerardo Somoza/Outline; bottom, Albert Pizzoli/Sygma.

POLO JEANS OUTDOOR CINEMA - SUMMER 1997

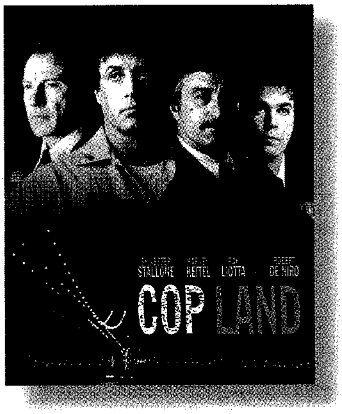
YOU ARE INVITED TO FREE ADVANCE MOVIE SCREENINGS

Polo Jeans invites you to the movies under the summer stars at South Street Seaport. Join us for a festival of cutting edge independent films at special advanced screenings courtesy of Polo Jeans. Movies rated R. No ticket necessary for general admission.

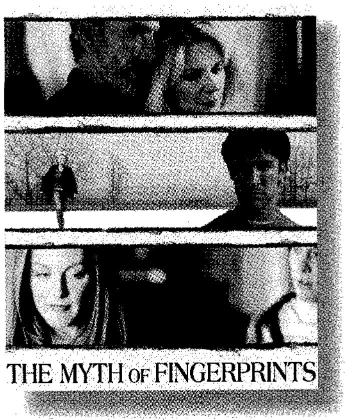
POLO JEANS OUTDOOR CINEMA AT SOUTH STREET SEAPORT



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6TH



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13TH



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20TH

COMPLIMENTARY VIP RESERVED SEATING: For the best seats in the house, reserved seating tickets are available free of charge one week prior to each screening date at the men's and women's Polo Jeans departments at Bloomingdale's 59th Street while supplies last. No ticket necessary for general admission. Screenings at dusk. Rain date the following day

POLO JEANS OUTDOOR CINEMA LOCATION: the north side of Pier 17 at South Street Seaport between Fulton and South Streets

GOTHAM

Ineluctable town, sinew and fabric, of youth—*Willie Morris*

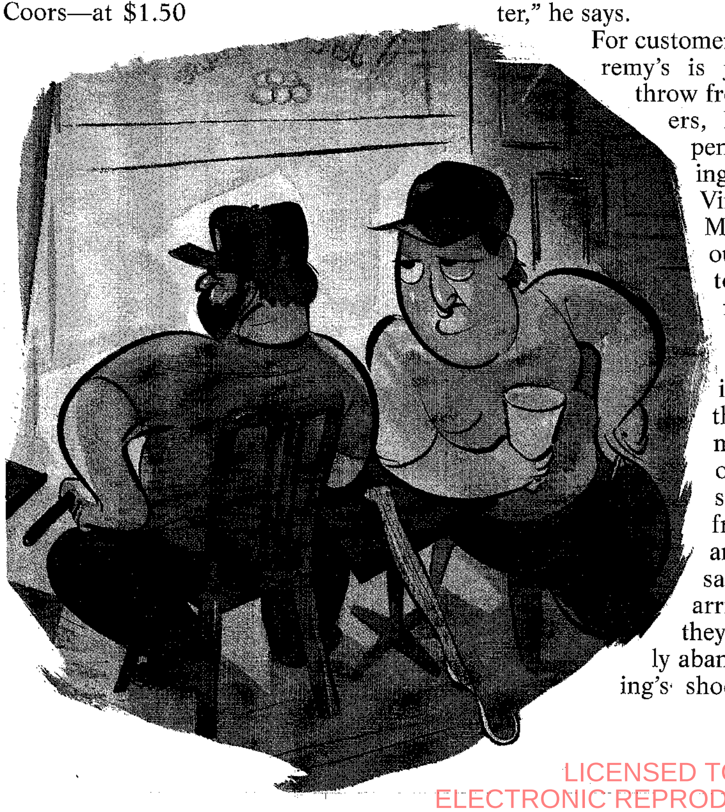
Downtown

WHERE THE NIGHT SHIFT TOASTS THE SUNRISE

WHEN A COUPLE OF BURLY gents with gaffs slung over their shoulders walk into a bar and order two quarts of beer, you neither question their decision to start consuming alcohol at 8 A.M. nor offer any jokes about the dangers of drinking and gaffing. Especially when the bar is Jeremy's Ale House, the Front Street pub that offers an early-morning happy hour to the overnight-shift crowd of gaffers, filleters, and mongers from the nearby Fulton Fish Market, along with assorted filmmakers, cops, and New York City Transit track workers.

At an hour when workaday New Yorkers are knocking back their first cups of coffee or squeezing into subway spaces where none existed, the men (and they are almost exclusively men) at Jeremy's are raising 32-ounce Styrofoam cups of Coors—at $1.50 apiece—in a different kind of sunrise celebration. "Anybody who works all night and gets off at eight in the morning needs a place to hang out and have a cheap drink," says Jeremy Holin, the owner.

As much as the cheap beer, what draws Jeremy's morning patrons to the former garbage-truck garage is a shared contentment that they're not part of the nine-to-five world. "We raise our cups and toast those suckers in the rat race," announces Marc Lessard, a bluff track worker who, because of his heft, can easily put down six to eight quarts of beer each time he comes to Jeremy's and, despite his heft, claims he can slam-dunk a basketball. Regulars like Tom, a diffident fish filleter who stops in once or twice a week and usually drinks alone, are comfortable running against, well, the normal currents of society: "The least people I see, the better," he says.



For customers like Tom, Jeremy's is just a stone's throw from work. Others, like the independent filmmaking team of Dave Vinson and Dave Martin, go far out of their way to make the morning happy hour. "Yesterday we realized at 8:15 that we might miss the eye-opener, so we sprinted here from 9th Street and Avenue A," says Vinson. To arrive in time, they had to abruptly abandon the morning's shooting of their latest no-budget movie, *Death Italian-Style*. "We're going to unload this movie on Taiwan," Martin offers, as Holin joins the conversation to recite the list of luminaries who have dropped by his bar over the years.

Two NYPD bodyguards once ushered in Energy Secretary Federico Peña, then mayor of Denver, and didn't know quite what to do when Jeremy greeted the party by taking a meat cleaver to the mayor's tie. Holin introduces another regular at the establishment as "Shopping Bag Annie, the fish-market hooker," and guesses she is "somewhere between 40 and death—probably 67."

An open-top double-decker rolls by the bar's outdoor seating area. "This is another reason we come here in the morning—it's our civic duty," Vinson says as he and Martin wave and hoot at the tourists. "This way, some woman goes back to Stuttgart and says, 'You know what? In New York, they're all drunks.' " Vinson is still waving and hooting when his chair tips over. The clock on the wall reads 9:25.

DOUGLAS DANOFF

Comedy

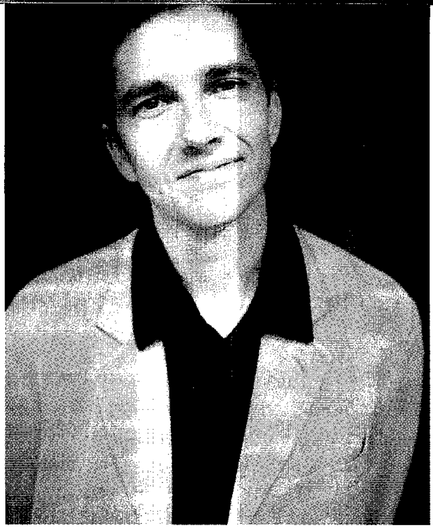
HEEERE'S BOB SMITH, A STAND-UP GAY, ER, *GUY*

"I COME FROM A VERY CONSERVATIVE family, and it wasn't easy telling them I was gay," Bob Smith tells the audience. "I delivered my carefully worded speech on Thanksgiving. I said to my mother, 'Mom, would you please pass the gravy to a homosexual?' " Brief pause. "She passed it to my father."

Yes, Bob Smith is a gay comedian, but in the past few months he's become *the* gay comedian (Ellen who?)—the one on the *Tonight Show*, the one with his own HBO special, the one with his own book deal. On this evening at the Gotham Comedy Club in Chelsea, television scouts and publicists have gathered to watch Smith perform in what is otherwise an all-female lineup.

When he was starting out, Smith never mentioned his sexuality; he tended to poke fun at life growing up in Buffalo. But when he began getting big laughs addressing the trials and tribulations of

Illustration by Eric Palma.



Buffalo guy: Stand-up comedian Bob Smith.

coming out to his parents, Smith even added his mother's response to the news. "She said, 'You're gay? Are you seeing a psychiatrist?' " he tells tonight's appreciative crowd. "I said, 'No, I'm seeing a lieutenant in the Navy.' "

Smith has spent eleven years on the New York City stand-up circuit. "I had one manager say to me, 'Can't you just be Bob Smith, a funny guy from Buffalo? This other stuff will never work.' " As it happened, the "other stuff" worked so well that Smith was soon discovered and offered an HBO *One Night Stand* in 1994; the showcase brought him to the attention of Jay Leno, who booked Smith as the first openly gay comic ever to appear on the *Tonight Show.*

"I called home first and said, 'You know, everyone will see this; they'll know I'm gay. Are you guys okay with that?' " Smith recalls. "My mom said, 'Well, your dad and I talked about it, and we figure, there are a lot of people named Bob Smith—who's gonna know?' "

Smith sees his homosexuality as an ideal comedic niche. "Comedy has always been done best by outsiders—Jewish, black, female. Homosexuals are part of that." A collection of humorous essays, *Openly Bob,* is due out in October; he's also meeting with Showtime executives about starring in his own sketch comedy show. The gay roles he's seen in the past have left him cold. He recalls being offered the part of a seemingly normal gay man, "except he had dialogue like 'Well, snap-a-doodle-do!' " So until the right character comes along, Smith will stick with stand-up. "Of course, I'd eventually like to be seen as a comedian who happens to be gay," he says, "rather than the gay comedian."

In the meantime, he's come up with one way to increase gay acceptance. "I've written a gay math problem that I'm going to send to the school boards," he tells the Gotham Comedy Club crowd. "Margaret came out to her parents as a lesbian in 1978. Her parents made her see a psychiatrist for 40 weeks at $65 a week." Another pause. "How many Melissa Etheridge albums could Margaret have bought with the money her parents could have saved?" KATE COYNE

Prison

SINGLE-CELL DIVISION: THE NUMBERS DON'T WORK

AS A MATH PROBLEM, IT'S A NO-BRAINER: IF New York State builds a new maximum-security prison with 750 cells, then announces plans to house 1,500 inmates there, how many prisoners will be assigned to each cell? The answer is two, of course, and to Eddie Ellis, president of the Community Justice Center in Harlem, that adds up to big trouble. With the passage last week of a new state budget that provides for hundreds of new double-bunked cells, Ellis and other advocates of prisoners' rights have suffered a major setback in a long, hard-fought battle.

And to make matters worse—explosively worse, in fact—prisoners themselves are being forced to build the units.

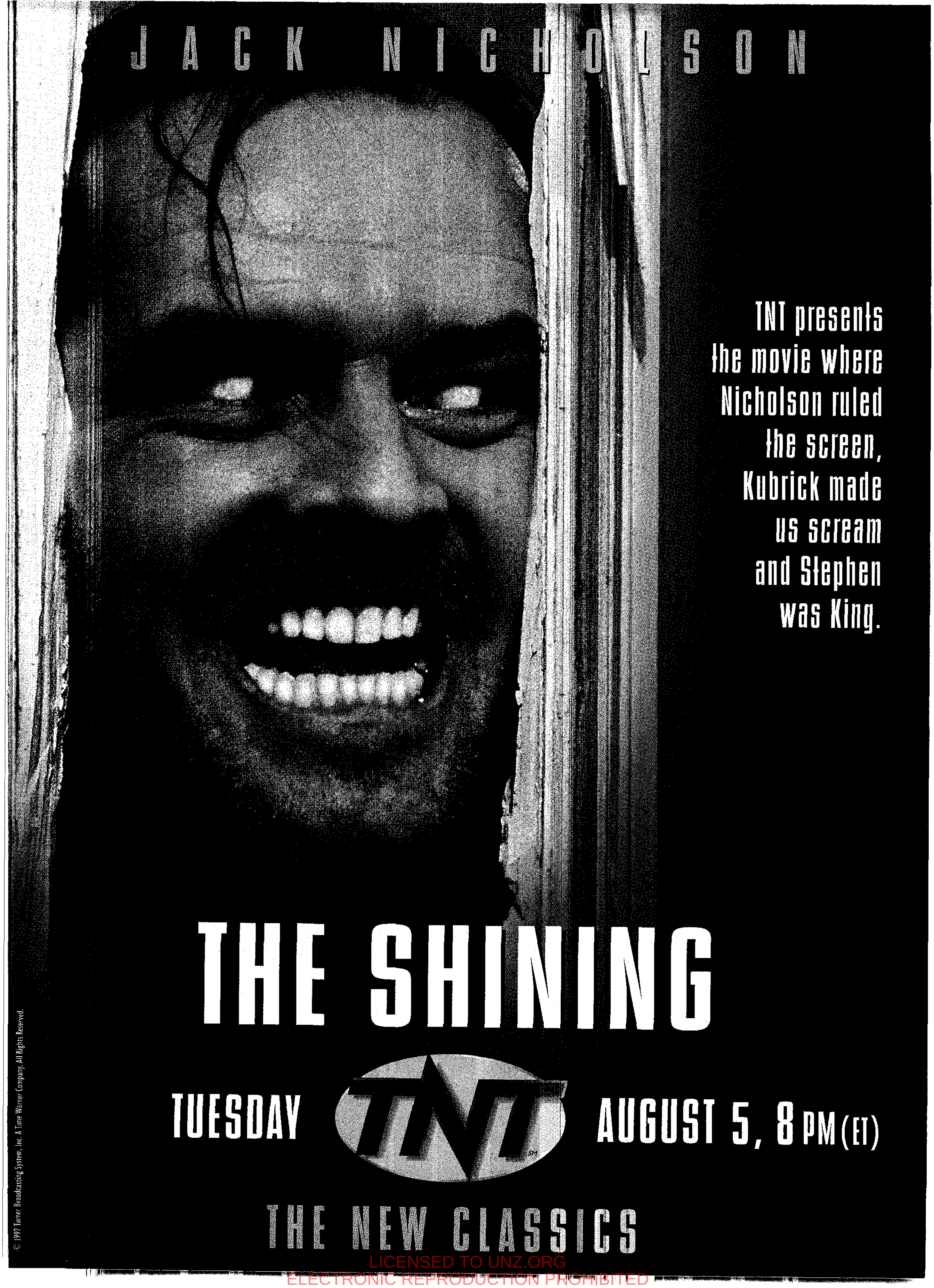
So-called double-celling has been condemned by parties on all points of the prison system's spectrum, from inmates to guards to officials within the Department of Correctional Services. Last year, in a suit brought by a union representing prison employees, even the State Supreme Court ruled against the practice. The Pataki administration immediately appealed the ruling, effectively blocking the judge's order and allowing double-celling to continue as the appeal works its way through the courts. And now the new budget promises a dramatic expansion of the hotly contested policy.

"Double-celling is a dangerous and dicey step for prisons to take," says Robert Gangi, executive director of the Correctional Association of New York, a

S H O T

Family Golf Center, Randalls Island, 1:10 P.M., Sunday, July 27, *photographed by Greg Miller.*

Photograph by Katrina Dickson


JACK NICHOLSON
TNT presents the movie where Nicholson ruled the screen, Kubrick made us scream and Stephen was King.
THE SHINING
TUESDAY
TNT
AUGUST 5, 8 PM (ET)
THE NEW CLASSICS

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watchdog group. "Double-celling can be life-threatening," confirms Eddie Ellis. "It definitely increases tension." He should know. A former Black Panther, Ellis spent nearly 25 years behind bars, for a murder he says he never committed. Since being paroled in 1992, he has focused on the problems of prison life, overseeing the Community Justice Center's programs for inmates and parolees.

These days, much of Ellis's attention has been focused on his "alma mater," the Greenhaven Correctional Facility in Dutchess County, where he did most of his time. Inmates who work in Greenhaven's industrial shop are being ordered to build double cells. "The prisoners are being asked to participate in a situation that's going to be detrimental to their health and welfare," he asserts. Using parts supplied by a private contractor, inmates in the industry shop are assembling modular steel cubicles—freestanding units that can be dropped into existing facilities as needed.

Department of Correctional Services spokesman Mike Houston says that the 100 double cells scheduled for construction at Greenhaven will be put into service as a maximum-security unit at Marcy Correctional Facility upstate. Prisoner protests against the work order have wreaked havoc at Greenhaven. According to reports from several sources, some 75 inmates have been transferred away from the facility and more than 100 disciplinary tickets have been written. Though prisoners have no legal right to refuse an assignment, there have been repeated work stoppages in recent weeks. Inmates who obey the work orders have been threatened and in some cases attacked by the protesters. Houston confirms that some inmates have been "moved out of the area," and that the prison was in lockdown for five days in June.

Ellis and other prison-reform advocates believe that the construction of double cells at Greenhaven should be stopped. "It's like asking the guys to punish themselves," Ellis insists. "This is not a good policy, either in the short or in the long term."

Debra Jo Immergut

Television

THE AUDIENCE ISN'T READY FOR PRIME TIME, EITHER

"I DON'T WATCH TV AT HOME, BUT WHEN it's live, *you're the show*! Millions of people are watching. It gets your adrenaline going," says Kelly Murray, record-setting pro golfer (*The Guinness Book of World Records* lists him as the international long-drive champion). Until the recent birth of his child, Murray had spent the past five years attending as many as four talk shows a day, shuttling between the Manhattan television studios on his mountain bike. "I've seen it *all*," he says, adding, "I'm ready to do my *own* show." Actually, that's not such a far-out idea: Outspoken audience member Bill Liblick's frequently amusing remarks from the floor of the *Sally Jessy Raphaël* and *Ricki Lake* shows nearly landed him a job hosting his own show. Smirk you may, but these folks are settled right in, every day, at the vortex of pop culture. They're Talk Show Audience VIPs.

FIELD MEMO

The Buttonholers

The audience at Rudy Giuliani's town meeting tonight in Sunset Park is so ethnically diverse it almost doesn't seem real. The crowd at P.S. 314 is sprinkled with turbaned Indian men; Hispanic women with crying babies; small, paunchy Italian men with canes; and black men in business attire. It's a New York mayor's fantasy come true—citizens of every possible shade, gathered in harmony, all in love with him. "My thanks to you for giving businesses the confidence to come back to Brooklyn," one man gushes. "They're walking off the streets trying to rent space." Giuliani smiles.

At first, the crowd doesn't seem to register the group of Hispanic women off to a side, waving noisily at the Community Assistance Unit chief prowling the aisle for questions. But their heckling finally begins to disrupt the mayor's train of thought, and he turns to them. "We're going to follow a rule that I learned in school, which is that people don't scream out," he says. "This is, like, to try to help children learn how you would properly behave as a mature adult."

Pressing a point: Not everyone in the audience was a fan of Mayor Giuliani.

The women he is lecturing have all had young sons die in the past three years, usually from police gunfire, often from bullets to the back. The mayor knows them well, a growing contingent of angry mothers, all dressed in black, who follow him to these meetings to protest grand-jury verdicts or alleged police cover-ups. He finally selects Iris Baez, a matronly woman sporting a huge button picturing her son Anthony, who was killed in the Bronx by officer Francis Livoti (who was later acquitted of murder). Instantly, the other women rush to pin their sons' likenesses to her blouse, until she's covered with buttons, a human billboard of dead children. "I would like a meeting with you," she begins, in a speech that rambles somewhat in broken English.

Giuliani acknowledges that her son's killing was a tragedy. "What else would you have me do?" he asks plaintively. "We fired the police officer from the force." "What about *my* son?" yells Milta Calderon, (whose son, Anibal Carrasquillo, 21, was shot in the back by an officer in 1995; no indictment). "*My* son was killed at Rikers!" shouts Maria Santos (son Jose, 22, died in June in a disputed suicide case). Unable to continue, Giuliani tries to move on to another question but is drowned out by the heckles. He fixes an icy stare at his disrupters. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave," he says, a trigger that sends a dozen plainclothes officers down the aisle toward them. Audience members start yelling "Go home!" to the interlopers.

Giuliani can barely hear the next questioner: He's distracted by the standoff between cops and the mothers, many of them now sobbing into reporters' tape recorders. Leaning on his lectern, he just shakes his head. The women finally file out into the street, where they're enveloped by a mob of workfare protesters chanting, "No jobs, no peace!" They all begin parading along the side of the building. The demonstration takes on a festive atmosphere but soon dissipates into the evening air. By the time the mayor emerges from a side exit and heads into a waiting van, it's as if he had no cares at all.

Andrew Kirtzman

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

Loyalty among their ranks does not go unrewarded, especially when the shows' audience coordinators don't have enough people to fill the house, which happens more often than you might think (or they want you to know). Indeed, it happens so often that unscrupulous staff members have been known to poach fans from competitors' shows, their lures including round-trip transportation, better food, and more-valuable prizes (we're talking T-shirts, key chains, caps, and mugs).

That's why you won't spot Murray queuing up outside the *Maury Povich* show on West 26th Street, out there among hoi polloi, your camera-toting tourists, your housewives, your frat boys still hung over from last night's keg. Not Murray. Before the taping, Murray can be found in the lobby relaxing over coffee with his colleagues—while the rookies wait outside in the early-morning heat until summoned. "The regulars show up in any weather, so they think they're entitled to certain kinds of treatment," says Karolyn Kelly, audience coordinator of the *Povich* program. And they get it.

Everyone here anticipates an electrifying morality play every day: the panel of shameless guests, the outraged audience members, the "expert" opinionmeisters, all presided over by a charismatic host. Unlike the regulars who pack the benches in family court to witness the day's trials, the TV-studio regulars know how it feels to have a roomful of strangers cheering approval of your opinion—or screaming in mock horror at your view. In 1995, Rolonda Watts created Rat Pack Row, where loyal attendees could enjoy the privilege of appearing on camera with some regularity.

Like grateful grandparents, the Talk Show Audience VIPs reward the staff, bringing fresh flowers or home-baked goods. In April, *Geraldo* staff members noticed the conspicuous absence of Viola Neysmith, who held the record for consecutive attendance (1,000 episodes). Finally, her family phoned with the news that she'd died. Geraldo aired a tribute with photos, syrupy music, the works. "Viola had been here before they hired me," says a seven-year veteran of the show. "We miss her."

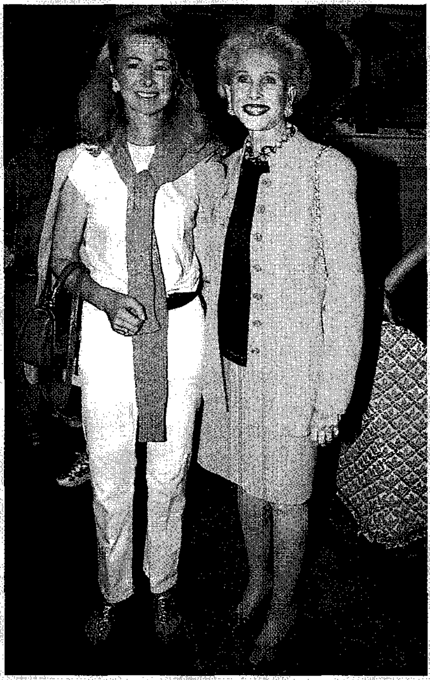
"I was taken as a child to television shows," says Muriel Gottlieb, a *Maury Povich* regular. "My mother was on *Johnny Olson's Rumpus Room* and won ladies' lingerie. I won on *Match Game*. I took my daughter to *The Mike Douglas Show*. I like *Maury Povich* best. I don't watch *Geraldo* anymore because it's too serious. With *Maury*, there's a variety—one day you tune in and everyone's laughing their heads off. I like his expertise, not to mention his extreme good looks."

MICHAEL ROVNER

This Year's Models

At Tommy Hilfiger's party during the New York Men's Shows, and in the Hamptons for luncheon and dinner benefits.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Counterclockwise from above: At the Bryant Park premiere of HBO's *Subway Stories*, executive producer Rosie Perez and actress Gretchen Mol; Marisa Berenson and Carlton DeWoody at Nick & Toni's restaurant in East Hampton; Tommy Hilfiger and Sheryl Crow, surrounded by models, at Laura Belle to announce the designer's sponsorship of Crow's forthcoming tour; Hilary Geary and guest of honor Carroll Petrie at a luncheon hosted by Karen LeFrak and Joanne de Guardiola to benefit the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center; Janet Jackson and Stevie Wonder at Metronome, where singer Wanya Morris of Boyz II Men celebrated his birthday; Suzette de Marigny Smith and Henry Buhl at the clambake Buhl hosted to benefit Southampton Fresh Air Home, the SoHo Partnership, and the TriBeCa Partnership.

THE IMAGE BARBARA LIPPERT

Après Joe, le Déluge

To the delight of anti-smoking activists, Smokin' Joe Camel is almost gone. Ironically, his exit is making room for much more potent advertising.

YOU REMEMBER OLD JOE, SMOOTH Joe, a.k.a. Smooth Character, the grotesquely scrotumnal cartoon dude recently booted out of Camel cigarette ads. R.J. Reynolds preemptively sent the anthropomorph packing as part of a historic $368.5 billion tobacco-industry settlement—in which marketers agreed to such restrictions as no humans or cartoon figures in ads, no billboards, and no event sponsorships. They also agreed to spend $500 million a year on anti-smoking campaigns, though the deal is yet to be approved by Congress, and the Clinton administration is bound to do its own tinkering as well.

In the meantime, the Marlboro Man is also under fire, but Philip Morris hasn't put him out to pasture yet. The Western One might prove to be more enduring simply because he bespeaks a mythic American frontier, part of our country's classic advertising heritage, if you will. Whereas Joe Camel's hearty party-animal habits seem to spring from some eighties cultural underbelly. And Joe's juvenile cartoon form has been a lightning rod, of course, for anti-smoking groups since 1991, when the *Journal of the American Medical Association* released a study showing that Joe was as identifiable to 6-year-olds as was Mickey Mouse.

Old Joe, poor Joe, who took a bullet for the industry, was shown in comically masculinized garb, in his outsize macho-osity, always in his black shades, flying a plane, playing pool, astride a motorcycle, and blowing sax along with the members of his gang, the Hard Pack.

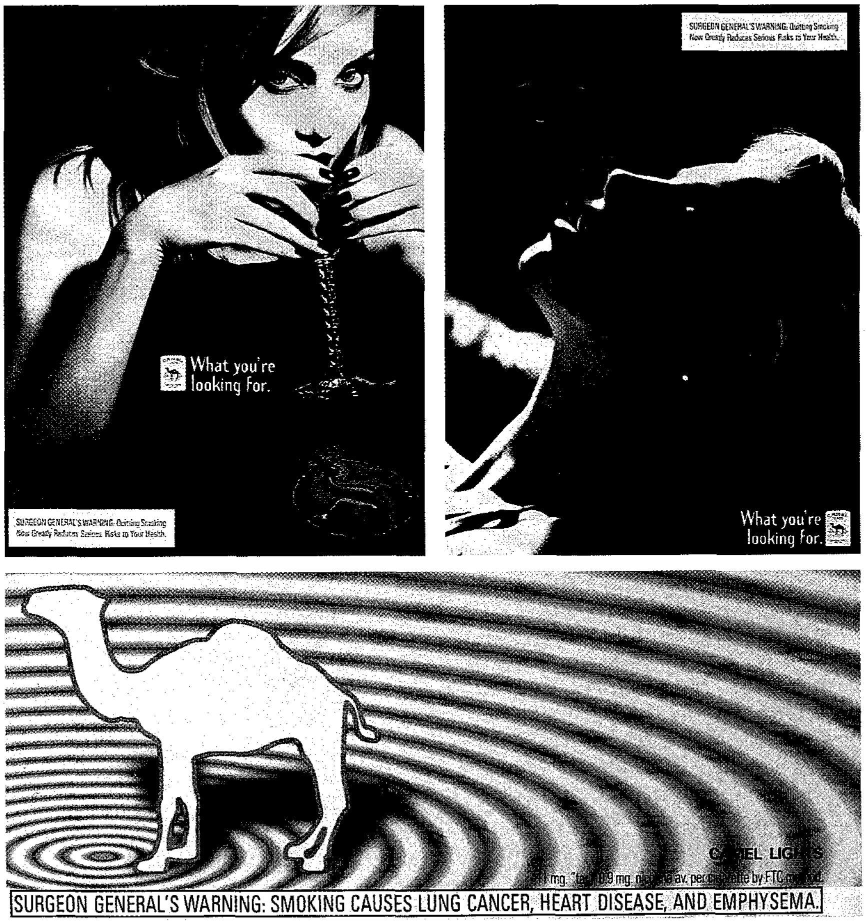
These days, ads in general run the gamut from the standard fiftiesish hammering of benefits and claims (cleaner, whiter, brighter, faster, longer, stronger) to the sophisticated, abstract minimalism of the Mercedes-Benz ads. In the current ad, for example, a tiny, tony MB logo replaces Marilyn Monroe's mole, equating the car's luster and prestige with those of another instantly recognizable cultural icon.

But cigarettes must take that abstract link to the extreme—to the land of no-there-there. You can't make claims, you can't show people smoking, you can't say anything directly. Talk about visual dissonance: The typical cigarette ad offers a photo of active, smiley model humanoids building a snowman or catching a big fish, while death floats somewhere below in the form of a surgeon general's warning.

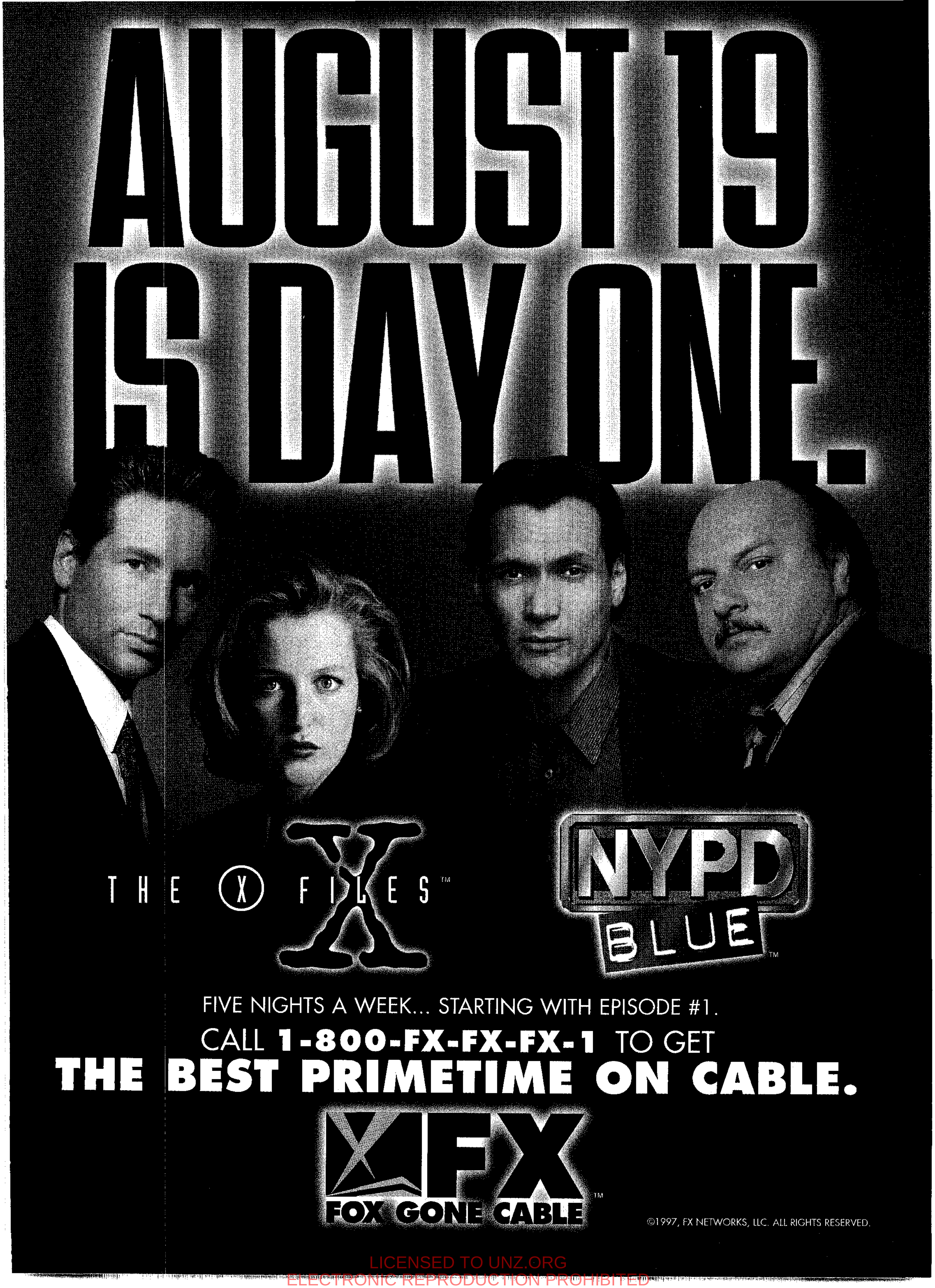
It's no wonder tobacco advertisers fastened on to cartoon characters. You can read into them anything you want and say the unsayable. There's a sort of otherworldly truth about cartoons—they can imply emotion and depth without the fake piety or cheesy overliteralness of bad commercial photography. For a combination of reasons, including his bizarrely memorable mug (as if the male genitalia were rounded into Muppet Baby form) and the sheer ubiquity of his presence, Joe helped sell more Camels. Since his introduction in the U.S. in 1988 (he was created for a French advertising campaign, but we can't blame him entirely on the French), Camel sales have increased steadily over the years and are still going; they're up nearly 8 percent from the first half of 1996 to the first half of this year, according to Martin Feldman, a Smith Barney analyst.

Tobacco marketers maintain that they are not trying to get children to smoke, and that ads merely encourage smokers to switch brands. But the reality is that old smokers die off, and the middle-aged ones, now that they're forced to huddle like pariahs on the street, are quitting in much higher numbers than

(continued on page 81)


What you're looking for.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
What you're looking for.
CAMEL LIGHTS
mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: SMOKING CAUSES LUNG CANCER, HEART DISEASE, AND EMPHYSEMA.

Past present: Camel goes retro with sultry babes and op-arty billboards.



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THE BOTTOM LINE DAVID S. BENNAHUM

Mighty Mouse

Make a million dollars working out of your house! Armchair tycoons can now buy and sell Microsoft in real time on their personal computers.

‘THIS IN NO WAY IS FOR BEGINNERS,” STEFAN COOKE says. “You can be faked out and scared by what happens moment-to-moment in the stock market. The market-makers have some of the sharpest minds working for them, and they manipulate stocks to create the best position for themselves.”

Cooke, the owner of a St. Louis–based computer-consulting firm, is one of about 200 people in the world who have begun using the Internet to trade stocks in real time.

An important but little-noticed milestone in Wall Street history has been passed. On June 1, it became possible for anyone with a personal computer, Internet access, and a brokerage account to instantaneously trade stocks mano a mano with the big boys. Considering the number of articles that have appeared in *Business Week, The Economist,* and the *Financial Times* heralding the imminent arrival of real-time electronic trading for the masses, remarkably few people have discovered a piece of software that has made it a reality: UltimateTrader.

One and a half million Americans have already opened online trading accounts; in a kind of arms race, online brokerages are vying to outdo one another by providing more fast-moving, continuously updated information than the next guy. Created by A.B. Watley, a small Manhattan institutional-brokerage house, UltimateTrader not only allows real-time trading but also flashes information indistinguishable from what a professional broker has on his desk terminal. The pioneering subscribers get a good sense of where a price is headed, important for momentum investing. Several other firms have already secured licenses from NASDAQ in the hopes of offering something similar to UltimateTrader.

Even though its program was first out of the gate, A.B. Watley is being cautious. The first users heard about it in online chat rooms and saw it advertised a little in *Investor's Business Daily.* With too much demand too soon, Watley would not be able to guarantee a lightning-quick trading speed. And since the firm is marketing UltimateTrader to day traders, who make their money from a stock's daily price fluctuation, trading speed is critical. After the initial “soft launch,” Watley was confident that the system could hold up to heavy use. The company has now started a more aggressive campaign, with spots on Bloomberg radio, the station serious traders listen to in the morning as they shave.

Cooke trades three to eight times a day. If he sees a stock move on his personal computer and decides to make a trade, he clicks on a listed company, types in the number of shares he wants, and clicks on a button to execute the order. Moments later, the trade appears at the offices of A.B. Watley, where it's checked against Cooke's account balances. If he has enough cash to cover the trade, the order is executed. Total transaction time: under four seconds.

You need only $1,000 to open an account with Watley, but to play this game well—indeed, to make *any* money on day trading through Watley—you should be holding at least $100,000. According to A.B. Watley, people currently using UltimateTrader have $20,000 to more than $1 million in their trading accounts. “This is basically for people who have a lot of assets, a lot of time to sit in front of their computers, a lot of experience and understanding, and a willingness to pay for data,” says Robert Malin, president of A.B. Watley. But as other brokerages go after this same audience with similar products, fees are bound to fall, which means that plebes with tiny bank statements will eventually be able to join in the fun.

What happens when the novices, or “newbies,” in Internet parlance, go up against the pros on the virtual trading floor is anyone's guess. Will they, as some analysts fear, get slaughtered as veteran market-makers create the illusion of demand for overpriced stock they want to unload? Playing the markets has always held an addictive fascination. But instantaneous trading from your computer is doubly exciting—the thrill of playing the market, amped up with the

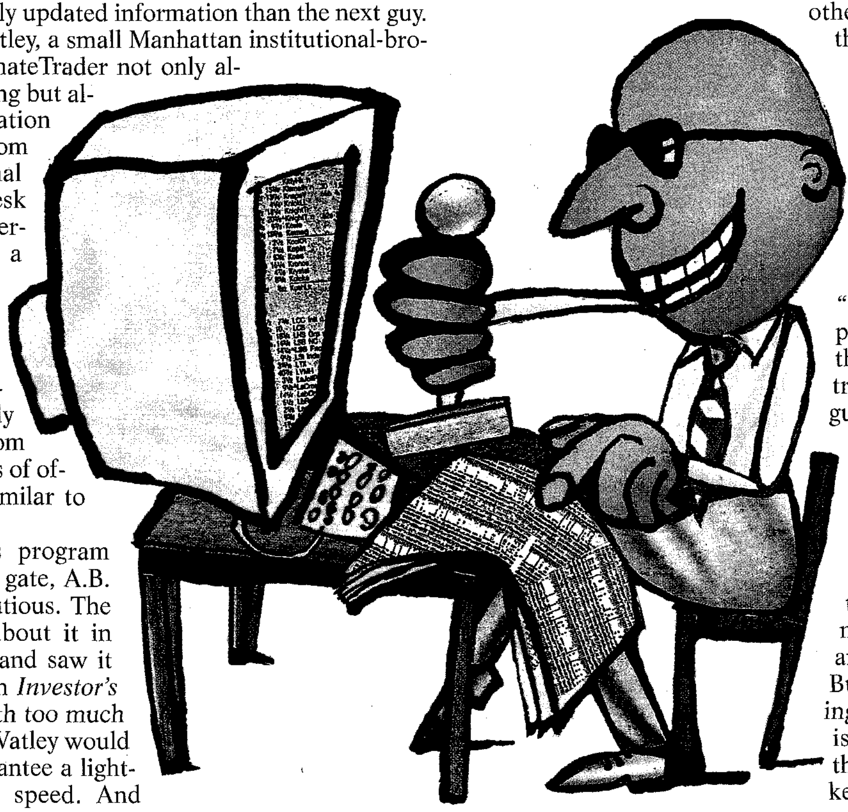

Illustration by Scott Menchin

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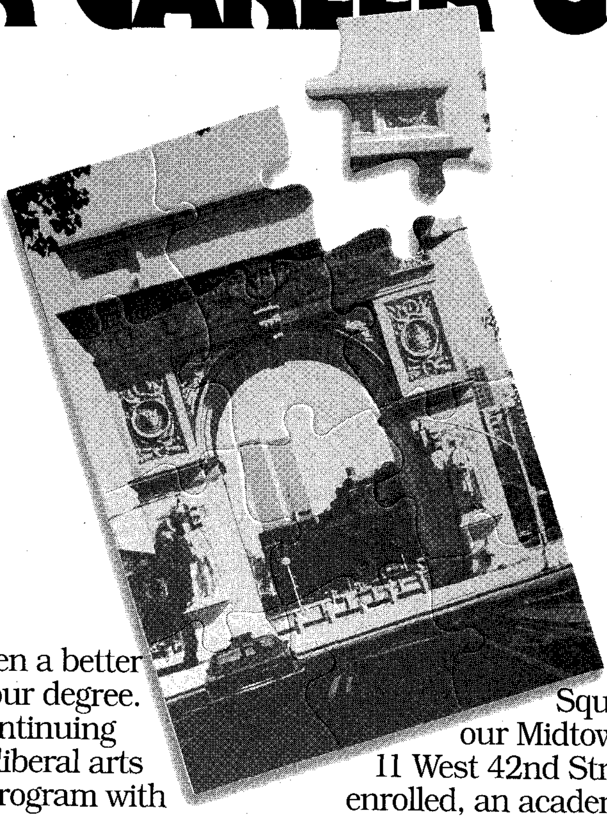

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At your age, with your high cholesterol, what's your risk of a first heart attack?

If you have high cholesterol, figure your risk of a first heart attack.

Fill in your points for each risk factor.

☐ **Age: Men**
0 pts. Less than 35 2 pts. 40 to 48 4 pts. 54+
1 pt. 35 to 39 3 pts. 49 to 53

☐ **Age: Women**
0 pts. Less than 42 2 pts. 45 to 54 4 pts. 74+
1 pt. 42 to 44 3 pts. 55 to 73

☐ **Family History:**
2 pts. My family has a history of heart disease or heart attacks before the age of 60

☐ **Inactive Lifestyle:**
1 pt. I rarely exercise or do anything physically demanding

☐ **Weight:**
1 pt. I'm more than 20 lbs. over my ideal weight

☐ **Smoking:**
1 pt. I'm a smoker

☐ **Diabetic:**
1 pt. Male Diabetic
2 pts. Female Diabetic

☐ **Total Cholesterol Level:**
0 pts. Less than 240 mg/dL
1 pt. 240 to 315 mg/dL
2 pts. More than 315 mg/dL

☐ **HDL Level (good cholesterol):**
0 pts. 39 to 59 mg/dL
1 pt. 30 to 38 mg/dL
2 pts. Under 30 mg/dL
-1 pt. Over 60 mg/dL

☐ **Blood Pressure:**
I don't take blood pressure medication; my blood pressure is:
(*Use your top or higher blood pressure number*)
0 pts. Less than 140 mmHg
1 pt. 140 to 170 mmHg
2 pts. Greater than 170 mmHg
(or)
1 pt. I am currently taking blood pressure medication

☐ **Total Points**

If you scored 4 points or more, you could be at above average risk of a first heart attack compared to the general adult population. The more points you score, the greater your risk.

If you have already had a heart attack or have heart disease, your heart attack risk is significantly higher. **Only your doctor can evaluate your risk and recommend treatment plans to reduce your risk.** If you don't know your cholesterol level or blood pressure, ask your doctor if your levels should be checked.

Provided as an educational service from Bristol-Myers Squibb Company.

American Heart Association℠
Fighting Heart Disease and Stroke

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PRAVACHOL, in combination with diet, is proven to reduce the risk of a first heart attack, reduce the risk of death from heart disease, and reduce the need for surgery to clear blocked coronary arteries (such as bypass or angioplasty) based on a landmark study including over 6,500 males with high cholesterol and no evidence of heart disease. Because PRAVACHOL is a prescription drug, you should ask your doctor or healthcare professional if PRAVACHOL is right for you. Some mild side effects, such as slight rash or stomach upset, occur in about 2–4% of patients.

PRAVACHOL®

Proven to help prevent first heart attacks in people with high cholesterol.

PRAVACHOL is the only cholesterol-lowering drug of its kind proven to help prevent first heart attacks. And the grim fact is, up to 33% of people do not survive their first heart attack. Improving your diet and exercise is an important first step, but may not be enough. So ask your doctor about PRAVACHOL. It reduces the risk of a first heart attack and the need for surgery to clear blocked coronary arteries. PRAVACHOL has been prescribed by doctors for millions of men and women worldwide. It could help you live a longer, healthier life.

Ask your doctor if PRAVACHOL is right for you. Or call **1-800-PREVENT** for information on *first heart attack prevention* including a free brochure from the American Heart Association. It's all provided by Bristol-Myers Squibb.

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pravastatin sodium 20 mg tablets

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PRAVACHOL should not be taken by women who are pregnant or nursing, people who are allergic to any of its ingredients or by anyone with liver disease. Your doctor may perform simple blood tests to check your liver function before and during treatment with PRAVACHOL. Muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. Be sure your doctor knows about other medications you may be taking in order to avoid any possible serious drug interactions. Please see important information on the next page.

PRAVACHOL®

Pravastatin Sodium Tablets

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). *Pregnancy and lactation.* Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in *nursing mothers.* ***Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly*** **unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus.

WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes: HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. *These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness,* and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. In the largest long-term placebo-controlled clinical trial with pravastatin (Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study; See **Clinical Pharmacology**), the overall incidence of AST and/or ALT elevations to greater than three times the upper limit of normal was 1.05% in the pravastatin group as compared to 0.75% in the placebo group. One (0.03%) pravastatin-treated patient and 2 (0.06%) placebo-treated patients were discontinued because of transaminase elevations. Of the patients with normal liver function at week 12, three of 2875 treated with pravastatin (0.10%) and one of the 2919 placebo patients (0.03%) had elevations of AST greater than three times the upper limit of normal on two consecutive measurements and/or discontinued due to elevations in transaminase levels during the 4.8 years (median treatment) of the study. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed prior to and at 12 weeks following initiation of therapy or the elevation of dose.** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels or signs and symptoms of liver disease should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle: Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class.** Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected. Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy.** The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concurrent therapy with either erythromycin, cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, neither myopathy nor significant increases in CPK levels have been observed in three reports involving a total of 100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination.**

PRECAUTIONS: General: Pravastatin may elevate creatinine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. *Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.* Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. *Renal Insufficiency.* A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3α-hydroxy isomeric metabolite (SQ 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life (t½) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (SQ 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients:** Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions:** *Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:* See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle**. *Antipyrine:* Since concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antipyrine, interactions with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. *Cholestyramine/Colestipol:* Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy**.) *Warfarin:* In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and Cmax of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time has been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. *Cimetidine:* The $AUC_{0-12\ hr}$ for pravastatin when given with cimetidine was not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUC's for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. *Digoxin:* In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites SQ 31,906 and SQ 31,945 was not altered. *Cyclosporine:* Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. *Gemfibrozil:* In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, Cmax, and Tmax for the pravastatin metabolite SQ 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with *aspirin, antacids* (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), *cimetidine, nicotinic acid,* or *probucol,* no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. *Other Drugs:* During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, or nitroglycerin. **Endocrine Function:** HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced ($p< 0.004$) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a ≥ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity:** CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:** In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose ($p < 0.01$). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg) of pravastatin to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls ($p < 0.05$). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was *significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung* adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/- mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X.** See **CONTRAINDICATIONS**. Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area ($mg/meter^2$). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another *HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL* (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers:** A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use:** Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-*month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were* discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events:** All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

	All Events		**Events Attributed *to Study Drug***	
Body System/Event	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**	**Pravastatin (N = 900) %**	**Placebo (N = 411) %**
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) ($N = 3302$) or placebo ($n = 3293$) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: *Skeletal:* myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. *Neurological:* dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. *Hypersensitivity Reactions:* An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematous-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. *Gastrointestinal:* pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and, rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. *Skin:* alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. *Reproductive:* gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. *Eye:* progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. *Laboratory Abnormalities:* elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities:** Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy:** Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is **not** associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or *pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug* alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported when another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**.)

OVERDOSAGE: To date, there are two reported cases of overdosage with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required.

CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.

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visual pyrotechnics of a video game. Stats cycle across your screen and colorful charts wiggle with information—the trading fray is laid out before you as it happens. The 800-pound gorillas of the equities markets—Goldman, Sachs; Salomon Brothers; Merrill Lynch—are flushed out onscreen when you're scoping NASDAQ. This deeper "second level" of voyeurism is normally enjoyed only by professional brokers.

Cooke likes to wake up at five in the morning, read the latest business news, and dose up on the freshest rumors in chat rooms on the Web. He then loads UltimateTrader on his PC. If he wanted to, he could connect through the Net to after-hours markets, like the Reuters-owned Instinet. Here, early in the morning, well before the official opening of the market, the pace of the trading day is already being established. With UltimateTrader, anyone can watch the early birds—the big institutions—as they trade among themselves before the exchanges open. Cooke could join in and execute trades of his own. Until this year, Instinet and lesser-known after-hours markets were the exclusive province of institutional investors. But in January, the Securities and Exchange Commission started to phase in new regulations requiring that all sellers active in these markets fully disclose their prices set during normal trading hours, making it a little safer for small investors to trade there. "This kind of access is like driving a car—*fast*—on the autobahn," Cooke says.

> *". . . Instantaneous trading from your computer is doubly exciting—the thrill of playing the market, amped up with* **the visual pyrotechnics of a video game:** *Stats cycle across your screen and colorful charts wiggle with information . . ."*

When Cooke is logged on, his trades appear as trades coming directly from A.B. Watley; it's as if he were sitting at Watley's 17th Street trading desk. UltimateTrader costs between $75 and $350 a month,

(continued on page 80)

FALL preview
special issue

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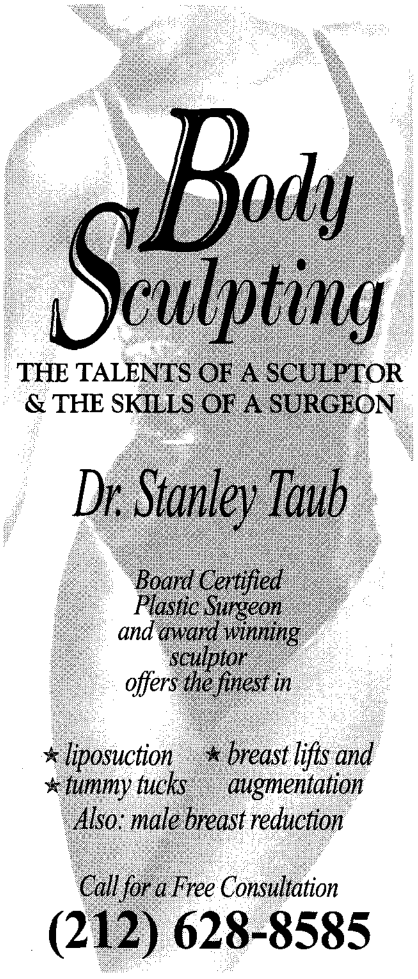

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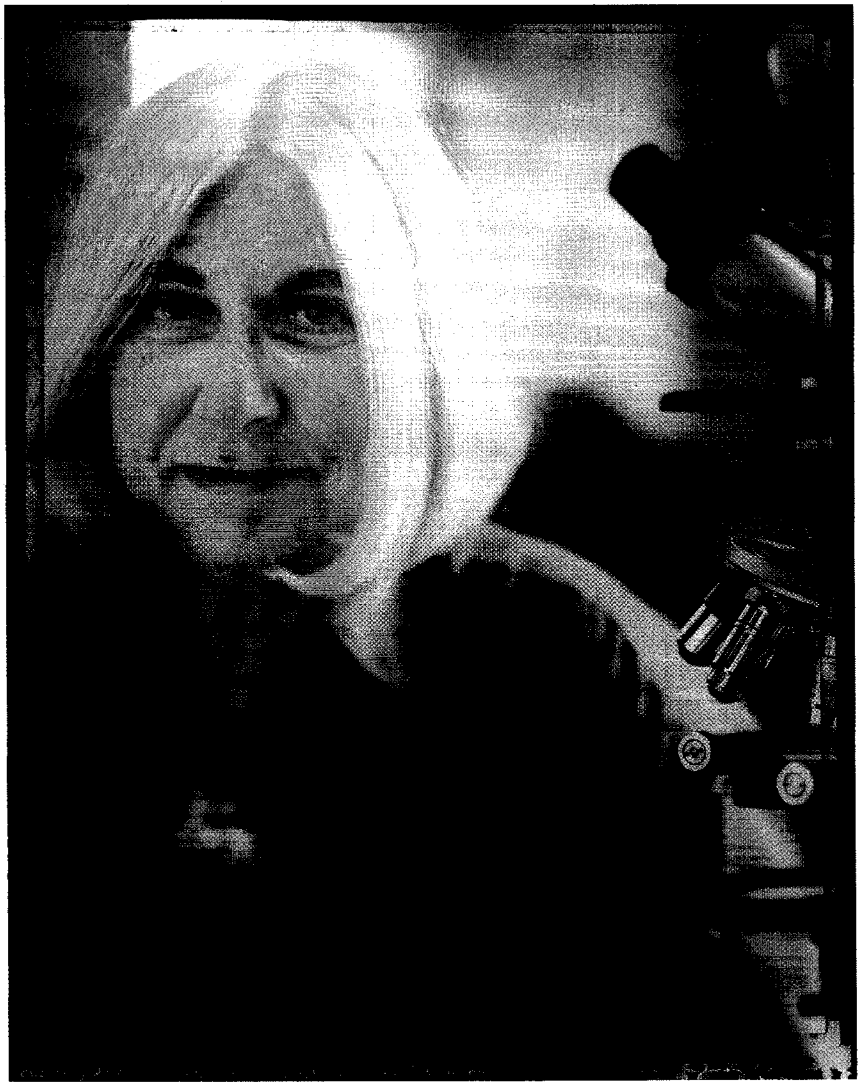
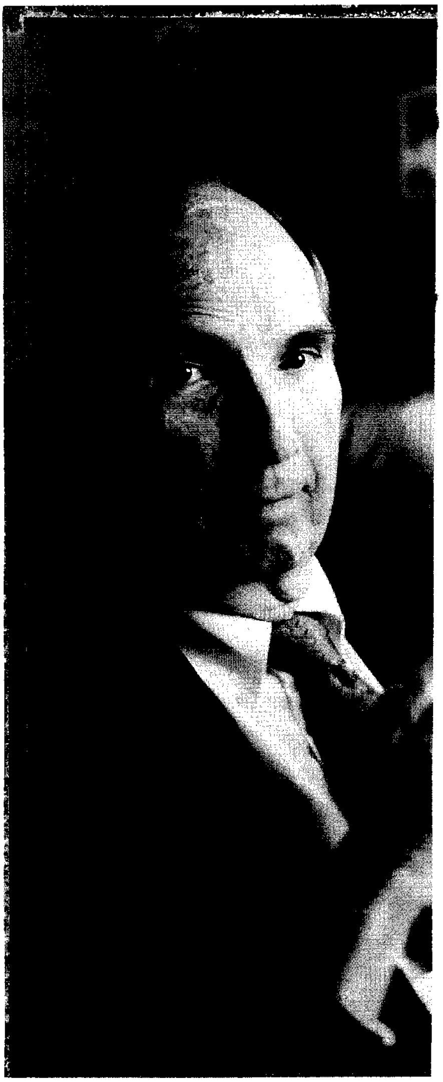


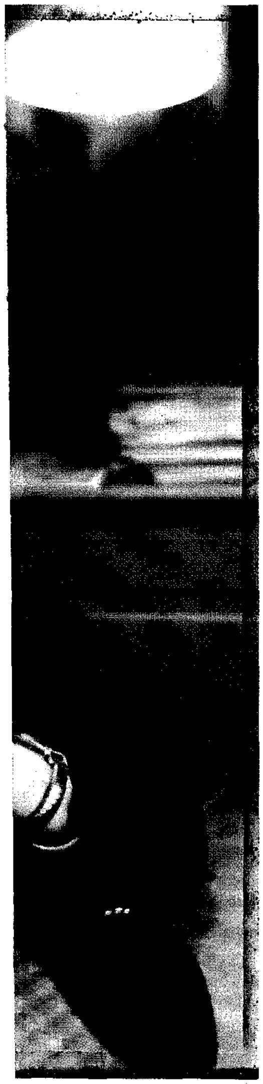


Photographs by Brian Velenchenko (left) and Claudio Vazquez (right).

d the Brain

d it might feel as if *you're* losing it—that's what new
t there may be an upside. By Claire Landsberg Warga

THE 200-ODD NEUROSCIENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, AND RESEARCHERS DESCENDING on Mount Sinai Medical Center's new East Building Auditorium one sunny afternoon last May weren't drawn there for the usual abstruse conference fare, the kind that reliably coaxes such lab-dwellers out, if only briefly, into natural light. No "Morphological and Pharmacological Evidence for Dopaminergic Regulation of Aromatase in the Quail Preoptic Area" to flush them from their labs. Instead, the flyer announced a program of disarming simplicity: ESTROGEN AND THE BRAIN. ■ For all the recent heated discussion about estrogen—that it helps prevent heart disease and osteoporosis, that it's been associated with reduced risk of Alzheimer's disease, but that it increases the risk of some cancers—relatively little has been reported to the public on the extent to which the hormone affects the normal functioning of the brain. But leading researchers, many of whom work in New York and many of whom were at Mount Sinai that day, have shown that the hormone is crucial to cognitive functioning, and declining estrogen levels have been clearly linked to memory loss in women beginning as early as their thirties. (Men, too, who have a minute amount of estrogen coursing through their veins, are susceptible, though to a lesser degree—they don't experience the same dramatic drops in estrogen level that women, with perimenopause and menopause, do.) In other words, women baffled by a sudden onset of memory loss can rest assured that it's not all in their heads—it's in their brains.



THE SCIENTIST AND THE CLINICIAN: Columbia's Toran-Allerand, far left, and menopause expert Andrews.

THE EFFECT OF ESTROGEN ON MENTAL AGILITY IS not yet fully understood, but neuroscientists are piecing together a puzzle that is finally taking clear and surprising shape. The hippocampus, a part of the brain associated with memory and new learning, is now known to be loaded with receptors for estrogen; so, too, are parts of the brain keyed into thinking, remembering, concentrating, storing, filing, retrieving, and juggling information, all of which may also be influenced by the hormone.

That research may come as a relief to the legions of highly verbal women who, as they've grown older, have found themselves struggling with bizarre lapses in memory, an inability to recall the right word or finish a train of thought, a failure to identify a new face. Consider the skilled trial lawyer who can't call on her case law with her usual speed, or the broker who suddenly blanks on her voice-mail code.

"I'm at a loss for words in the middle of a conversation," says one 38-year-old English professor in Manhattan. "I just can't find the words I need. It's like running up against a brick wall."

Some memory loss is no doubt attributable to not-entirely-understood aspects of the aging process that have nothing to do with estrogen. And not all women will experience the cognitive symptoms related to declining estrogen levels in the same way—some may never experience them at all, just as some women sail through menopause without breaking a night sweat.

But for those who do, it's a traumatic experience, and one that their doctors have only recently started to connect to menopause and perimenopause, a phase that starts up to ten years before menopause itself. "If you don't ask the right questions, you won't learn that women have these cognitive symptoms," says Dr. Maurice Cohen, co-director of the Women's Health Program at the North Shore Diabetes and Endocrine Associates in New Hyde Park, who treats peri- and menopausal women. "These women are in a three-to-four-year time window when they're having symptoms—but the symptoms aren't being recognized because the women are still menstruating. They're in transition. It's a hard phenomenon to diagnose, but it's of epidemic proportions."

ALTHOUGH RESEARCHERS HAVE BEEN CONDUCTING RELATED STUDies on rats since the seventies, and women have been familiar with these symptoms since way before Mrs. Malaprop, the information has been late in trickling down to OB/GYNs, psychiatrists, psychologists, internists—the people women talk to, as opposed to neuroscientists.

"Many gynecologists are not aware yet of any cognitive symptoms that might arise with estrogen loss," says Dr. William Andrews, the most recent past president of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and a menopause expert. "Gynecologists are more comfortable measuring objective indicators for treatment, like bone density or blood lipids. They aren't trained to give psychological tests. And women are embarrassed to express these symptoms directly to doctors."

Why has it taken so long for the word to get out? The delay could be attributed in part to researchers' customary caution in drawing conclusions from what remain, in the context of scientific research, relatively short-term studies. The issue is also politically charged: To say that estrogen can help women in their forties and fifties regain some of the mental acuity they experience having lost is to admit they've lost something in the first place. But the main reason may be that physicians typically haven't been trained to consider menopause an important factor in long-term health. It wasn't until the early nineties, when the effect of estrogen on Alzheimer's disease was first noted, that momentum built for research on estrogen's influence on healthy brains.

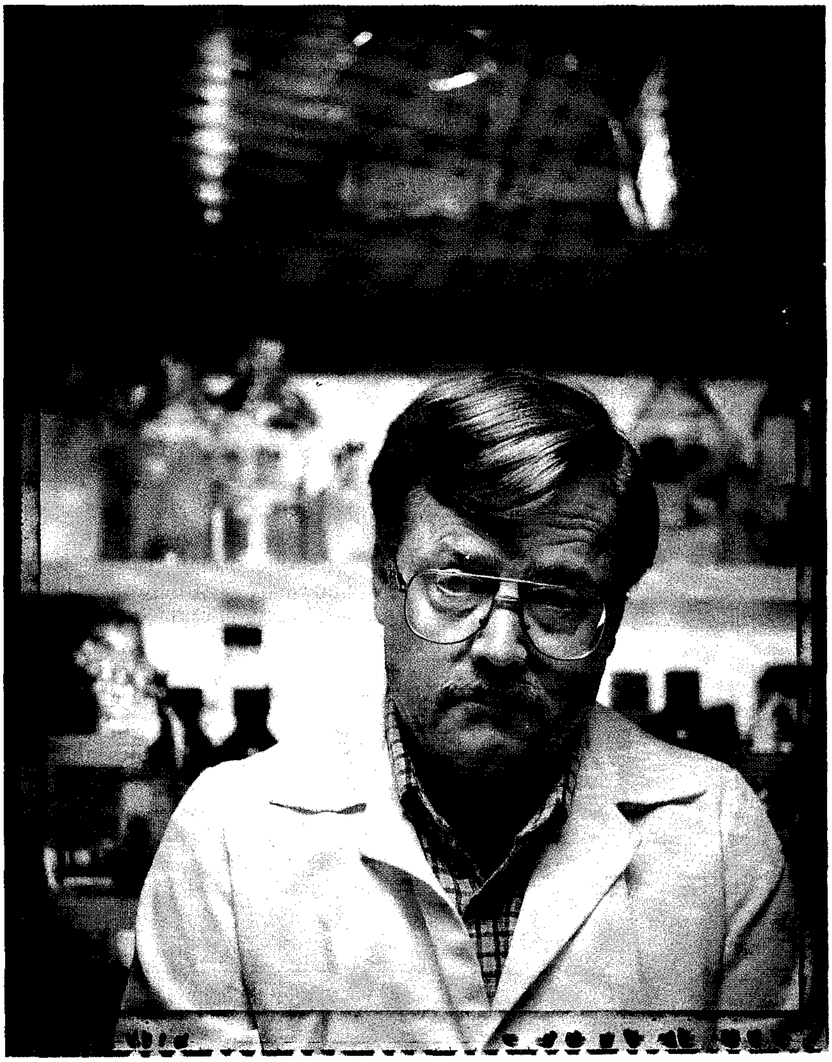
So the mere fact of the Mount Sinai conference—billed as "A Public Forum" and intended to educate not just neuroscientists but laypersons and a wider range of medical types—was itself significant.

"The equation for taking estrogen has now changed," said Dr. John Rowe, president of Mount Sinai School of Medicine and the Mount Sinai Hospital, in his opening remarks. "We know now that women taking estrogen after menopause reduce their chances of getting cognitive impairments."

During the subsequent presentations and the Q&A period that followed, it became clear that the disparate studies conducted throughout the nineties had produced a critical mass of evidence: Estrogen loss is now being recognized as having potential cognitive consequences, and surprisingly early in life. And for women with a family history of breast cancer, that means the already-elusive risk-benefit analysis for hormone-replacement therapy has become that much more complicated.

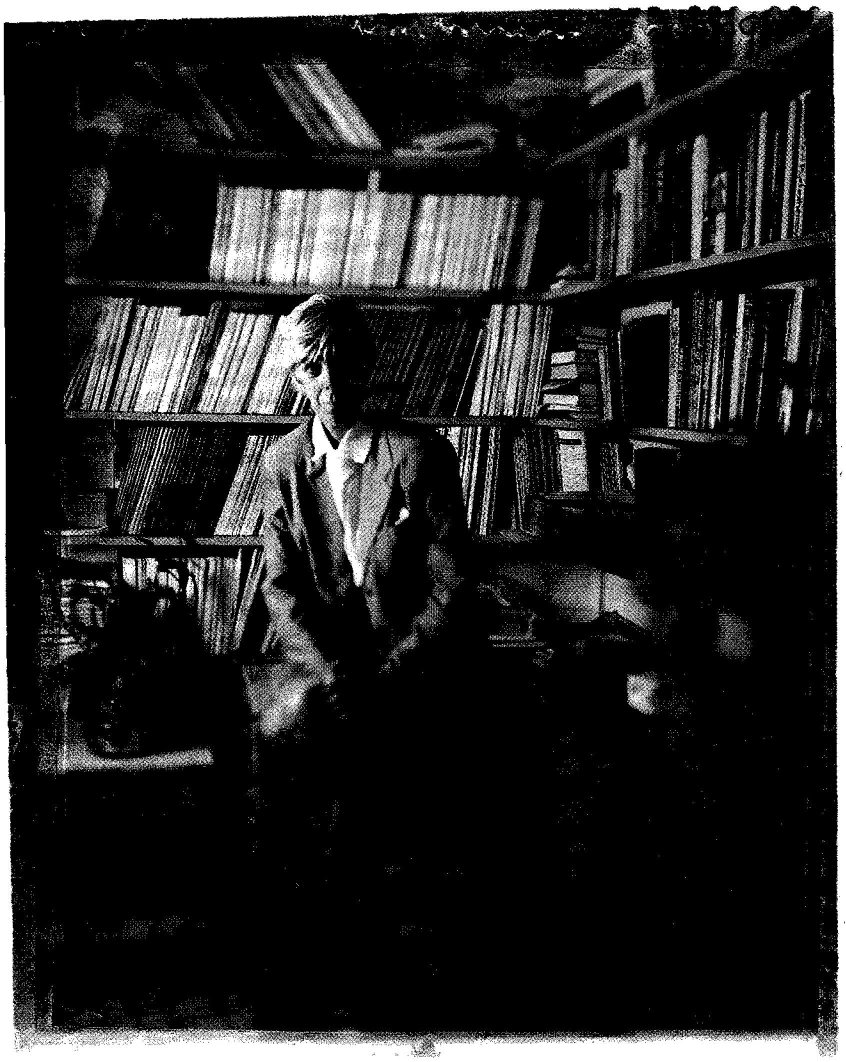
"When I did the first experiments, I was petrified to publish. I wondered what the social ramifications might be."

DR. BRUCE MCEWEN, A NEUROSCIENTIST AT ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSIty, was elected this spring to the National Academy of Sciences, the living scientists' hall of fame, for "continuing and lifetime



BIG MAN ON HIPPOCAMPUS: Rockefeller's McEwen.

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.



THANKS FOR THE MEMORY: McGill's Sherwin.

achievements" in the study of estrogen in the brain, among other things. A 59-year-old researcher who wouldn't look out of place leading a squad of bagpipers up Fifth Avenue, McEwen, along with his Rockefeller colleagues, is known for his studies of the hippocampus, considered to be the brain's central processing unit.

In the early nineties, McEwen and his team discovered that the adult brain is neither static nor only capable of going downhill. In fact, it has plasticity—it can be chemically and architecturally remodeled and improved. McEwen and one of his star students, Catherine Woolley, discovered in 1990 that estrogen at normally high levels in rats can increase neural connectivity in the hippocampus, and, conversely, that when estrogen is withdrawn, that connectivity will deteriorate. The two researchers found that within 72 hours of estrogen administration, small connection-hungry "spines," tiny growths that help transmit information from across synapses, will sprout.

"Women are frustrated by the changes. Particularly high-functioning women who actively make use of their memory."

In addition to regulating the neurotransmitter acetylcholine, says McEwen, estrogen has been found to affect other neurotransmitters, like serotonin and dopamine. The network of nerve-transmission systems in the hippocampus that depend on estrogen, he explains, are "all systems of the brain that are very important in regulating emotions, like depression and anxiety. Estrogen has a sort of utility role maintaining the capability of other systems to do many specific things—everything ranging from motor activity to mood."

Apart from his scientific research, McEwen has picked up anecdotal evidence over the years that supports his findings. "I've given talks at medical schools," he says, "and women have come up to me and described their menopause experiences and how after replacement therapy they discovered they were fine again [in terms of short-term memory]."

Other leading researchers are drawing similar conclusions.

"People don't realize that the brain is a major target organ of estrogen, and if you deprive the brain of estrogen, whether in normal menopause or in an ovariectomy, you will get the symptoms of estrogen deficiency in it," says neuroscientist and neurobiologist Dr. Dominique Toran-Allerand, who, at the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, has been studying the role of estrogen on fetal and postnatal rat-brain tissue since the seventies. "Fundamentally, menopause is a state of estrogen deficiency."

Possibly the most telling evidence of estrogen's effect on memory and verbal fluency comes from the work of Barbara Sherwin, a professor of psychology and of obstetrics and gynecology at McGill University in Montreal and co-director of McGill's Menopause Clinic. Sherwin has been testing the effects of estrogen loss in women for two decades, in scrupulously designed studies that yield clear-cut, interpretable data. In Sherwin's tests of short- and long-term memory and new learning, women with premenopausal levels of estrogen perform normally (they were asked, for example, to recall paragraphs that had been read to them). The same women when deprived of estrogen test significantly poorer; when given "add-back" (replacement) estrogen later on, they consistently return to baseline response levels.

The essence of her findings is that estrogen loss is associated with consistent decline in verbal memory. "The result of ten years of studies taken together is that estrogen enhances verbal memory," says Sherwin. "I am very confident about that finding.

"When I did my first experiments in this area, I was petrified to submit it for publication," she continues. "I wondered what the social ramifications of it might be. I didn't want to see any radical interpretations of what I found. " Not entirely convinced that her results were conclusive, Sherwin frequently added a proviso in her earlier published reports questioning what the impact might be, if any, on the day-to-day functioning of women.

McEwen, who spoke at the Mount Sinai conference in May, told the audience that "even though the memory decline of

Photograph by Russell Monk.

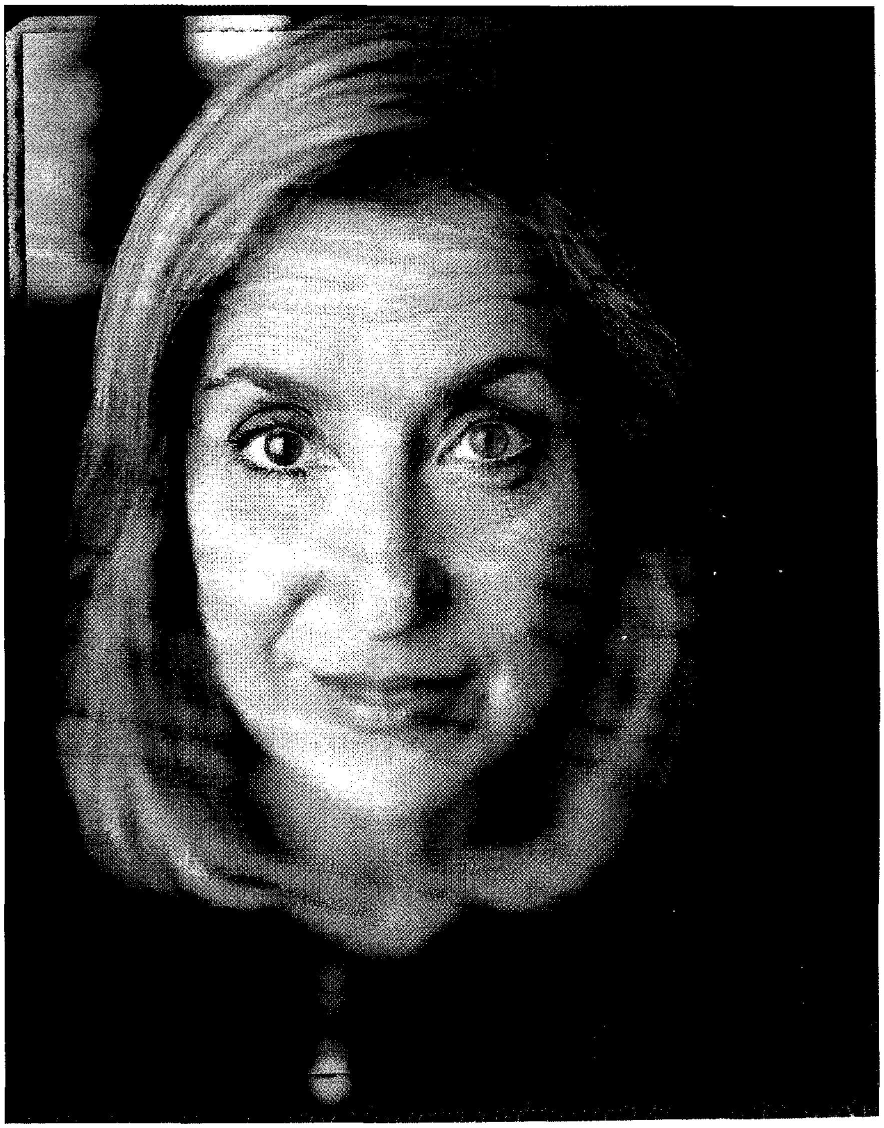
women who have gone off estrogen on Sherwin's tests is relatively small, it reflects changes that are significant to the person who may be relying on that memory for functioning. So it's important to treat the decline."

Later, McEwen elaborated: "If you looked at Sherwin's data and you didn't realize what they meant, you wouldn't be very impressed. But when you know people's stories about those changes, they really make a difference to women. They are frustrated by the changes. Particularly high-functioning women who actively make use of their memory and cognitive skills."

Women like the 40-year-old microbiologist who discovered, one day, that she'd forgotten, in a flash blackout, how to use her microscope. "She thought she was losing her mind," says a neuroscientist the woman consulted. "She went to doctors for a year and a half before getting correctly diagnosed and treated with hormone-replacement therapy." The woman thought she was too young to be having any menopausal symptoms. "But the treatment worked," the neuroscientist continues. "She found out that all of the women in her family go through this kind of menopause."

Or author Letty Cottin Pogrebin, who in her 1996 book, *Getting Over Getting Older,* describes the mind as "the Bermuda Triangle of aging" and talks a lot about her own embarrassing memory lapses (embarrassing to herself; they largely went unnoticed) and malapropisms.

"I think I basically felt alone, which is why I wrote the book," says Pogrebin, who is 58 and whose symptoms began when she was 50. "I was unable to ventilate on these issues. Nobody was talking about them. Whenever you would raise them, people either laughed them off or seemed embarrassed." Pogrebin thinks that cumulatively, "the symptoms can potentially have a terrible impact on a woman's self-esteem. And women, very often—because we don't start out with that much confidence—very often conclude that they are not entitled now to be center-stage in the world. They conclude that they ought to start sidelining themselves, and I find that alarming."



"DID IT HAPPEN TO YOU?": Pogrebin, whose symptoms began at 50, wanted to "ventilate."

On her book tour, Pogrebin met women who had the same symptoms and fears.

"People seem to have the need to express and be validated by the commonality of the experience," she says, "to stand up in a room of 500 people and say, 'This happened to me; did it happen to you?' "

Like Pogrebin, Anna Quindlen, 45, is another writer who has used her stature to go public about such lapses. "I should know as much about menopause from talking and listening as I do about pregnancy. But I don't," she wrote in June in the New York *Times.* "That is why when I began to wake bolt upright in the middle of the night and started forgetting the names of my children, I initially thought I was losing my mind, not simply my fertility . . ."

There's also the experience of a radiologist, now 52, who at 44 decided to earn her doctorate in genetic counseling. The first three years of graduate school went well; then, along with signs that she was in perimenopause, came "the feeling of being out of it, not fully working, like a machine in need of oiling or a tune-up." She doesn't think others noticed her struggle—"I wasn't really that impaired on the job; I could pull it off when I needed to"—but she increasingly found she had to write down chores and errands, that her verbal fluency had become unreliable: "I'd tell my daughter, 'Go brush your face and wash your teeth.' One day, I couldn't think of the name of the flowers at our window—geraniums! Another, I forgot how to turn on our car's headlights. I'd have intermittent, virtually amnesiac blackouts where I'd see something I'd written and think to myself, 'Did I do that?' "

This woman connected with a menopause support group and discovered that she wasn't crazy, or uncommon. Her doctor, a menopause expert, started her on gradual increments of a weekly patch of 17-beta estradiol (Climara), a natural form of estrogen, as well as a form of progesterone made from yams. After a year, she had improved. "I can put my thoughts together more comfortably," she says. "I can read complex professional material. And my energy level got better, too."

But she had to confront the downside of taking estrogen. "I have a strong family history of cancer, but not heart disease," she says. "I want to try to taper off both [medications] slowly and see what happens."

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

SUSAN LOVE, THE BREAST SURGEON AND BEST-SELLING AUTHOR, isn't about to sign on to long-term estrogen use to preserve brainpower any more readily than she would to preserve intact bones or hearts. Love, 49, says she's aware of the basic research on estrogen in the brain and thinks there haven't been adequate long-term studies; she suspects the cognitive lapses are the results of temporary hormonal shifts during menopause, and that they later subside.

"It's interesting stuff," says Love, "but I still remain unconvinced that estrogen is the answer to all of life's problems. You do pay a price for using it long-term." She believes the risks of breast cancer outweigh the benefits of reduced chances of heart disease and osteoporosis: "There may be other ways for dealing with these cognitive symptoms at less of a price." HMOs might be more willing than large pharmaceutical companies to pursue research on alternative treatment for menopausal cognitive symptoms, she points out. (Vitamin E and ginkgo biloba have been suggested.)

In any event, Love is fond of saying, aging is an inevitability that men and women "just have to accept. Women were not designed to have estrogen in the same supplies all their life."

> **"The symptoms can have a terrible impact on women's self-esteem. They conclude that they ought to sideline themselves."**

Women are anxiously waiting for pharmaceutical companies to develop so-called designer estrogens that would selectively target, say, the brain or the heart without affecting the breast, thereby rendering the estrogen debate moot. But in the meantime, the new findings on cognitive effects raise a fresh batch of touchy questions. A female neuroscientist from the South, who agreed to speak only anonymously, says she's actually been approached to function essentially as a mouthpiece. "My male colleagues want me to report their work, for fear of the fallout from men reporting areas of potential weakness amongst women," she says. "They fear the political implications."

Another leading specialist on menopause in New York says that before she spoke on the subject to a group of woman professionals, several nonmedical members of a high-powered women's group to which she belongs questioned whether she should address the subject of cognitive lapses. "They wanted to know if I was certain this was a good thing to do, if I had really thought about it," she says, with some frustration. "I can't help but think that the denial of this important topic might affect treatment options."

"The flak would come from women's groups," says Dr. John C. Arpels, associate clinical professor of obstetrics and reproductive medicine at the University of California and California Pacific Medical Center in San Francisco. "There is this fear that if some of this is true, this will create an Achilles' heel for the female sex that will be used against them. And it will. I was on the Dr. Dean Edell radio show talking about PMS and he asked me, 'If what you say is correct [about the connections between PMS and postpartum depression], how would you feel about having a woman secretary of Defense with her finger on the button?' That's where all of this goes."

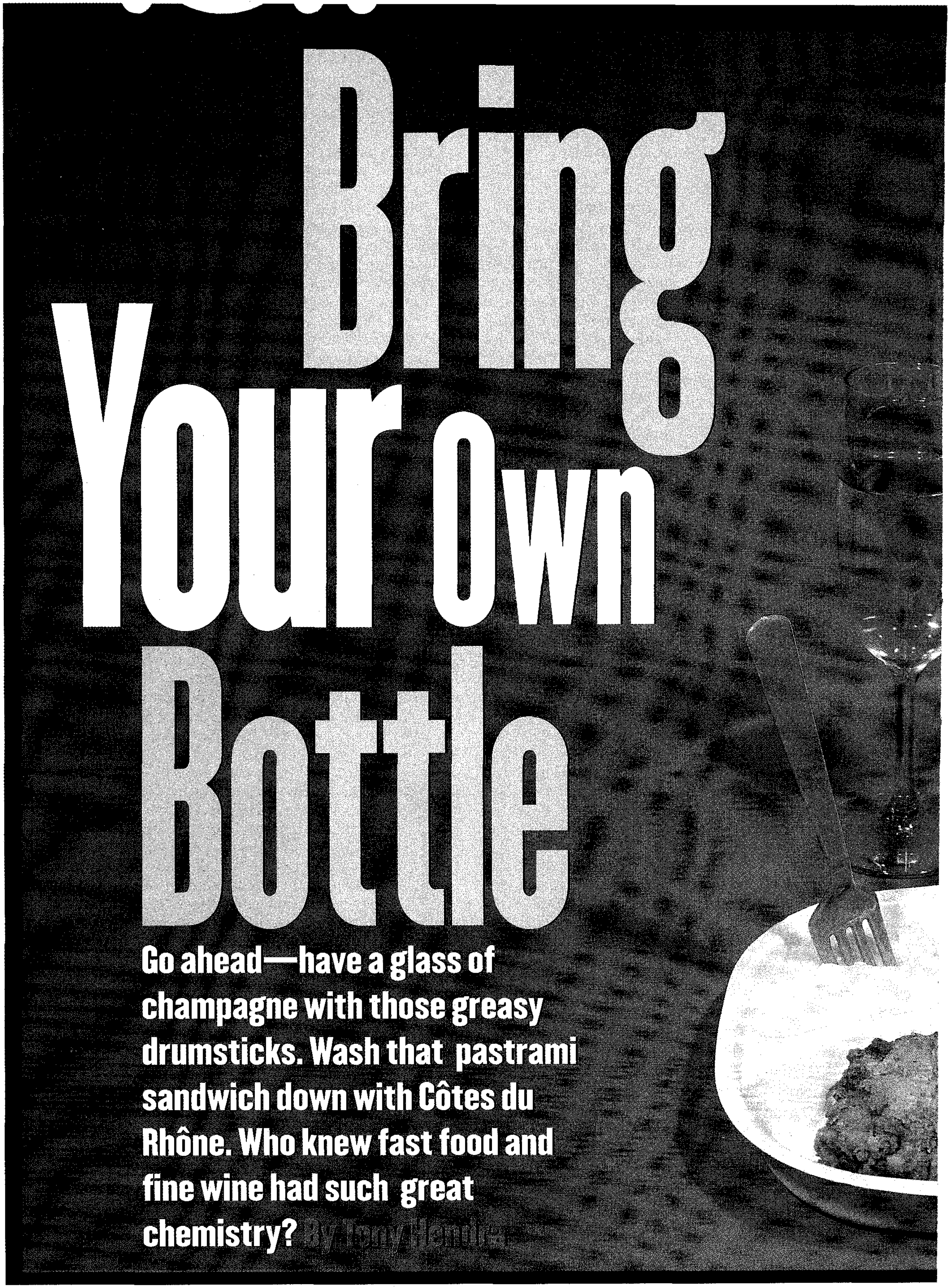
If there are public figures out there wary of airing this phenomenon, Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, isn't one of them. Ireland admits to having experienced cognitive lapses before starting her own regimen of hormone-replacement therapy nine months ago ("It was word loss, and mostly scheduling I couldn't remember"). And she's all for having the public learn more about the issue. "All of us who are honest in our philosophy and our politics have to be willing to look at what the studies are showing," says Ireland. "I would just remind people that the differences among women and among men usually vary more widely than those between men and women."

Sherwin says it would be folly for anyone to consider these studies an invitation to scrutinize the competence of older women in major positions of authority. Sherwin believes that the cognitive results of estrogen deprivation in women who are middle-aged are somewhat reversible with hormone-replacement therapy; besides, she theorizes, "we already know that the more schooling you've had, the more intelligent you are, the less you're at risk for Alzheimer's. That's true with memory function as we age; it's also true to a degree with estrogen and changes in memory function. The more neurons you have—something that has to do with IQ—the more you're protected from deterioration."

The often minor changes that occur with aging, whether estrogen-related or not, shouldn't have an impact on how typical older women are perceived in the workplace, says Dr. Patricia Yarberry Allen, an attending physician at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical School who co-founded, along with author Gail Sheehy, the New York Menopause Research Foundation six months ago. "At 26, you may be very quick to find the right word," says Allen, "but when you're 50, you don't have to cram for exams anymore—if you've done your work right, you've got wisdom. You can mentor. You know what's important and what's not. It makes sense that when you give up one thing, with a little luck, you're going to find something else."

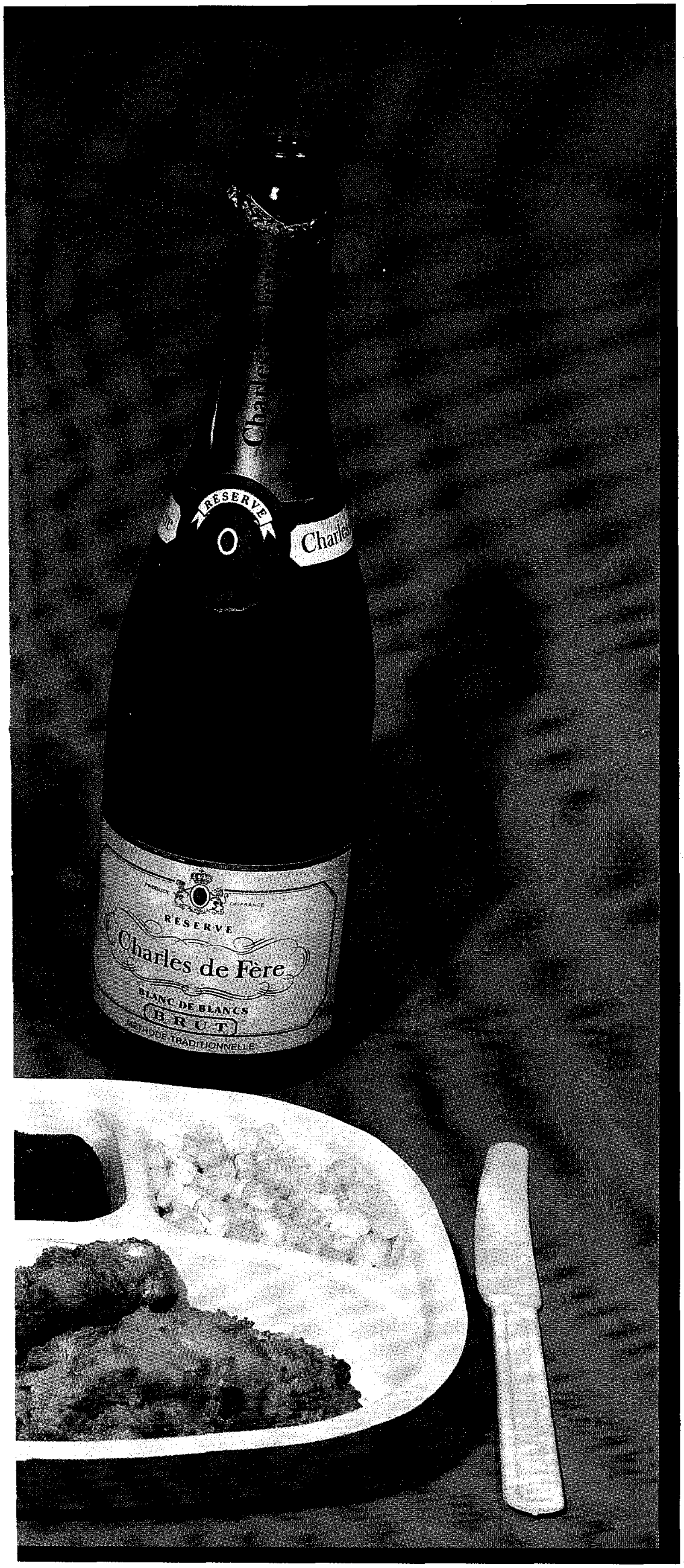
THERE ARE INDICATIONS, AS THE FIRST WAVE OF BABY-boomer women reach the average age of menopause (51), that this issue is on the verge of being more widely and openly discussed. As recently as February of this year, Dr. Frederick Naftolin, professor and chairman of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at the Yale University School of Medicine and director of education at the Cleveland-based North American Menopause Society (NAMS), was still talking about "trying to get a consensus" before adding cognitive symptoms to the NAMS literature. By June, however, he'd declared to the annual American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology (ACOG) meeting in Las Vegas that "there is not a cell in the brain that is not estrogen-sensitive directly. Every experimental study published so far indicates a lifelong relationship between sex [hormones] and the brain. In fact, estrogen has been shown to improve memory in clinical and test situations."

There are other signs that doctors are taking an interest, such as a telephone conference this summer that drew a listening audience of a thousand OB/GYNs for a lecture on the subject. But the tide might have turned sooner, of course, if women had been trusted as reliable front-line spectators and reporters of these diffuse biologically grounded changes. After having been told for so many years that their memory lapses were due to stress or empty-nest syndrome or a bad-hair day, women may now be given a fair hearing—not to mention a treatment option. ■



Bring Your Own Bottle

Go ahead—have a glass of champagne with those greasy drumsticks. Wash that pastrami sandwich down with Côtes du Rhône. Who knew fast food and fine wine had such great chemistry? By Tony Hendra



"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE to drink with that?" asks the helper at McDonald's as she hands me my Big Mac. My natural response, "Any straightforward, fruity red, like a young Cru Beaujolais," is forestalled by the presence in line behind me of several large construction workers. In the cultural fortress of my apartment, however, a brimming beaker of gentle, juicy Stone Creek Cabernet Sauvignon cuts the Special Sauce and attacks the Mac. (The Quarter Pounder, by contrast, needs the bigger, chewier Tessera Cabernet Sauvignon to justify its existence.) ■ Why would anyone drink wine with junk food? Good question. (I'll answer it in a minute.) Better question: Why would anyone drink soda, especially that brown drizzle of liquid body-pollution—cola—with any food, however humble? Soda has its place in the culture. You cannot sunbathe without it. You cannot raise children without it. You cannot get through a Bruce Willis movie without it. But introducing it to any civilized table—whatever is on that table—is tantamount to treating your mouth like a dishwasher, flushing it with a cocktail of chemicals to get the food particles down the waste-disposal system as quickly as possible. And it doesn't matter how organic or virginally pure or authentically old-time the soda is, whether it's cream or kiwi or a tropical-passion-fruit play of flavors, it has no business being drunk with food. Okay? Getouttahere with that stuff. ■ Like any gourmet worth his salt and saturated fat, I love fast food. It's partly a function of modern time's food continuum; we're all gourmets in the capital of the world, and we're all galloping. But there comes a point in a restaurant-intensive life when you say, "Enough

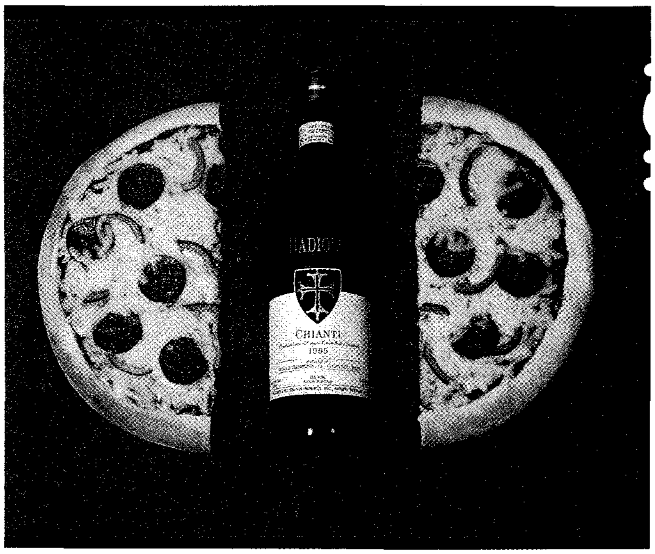
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEREMY SHATAN

with the exquisitely prepared arctic char on a bed of [*your favorite obscure vegetable matter here*], I want a mushy, gushy, fat-and-flatulence-be-damned burrito, and I want it now."

Now, this squishy tube of beans and beef is, in its unassuming way, an authentic food experience. I figure that with normal male life expectancy (73), plus five years for good behavior, I have a mere 9,490 lunches and 9,490 dinners left. I'm not wasting a single one of them. It's natural if not obligatory to enhance that squishy tube (or that calzone, Blimpie, order of ribs) with the appropriate wine. And since the basic appeal of fast food is that it comes in reliable, monochromatic flavors, this isn't difficult.

But a wine with pretensions of grandeur, one that demands to be treated with respect, that may not yet be ready to drink or has to breathe or be decanted or some such frippery, negates the whole exercise. Slow wines don't go with fast food. We're not looking for a Sartre–De Beauvoir relationship here. It's more Tony and Tina. Simple, reliable, well-defined stuff that leaps from the bottle ready to do its job. And, of course, that doesn't cost more than the fast food it goes with.

Happily, there's no better time to find the right plonk than now. The endless ratcheting-up of wine prices from top wine-growing areas (Bordeaux-Burgundy, Piedmont-Tuscany, and especially Napa-Sonoma) that started in the early nineties left a huge vacuum in the middle-to-lower end of the market ($5 to $15 a bottle). It's being filled with a vast array of excellent wines, mostly varietals, some from traditional areas but many from newly accessible or lesser-known regions (good examples are the Veneto and Puglia in Italy, the Loire and Languedoc-Roussillon in France, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Chile, Argentina, and, above all, Spain).



STONE CREEK

If you're not aware of this huge category of wines, drinking them with fast food is a fun way to introduce yourself to them; if you are, it's a simple way to demystify food-and-wine pairing or What Goes With What. My impression is that even in our supposedly wine-cool Zeitgeist, What Goes With What still throws normally unflappable New Yorkers into a tizzy. Herewith, a few—though by no means all—food-matching superstitions and a few simple rules to live by.

Superstition No. 1: *Red wine with meat, white wine with fish.* Deep into the Age of Chardonnay, so many people have had their taste buds mugged trying to marry tuna or bluefish with a fat, oaky, I-can't-believe-it's-not-butter white wine from California, you'd think this myth would've expired long ago. In fact, heavy or oily fish will be much happier with a simple medium-bodied red. (Try a young Oregon Pinot Noir with your next grilled-tuna sandwich.) Beware also the subset: white wine with white meat. Roast chicken, for example, will stare blankly at a California Sauvignon Blanc but become quite animated when introduced to a lightish, fruity red like Chinon (from the Loire) or Rioja.

Superstition No. 2: *Drink champagne only with caviar or dessert.* Wrong on both counts. Caviar's intense fishiness is a horrible match with light, acidic champagne—or fruitier champagne stand-ins like the inexpensive Big Spanish Bruts. Ditto sweet desserts, which fight champagne all the way (the one exception being acidic fruit like raspberries, plums, and strawberries). The lesson here for fast-food freaks is that champagnes—and better still, the fruitier champagne substitutes—go beautifully with deep-fried grub, especially if it's a tad spicy.

Superstition No. 3: *Gewürztraminer is the only thing to drink with Chinese.* I always held that this myth was started by a man called Harvey. Remember Harvey? Harvey was that overweight friend-of-a-friend who always knew some dive off Pearl Street whose five-flavor hacked chicken was better than anyone else's in Chinatown. Harvey decided sometime in the mid-eighties that since Pepsi and tea were becoming a bit déclassé, he needed a wine to promote along with his Chinese-spertise. He picked the weirdest wine name he could find: Gewürztraminer. Harvey had a big mouth and the myth spread. Actually, Gewürtz is a noble grape and will match certain (mostly Teutonic) dishes superbly. But its heady, alcoholic spiciness tangles with most Chinese dishes, especially sweet-and-sour. The larger point is that Chinese cuisine, even at the fast-food level, is extremely diverse; saying any one wine goes with it is a bit like saying, "Red wine goes with French."

Superstition No. 4: *Any wine—red or white—goes with cheese.* Another important myth to debunk, since cheese is a ubiquitous ingredient in fast food. In fact, cheese presents quite a challenge to wine, even the blandish stuff (mozzarella, ricotta, queso blanco) you find in fast food. The acidity of white wine cuts the fat; the tannins of red wine embrace your actual cheesiness. On the whole, my preference tends toward redness, at least at pizza time.

Superstition No. 5: *Beer goes with all fast food.* This is less a superstition than an article of faith with a lot of people. Beer is seen as a humbler drink than wine, so it matches humble food—not a mouth-pleasing rationale. For example, heavy, sweet ales are not pleasant with most fast foods unless they have some sweet element. Lagers are a classic match with light spicy dishes (though not if the food's deep-fried—the fat will overwhelm the beer). Smoky, not-too-greasy ribs are superb with a Rauchbier (smoked beer). I find bitter hoppy beer (e.g., pilsner) pleasant with the charred meat in burgers. Beware ketchup, however: Any tomatoey element fights beer to the death. Regular pizza with beer is disgusting.

NOTE: I'M INDEBTED TO JOSHUA WESSON, who made many of the suggestions for wine matches in the pornucopia of fast food that follows. Wesson has galvanized the inexpensive-wine explosion; his Best Cellars store, at 1291 Lexington Avenue, near 87th Street, limits itself to 100 selections from around the world, and every one of them is under $10.

Food styling by Jeanne Voltz.

Les Entrées

■ **DOMINO'S PIZZA (REGULAR)**

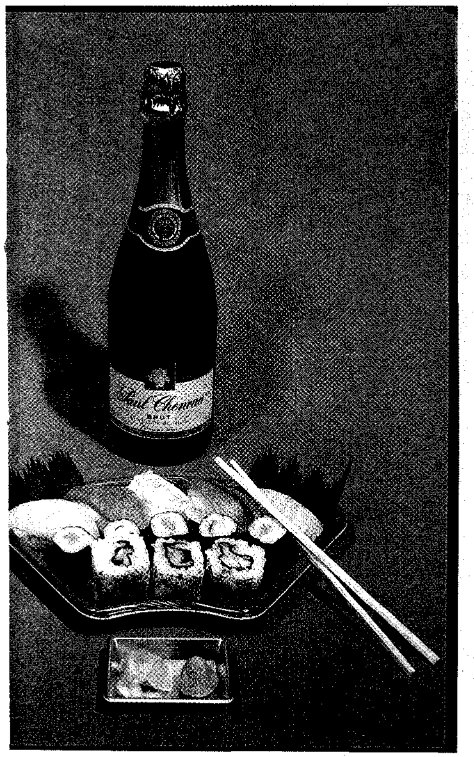
Badiolo Chianti 1996 ($6.99)

The salty cheese and sweetish tomato present a surprisingly complex challenge from America's most popular gut-stretcher. The spiciness and fruitiness of simple classic Chianti handle it perfectly. Chianti will also complement any fold-it-in-half slice from the place round the corner, with or without pepperoni and sausage.

■ **DOMINO'S PIZZA (VEGGIE; NO TOMATO OR TOMATO SAUCE)**

Stoneleigh Sauvignon Blanc 1996 ($9.99); **Château Potelle S.B. 1996**—from Napa but not typical ($11.99); **Canaletto Bombino di Puglia 1994** for the Italo-centric ($5.99).

Cheese is dominant here and needs crispness (acidity, to chemistry majors) to keep it honest. The veggie element predictably likes to mate with "greenness" in the wine. Sauvignon Blanc in the traditional (that is, non-Californian) style is a must.



■ **BLIMPIE BEST** (ham, salami, capicolla, prosciuttini, and Swiss)

Chivite Gran Fuedo Rosado 1996 ($7.59); **Hogue Fumé Blanc 1995** ($6.99).

The hero/po' boy/sub is a survivor from the Big Bland era, and a key comfort food. You can wake it up and make it cut the rug with a dry rosé or lightly fruity white.

■ **BIG MAC**

Duboeuf Beaujolais Villages 1996 ($8.99); **Cru Beaujolais** (**Chiroubles 1996,** $12.99, or **Saint-Amour 1995,** $12.99); **Stone Creek Cabernet Sauvignon 1994** ($7.99); **Bogle Merlot 1995** ($9.99).

Gooey, chewy, gimme-two-more mass-market burgers beg for big reds, but the Special Sauce is a grenade of fatty sweetness that needs some juicy fruitiness to defuse it.

■ **QUARTER POUNDER**

Tessera Cabernet Sauvignon 1994 ($10.99).

Much more straightforward: It's grilled beef, so we reach for the Cabernet. (This match will also work for White Castle sliders.)

■ **SUSHI** (tuna, yellowtail, California rolls, etc.) **Paul Cheneau Brut Blancs de Blancs Cristalino** ($7.99).

The standard plastic-tray-o'-fish from hole-in-the-wall sushi joints is another surprising challenge, as the raw fish is both delicate and oily. Trouble like this calls for bubbles. The big Bruts don't overwhelm the delicacy of the fish (or avocado), but they do a fast cleanup job on the oil (and the wasabi, if you must).

■ **CARNEGIE DELI HOT PASTRAMI SANDWICH**

Chapoutier Belleruche Côtes du Rhône Vina Errazuriz C.S. 1995 ($9.99); Joshua Wesson dissents here, suggesting a light, crisp white like **Columbia Crest's Semillon 1996** ($7.99).

The fatness and redness and beefiness of the best pastrami, bar none, in the world horrify food fundamentalists—which is yet another thing in its favor. Cabernet is the indicated fluid, but the subtle spices of Carnegie's pastrami put some extra demands on the match. An austere, not-too-assertive Cab or a medium-muscular Rhône red handles the job with the requisite tact.

■ **VIRGIL'S BBQ MEMPHIS PORK RIBS**

Napa Ridge Pinot Noir 1995 ($9.99).

Another superb midtown attraction to appall the joy-buzzards at CSPH (Columbia School of Public Health) and CSPI (Center for Science in the Public Interest—the D.C. folks who did the moronic fat studies of Chinese, Italian, and Mexican fast foods a couple of years ago). A fruity, aromatic red is called for to match the smokiness and dry unfattiness of the pork.

■ **LAMB VINDALOO**

Vega Sindoa Tempranillo 1996 ($6.59); **Paternina Banda Azul Rioja 1994** ($7.99).

Wine is almost never drunk with Indian food, and going Indian in New York can be like walking through a minefield in snowshoes. But at a restaurant that doesn't just throw curry powder in the pot and pray to Shiva that the customer will be destroyed, you're in for an actual fast-food-and-wine breakthrough. Red Rioja and roast lamb are a classic Spanish match; the intense oakiness of the wine romancing the intensely spicy aromatics of the stew.

■ **SHRIMP TANDOORI**

Geyser Peak Gewürztraminer 1996 ($8.99).

A different spicy predicament—a wussy crustacean cowering behind a mantle of fire. A red wine here will overwhelm the shrimp, but you still need some powerful fluid to meet and beat the heat. This solution will also cope with other spicy Indian fish like tikka.

■ **MOO SHU PORK**

Sokol Blosser Müller-Thurgau 1996 ($8.49) or **Talus Cellars Chardonnay** ($8.99) for the hoisin-challenged; **Parducci White Zinfandel 1995 ($4.99)** for hoisin-ophiles.

The zinger here is the hoisin sauce, which gives a sweet twist to an otherwise uncomplicated match. If you take it easy on the hoisin, an off-dry white will suffice. If you like to slather it, you'll have to up the sugar. The first two of these suggestions also match nicely with pad Thai.

■ **PEKING DUCK**

Rosemount Shiraz 1995 ($9.99); **Moulin La Grezette Cahors 1995** ($9.99).

An excellent demonstration of the fact that Chinese cuisine is as diverse as any other. A white here of almost any kind would be swamped by the richness of the roast skin. A rich fruity red is inevitable.

■ **SWANSON FRIED-CHICKEN TV DINNER**

Charles de Fère Brut NV Saint-Hilaire Blanquette de Limoux ($9.49).

This choice holds also for Kentucky Fried Chicken—the original crusty stuff. An absolute cinch of a match, because you should never eat fried chicken with anything but champagne or its country cousins from Spain and the south of France.

Les Desserts

A dessert is defined as anything that comes in a plastic container or package and cannot conceivably do you any nutritional good whatsoever.

■ **YODELS AND TWINKIES**

Martin Brothers Allegro Moscato 1996 ($10.99)

Nothing soaks up the soft, squishy memories of childhood like a soft, sweet, fizzy wine—with childishly low alcohol.

■ **SNICKERS, MARS BARS, BUTTERFINGERS, FIG NEWTONS**

Fundador Tawny Port ($9.99).

Wash down all chocolatey treats with the rich and choccy plonk of Oporto.

■ **BEN & JERRY'S VANILLA WITH HEATH TOFFEE CRUNCH, CHERRY GARCIA** (et al., but not intense fruit flavors), **HÄAGEN-DAZS** (ditto), anyone's **VANILLA** anything **Osborne Pedro Ximenes Sherry 1827 N.V.** ($13.99).

There *is* a wine that goes with ice cream, and it's the sweetest thing made anywhere in the world. We've saved the best till last. You can drink this stuff with the ice cream—or better yet, pour it over the top like syrup.

va

entine's day

HIS BRASH, AGGRESSIVE STYLE RUBS A LOT OF BASEBALL PEOPLE THE WRONG WAY—BUT METS MANAGER **BOBBY VALENTINE** HAS PUSHED AND CAJOLED AND INSPIRED HIS PLAYERS TO THEIR BEST RECORD IN YEARS. HOW A FORMER CONNECTICUT PHENOM BECAME THE HOTTEST MANAGER IN BASEBALL.

BY BILLY ALTMAN

THE CHARGE, AS METS MANAGER BOBBY Valentine recalls, was disturbing the peace. It was 1983, and Valentine, the Mets' rookie third-base coach, was also a fledgling restaurateur in his hometown of Stamford, Connecticut—and it was in the latter capacity that he found himself, late one night, dealing with some streetwalkers who were flashing their own signals on the sidewalk in front of his downtown establishment. ■ "Keith Hernandez had come down after a game, and he made a crack to me about getting propositioned on the way in," remembers

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH

Valentine. "I steamed until he left, and then I went outside and tried to clear them out. I was yelling at the top of my lungs, the way you would at an umpire."

Finally, a police car rolled up; Valentine figured they'd deal with the hookers, and that'd be that. But the cops ignored them and instead asked *him* to get into the car. "I thought I was making a stand," says Valentine. "I guess I was a little naïve about the inner workings of the city or that age-old profession. We drove around the block a few times, and they said, 'Bobby, now that you've cooled off, why don't you just forget about it and go home?' I realized they weren't going to do anything, so I started to yell at them, and they told me to not raise my voice or they'd arrest me. I said, 'Why don't you do that?' And they did."

When Valentine got to the police station at 4 A.M., his one phone call went not to his wife, Mary, or to an attorney but to the mayor of Stamford. "I'd known him for years—he gave me my marriage license," says Valentine, beginning to flash his trademark grin. "So I decided to wake him up. I said, 'Look, I just wanted to let you know that people are going to wonder why I'm coming out of jail tomorrow, and I'm going to tell them.' I stayed there overnight, and the next day there was some press coverage—which I initiated. And lo and behold," says Valentine, that smile now fully expanded across his face, "the next night, those ladies found another parking meter to lean against."

Can you say *situational managing*?

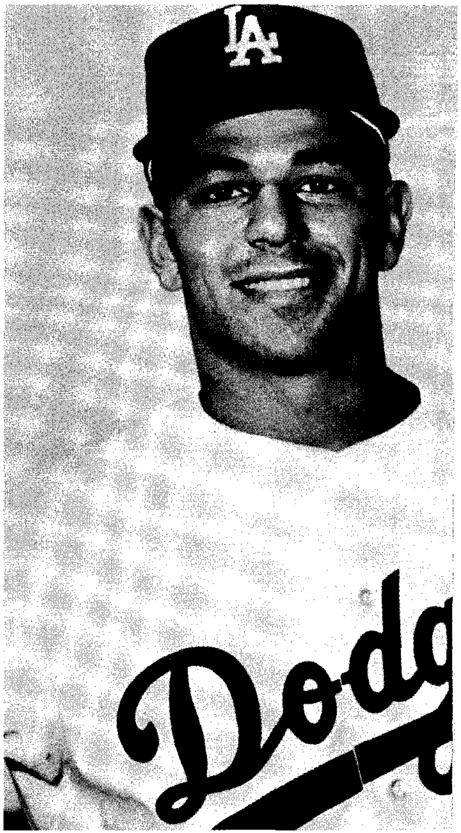
ON A RECENT METS OFF-DAY, VALENTINE is sitting in workout gear behind his desk in the manager's office at Shea Stadium. The five-foot-ten-inch, 185-pound former ballplayer—whose promising career was cut short by a devastating encounter with a center-field wall in 1973—looks, at 47, as if he could still step to the plate and line a single up the middle.

Baseball, as Valentine sees it, is a lot like religion. "You don't know until the end how it's going to turn out, and if you don't know, why try to figure it all out, and why have doubt?" he observes. "There's always injuries. Anything might happen that day. When Manny Alexander got hurt, one of my starters said, 'Now what are we gonna do? We were really counting on him.' And then, of course, look at the job Luis Lopez did. You just never know."

Indeed. Nearly two thirds of the way through the 1997 season, a lot of unexpected things have been happening to the New York Mets. Like winning: In his first full season managing the team since taking over for Dallas Green late last August, Valentine, with his everybody-gets-a-chance philosophy, has produced a scrappy ball club that, barring major disasters, should finish (at the very least) with its first over-.500 record since 1990.

Valentine hasn't done it with smoke and mirrors, either. He's concentrated on fundamentals—throwing the ball, catching the ball, moving runners up, scoring them from third with fewer than two outs. He's done it with psychology too. He's used shock treatment, as when he benched the high-priced Baerga early in the season for some (as Valentine puts it) "inner reflection," and rekindled the former All Star second-baseman's competitive fire. He's used ego massages—pumping up young players like Edgardo Alfonzo, whose glove work won him the starting third-baseman's job and whose bat has landed him around the National League's top ten in hitting, and Carl Everett, a tremendous natural talent of an outfielder who spent nearly two full seasons in Dallas Green's king-size doghouse and who has emerged, under Valentine's tutelage, as one of the team's secret weapons. "Bobby gets into your head, that's for sure," says the Mets' senior player, fourteen-year-veteran reliever John Franco. "Bobby and his coaches have built up our confidence, and that helps you win, and when you win, that confidence increases. And I'll tell you," adds Franco, looking around the Mets clubhouse, "there's a lot of confidence here right now."

WHILE VALENTINE'S PLAYERS SEE him as a straight shooter, he's also been accused in the press of having a Machiavellian side, a perception strengthened when Mets co-owner Fred Wilpon removed Joe McIlvaine as the team's general manager and replaced him with McIlvaine's assistant, Steve Phillips. Wilpon, deep in Dilbert-speak, rattled on about how ownership had determined that McIlvaine (an architect of the Mets glory teams of the eighties who, since returning to the organization in 1993 after three years away, was methodically rebuilding them again) possessed a "skills set" better suited for the delicate art of scouting than the harsh business of trade and contract negotiating. The media howled that Valentine, whose relationship with Wilpon has gotten closer as the Mets have ascended, and whose relationship with McIlvaine was professional but never particularly warm, had coolly orchestrated the whole thing.



HOW HE DID IT: Top, Valentine does the Dodgers; above, copacetic with Tommy Lasorda and Bill Grabarkewitz; center, Valentine after his '73 injury; bottom right, raging with the Rangers.

"The owners [Wilpon and Nelson Doubleday] didn't confer with Bobby; they didn't confer with anybody," says Steve Phillips about the decision to ax McIlvaine, stressing that "anyone who thinks that Bobby in some way is benefiting from this move, with more power and more authority within the baseball department," is dead wrong. For his part,

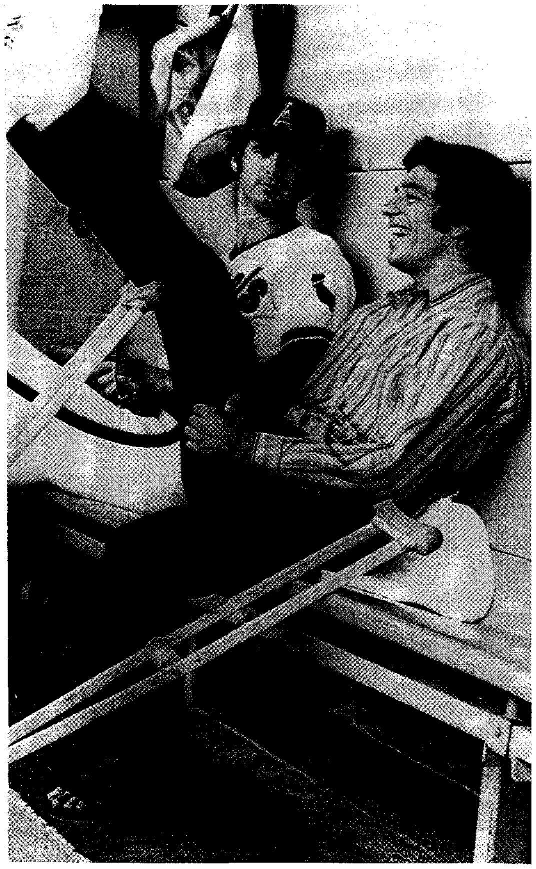
"Bobby managed [in Texas] with both hands ar

Valentine says he knew he'd "get killed" by the media for the firing. "People [in radio and newspapers] get paid to stir things up," he says flatly. "No one ever searches for the truth."

And what is the truth? Well, it's certainly not as conveniently black-and-white as the newspapers would like it to be. While McIlvaine did like roaming the minor leagues and checking out draftable amateurs around the country, he also liked to delegate—leading to the perception that Phillips was handling many of the day-to-day general-manager tasks on his own. And while it's probably true that McIlvaine's cautionary, patient nature was on the other end of the personality chart from the go-going, aggressive Valentine's, one need only recall the gulf between lawyer Frank Cashen and cowboy Davey Johnson to know how little such things mean in the business of major-league baseball. Of some significance, to be sure, was the fact that Valentine and McIlvaine had contracts due to expire at the end of '97, and that Valentine's agent, Tony Attanasio, had begun making noises about an extension—noises that McIlvaine, having not heard the same ringing endorsements about his own status that Wilpon had been giving Valentine since early on this season, had not been very responsive to. (Of even more significance, though, may be the alcohol-related death of a young player from the Mets' class-A Columbia team in April, which resulted in the dismissal of that club's manager and two coaches and left a dark cloud over the entire minor-league organization McIlvaine took such pride in overseeing.)

Valentine's fiercest recent critic has been the man he replaced, Dallas Green. "Bobby is always going to be Bobby," Green said after his firing. "He is going to sell Bobby Valentine. Most everybody in baseball does not like and does not respect Bobby Valentine. It's closer to 100 percent than 50 percent."

Valentine's first professional coach and still-influential mentor and friend, longtime Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda, rushes to his defense. "Let me say something about Dallas Green," says Lasorda, speaking by phone from Los Angeles, before Green's name is even brought up. "He had the audacity to blast this kid. You talk about sour grapes! I condemn him for it, because he was wrong in what he said. A lot of people like Bobby Valentine. I don't think Bobby's trying to run a personality contest with his opponents. They said that about me, and I said, 'Hey—I don't want those guys to like me, anyway.' I'm out there trying to beat their brains out!"



THE SONS OF CARPENTER JOE VALENTINE and his wife, Grace, Robert John Valentine and his older brother, Joe, were raised in Stamford. Both Valentine boys were good athletes, but, says Bobby, "I did it in a more organized sense." At Rippowan High School, Valentine was the baseball team's star center-fielder, the track team's star sprinter, and the football team's star halfback. And when he wasn't competing on a playing field, he was conquering opponents as a champion (umpires, take note) debater and, of all things, a ballroom dancer. "When I was growing up, my mom loved the idea of all the sports, but she didn't want that to be all," says Valentine. "She said I had to do something else." Valentine excelled at dancing, winning competitions—this despite nearly continuous ribbing by his teammates. "Saturday afternoon I'd have a football game, running around being the tough guy, and then I'd rush home, take a shower, put on a tuxedo, and somehow get into New York for a ballroom competition at the Waldorf Astoria," he remembers. "As a matter of fact," he says, pointing out beyond Shea Stadium, "I did a Viennese-waltz exhibition at the World's Fair in '64."

While his football exploits (he remains the only three-time all-state football player in Connecticut high-school history) led to a slew of college-scholarship offers, baseball was his passion, and he was expected to go in the first round of the 1968 amateur draft—a draft whose No. 1 pick belonged to the Mets. "I got all wrapped up in it," he recalls. "The Mets' people were coming to all my games; I was ready."

The idea of being the No. 1 pick in the nation—and by a local team, no less—seemed too good to be true. It was. While the Mets seriously considered him, they chose infielder Tim Foli. "From what they tell me, it came down to a last-minute meeting, and they took him instead of me because he was a shortstop."

Valentine wound up the fifth overall pick in the nation; it was the Dodgers who grabbed him. After signing, he reported to their rookie-league team in Ogden, Utah—managed by the irrepressible Lasorda. "We spent a lot of time together," says Valentine. "It wasn't just going to the ballpark, either; it was going to breakfast, lunch, meeting after the game, dinner, sitting around talking till all hours of the night."

Lasorda was impressed not only with Valentine's ballplaying skills but with his unabashed ambition. "Bobby had a subscription to the Stamford *Advocate,* and he'd bring the papers along on the bus trips," says Lasorda. "I'd pick 'em up off the seat when he was finished and start reading 'em. I get to the sports page and I spot this story; it says, VALENTINE LEADS OGDEN DODGERS TO VICTORY. The next paper: VALENTINE'S SMART PLAYING WINS GAME FOR DODGERS. The next paper: VALENTINE'S TWO HITS INSTRUMENTAL IN DODGERS WIN. I'm thinking, 'Jeez, who's writing this stuff?' Well, it turns out *he* was. He was the correspondent for the paper!"

the team's neck. He was going to will victory."

Photographs: clockwise from top, Baseball Hall of Fame Library; Louis DeLuca/MLB Photos; Bettmann Archive/Baseball Hall of Fame Library; UPI/Corbis-Bettmann.

When Lasorda was promoted to manager of the Dodgers' Triple-A farm club in Spokane, Washington, in 1969, he took Valentine with him, and the next year, playing mainly at shortstop, Valentine blossomed into a full-fledged phenom, leading the Pacific Coast League in hitting, hits, runs scored, doubles, and triples and winning its 1970 Player of the Year Award. An L.A. Dodgers uniform, and big-league stardom, seemed inevitable.

Valentine got his uniform and a place on the Dodgers roster in 1971 and '72, but he didn't get his star. Walter Alston, who'd been the Dodgers' manager since 1954, was strictly old-school, a taciturn man who rarely spoke directly to his players. He and the cocky Valentine simply didn't connect. "Sitting in this seat now, I can understand some of the problems he had with me," admits Valentine. "I was brash, and I was loud, and I was often out of line and outspoken about what I believed." What Valentine believed was that he, not fellow up-and-comer Bill Russell, should be the team's shortstop, and it appeared to him that the main reason he didn't get the job was because he was one of Lasorda's pets.

"Everyone knew Tommy was the heir apparent, and Alston wanted that inevitability to be delayed as long as possible. And I was the spirit of Tommy in his clubhouse before he ever got there," says Valentine. After the '72 season, Alston told Valentine he could be the Dodgers' second-baseman the following year, but Valentine insisted shortstop was where he wanted to play. "Alston said, 'Not here,' and right then I knew I'd be traded," Valentine says. Sure enough, that November Valentine was sent packing to the California Angels, who played just an hour down the freeway in Anaheim. "I figured, hey, same newspaper, same radio stations; this'll be real easy. I'll show 'em."

A month into the 1973 season, Valentine was indeed showing them. On his 23rd birthday, May 13, he found himself where he had always dreamed he should be: playing shortstop, batting third, hitting .300. But four days later, in a split second, Valentine's career changed forever.

"We were in Kansas City on May 15," he recalls. "Ken Berry, the regular centerfielder, had a backache, and [Angels manager Bobby] Winkles asked me to play center—just for that game. Well, it turned out that it was Nolan Ryan's first no-hitter. I made a couple of plays in the outfield, and when we came home for our next game two days later, Bobby calls me into his office. 'Hey, you know how superstitious I am,' he says. 'Rudy May's got a consecutive-scoreless-inning streak going. Will you play center again?' I said, 'Okay, and don't worry—nothing'll get by me.' "

In the fourth inning of the May 17, 1973, game between the Angels and the A's, Oakland's Dick Green hit a long fly ball to center. Valentine raced after it. As he got to the wall, he jumped. "The ball hit off the end of my glove and went over the fence," he says, shaking his head, "and my foot got caught as I went down on my back." His ankle, his knee, his entire right leg were horribly mangled. He didn't play another game that season. The following year, he made it into more than 100 Angels ballgames, batting a respectable .261. But he heard whispers: that his mobility and quickness had been diminished, that he would never again be the player he was. Valentine refused to believe it—at least not until he got an opinion from one guy. In the Dominican League, playing winter ball for his old manager, he went out to dinner with Lasorda one night and asked him point-blank: "I said, 'Tell me, Tommy, do I still have it?' He said no. We both had a good cry that night."

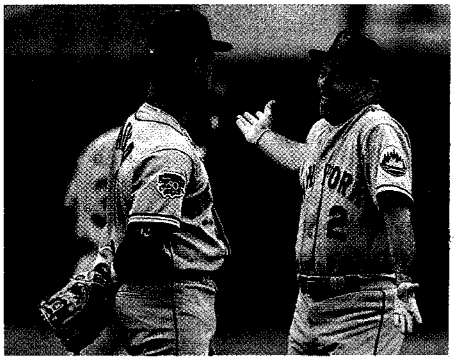
Playing baseball that winter did provide one important upside. Standing in the on-deck circle one day, he spied a pretty young American girl sitting in the stands. He struck up a conversation with her, found out her first name, Mary, and made arrangements to meet her at her hotel. "I get to the lobby," Valentine says, "and there's [old Brooklyn Dodgers pitcher] Ralph Branca standing with her. Ralph says, 'You've met my daughter?' I had no idea." He married her shortly thereafter.

Valentine hung around the majors another five years as a bench player for several teams, including the Mets. "Every article that mentioned me had a negative slant to it, and justifiably so," says Valentine. "I always wanted to play for the Mets, but when the time came, I felt I was a lousy player. I wasn't much help to the club."

Maybe not on the field. But during his two years with the Mets, Valentine was of considerable aid in the clubhouse for the team's manager, one Joe Torre. "Joe became another father figure to me," says Valentine of his friend and crosstown managerial rival. "About all the team had going for it was Lee Mazzilli, and Joe used me to help him. I kind of became Lee's partner in crime, kind of a big brother, so I wound up in the inner sanctum, even though I didn't play much."

Valentine retired as a player at age 29 after the 1979 season—"It wasn't a hard decision. I was a free agent, and no one wanted me"—and, following the advice of those who knew how much he loved the game, he began coaching. In 1980 and '81, he was a roving infield instructor for the Padres, and he served the Mets organization in the same capacity in '82. New York promoted him to third-base coach in 1983, and he lat-

THE NEW WAVE: Top, Valentine kicks it in his Shea Stadium office; below, with Carlos Baerga; right, with his wife, Mary, and son; bottom, sneaking a smile in the dugout at Shea.



"I always wanted to play for the Mets," says Valenti

er helped Davey Johnson transform the team from also-rans to contenders. But in 1985, a former teammate from the ’78 Mets, Texas Rangers executive Tom Grieve, asked him whether he was interested in managing his club, which was about to fire its manager. After an early-morning phone call to Lasorda for advice, Valentine accepted.

He was flying blind when he got to Texas. “I went to the ballpark, and the usherettes were wearing cowboy hats. Maybe 15, 20 percent of the people even knew there was a major-league team in town.” Managing a baseball team in Dallas Cowboys country was difficult. “There was an attitude about things not from Texas. Anyone from the North meant Yankee—and I was a Yankee.”

Still, he survived and nearly prospered. In his second year with the Rangers, the team increased its victories by 25, finishing second in the American League West, and Valentine was voted the UPI American League Manager of the Year. But they never finished higher than that during the rest of his seven-and-a-half-year regime. “We got close,” he says, “but we couldn’t trade away our minor-league jewels, and we couldn’t sign free agents. We just never got over the hump.” He was fired midway through the 1992 season.

It was during his time with the Rangers that Valentine’s name regularly attracted such unflattering adjectives as *emotional, unpredictable,* and *volatile.* “Bobby managed with both hands around the team’s neck,” says veteran Texas sports columnist Skip Bayless. “In those days, he was going to will victory, raise his intensity level so high it was going to carry the team beyond its talent or capabilities. There was no even keel with Bobby—and over 162 games and a long, hot summer, it proved too hard to live with. He simply wore people out. If a guy was going bad, Bobby would want to know about their girlfriend situation, or if there were problems with their wives. It was like, ‘I’m gonna find out everything; I’m going to address it, and force these guys through this’—and I think the players resented him for it.”

According to Bayless, the Rangers coaches had an equally tough time dealing with Valentine’s endless scrutinizing. “You’d go into the clubhouse after a loss, and the coaches would sit there, ashen-faced, as if they were on the executioner’s block, because they were going to have to go in and answer to him. He’d demand to know why this happened or why that didn’t happen. Bobby’s attitude, to me, was always, ‘I know this game—I know it better than anybody—and by God, I cannot figure out why these fools who play for me cannot comprehend what I’m saying.’ ” When Valentine left Texas, says Bayless, the prevailing notion was that if he was going to manage in the major leagues again, he needed to “calm down, gain some humility, and pay some dues.”

In 1994, Valentine came back to the Mets fold and paid his dues as manager of their Triple-A Norfolk Tides, and a year later, he was afforded an opportunity to begin overhauling his aura and temperament: He was asked to take the helm of the Chiba Lotte Marines, thereby becoming the first-ever American manager in the history of Japanese baseball. The money was good (reportedly better than ten times his Mets salary at the time), but it was the challenge that really excited him.

“The greatest experience of my life,” he says now. The team hadn’t had a winning record in ten years, and it finished eleven games over .500, in second place—the best the team had ever done.

Arguing with the umpires “was pretty bizarre,” says Valentine. “You’d say something, and then you’d have to wait for the translation. The first time, I had a translator who was emphatically loyal to me. I went out, and he said what I said with the same expression and the same emotion. He was dismissed. The next guy was told to say what I was supposed to say, not what I actually said—and after the second time, I realized it was silly even going out there.”

When differences with team executives over the direction of the club ended his one-year self-described “love affair” with the Marines and their fans (“Here,” he says, picking up a Japanese baseball magazine on his desk and showing off his picture: “I still do a weekly column”), Phillips rehired Valentine as Norfolk’s skipper. And last August, he was finally in the right place at the right time.

WE’RE STILL TRYING TO FIGURE out who we are as a team, and what kind of team we’re going to be in the future,” says Valentine, having molded a team that reflects the character of its manager. These Mets are provocateurs: On defense, they think quickly, and usually smartly, and on offense, they like to steal and hit-and-run, keeping their opponents on edge and forcing issues whenever they can.

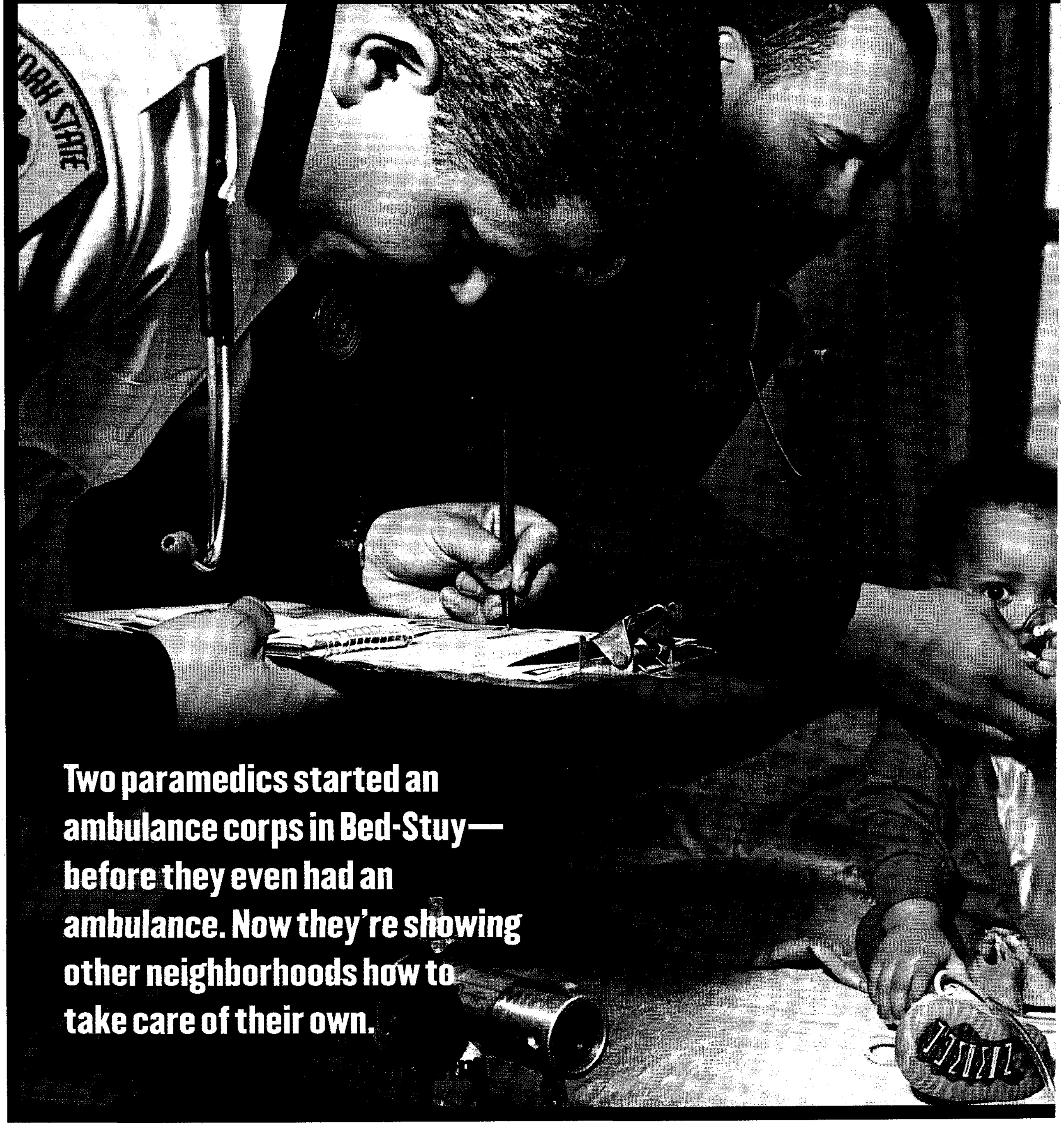
“With Bobby, you’re always thinking positive,” says Edgardo Alfonzo. “You’re gonna get a hit, or make a play. He’s the kind of guy who comes and tells it to you true—and if you do good, you’ll be there.” Which pretty much sums up the 1997 Mets. They’re doing good—and they’re there.

Can you say *amazing*? ■

ut when the time came, I thought I was a lousy player.”

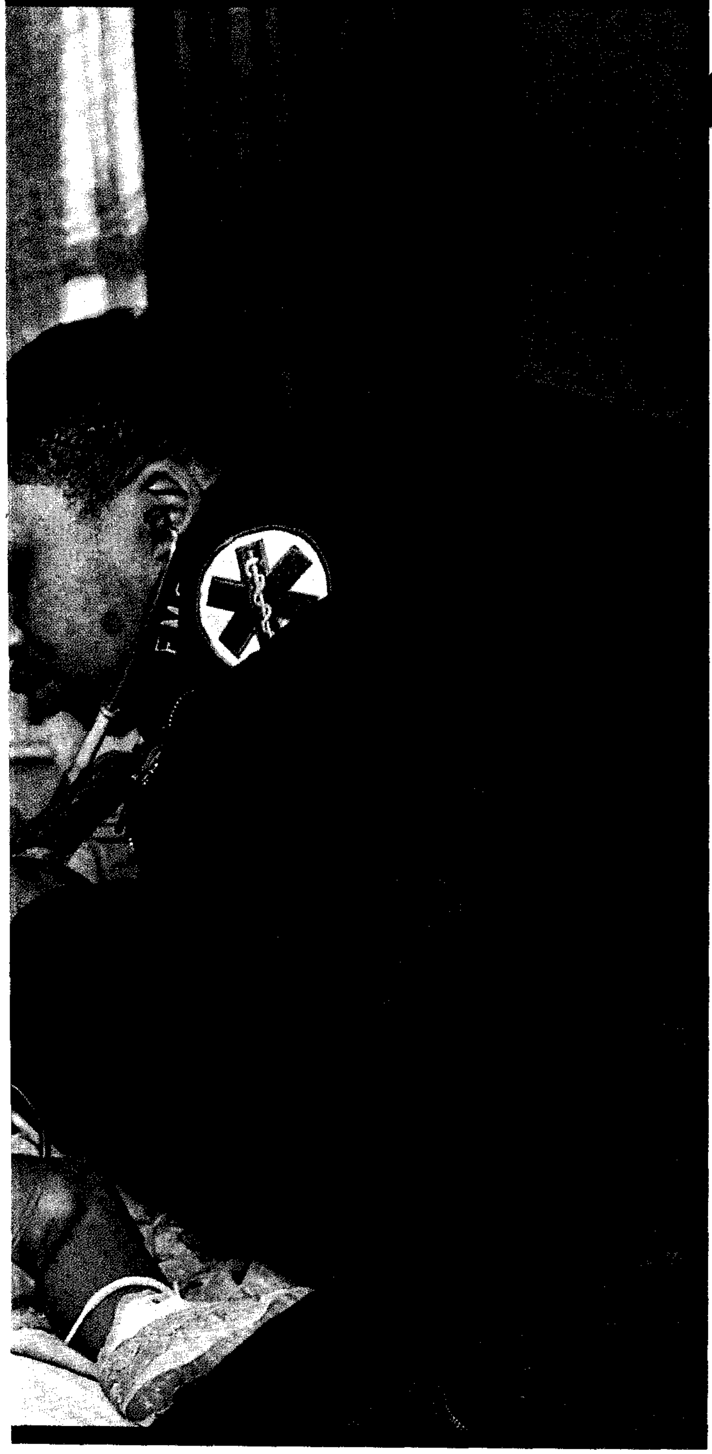
Photographs: clockwise from top, Danny Clinch; Pete Kuhns; Danny Clinch; Al Bello/Allsport.

THE ACCIDE



Two paramedics started an ambulance corps in Bed-Stuy—before they even had an ambulance. Now they're showing other neighborhoods how to take care of their own.

ITAL HEROES



“WOW, THEY GOT NICE BUSES!” says Hamlet Cuello, 19, in the tattered driver’s seat, peering over his sunglasses at a passing ambulance. The “bus” he drives for the Bedford-Stuyvesant Volunteer Ambulance Corps (BSVAC) is 100,000 miles into retirement, and for a long time was under the sporadic care of a homeless guy named Buster. ■ “On to the next society event,” declares his partner, 36-year-old veteran paramedic George Bezares. As they begin to cruise under the elevated train, a 10-53—multivehicle car accident—crackles over the radio. Hamlet flips on the siren. The rubbled lots disappear in a blur as he gains speed. ■ So begins another unpaid, 24-hour shift for the People’s EMS, which has transformed deadly 45-minute

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN

Saba

AIR FORCE: Aid for an asthmatic (left); a BSVAC bus.

waits into three-minute response times on the streets of Bed-Stuy. "It used to be EMS (Emergency Medical Services) didn't show up," George says, snapping up his windbreaker, his mind running several traffic lights ahead. "A guy who got shot in the chest was lying here 35 minutes. An EMS guy said, 'Put an occlusive dressing on him.' I say, 'Load and go.' "

This is the world according to George: Don't play doctor games on the scene. Just pack up your patient and get to the hospital. Compactly built, with a fringe of mustache and chubby cheeks, he is bulked up today by a bulletproof vest and a copy of Noam Chomsky's *The Prosperous Few and the Restless Many* wedged in his back pocket. In addition to his full-time job as a Cabrini Hospital paramedic, George puts in 40-plus hours a week riding in one of BSVAC's three used buses.

If George is BSVAC's unlikely Socrates, Hamlet is its Plato. Muscular, shy, and buzz-cut, Hamlet used to work during the day as a supervisor at the Radio City Music Hall store while training to be a paramedic. Most of what he knows about emergency medicine he has learned by having George drill him on everything from cardiac arrest to meningitis outbreaks. Even as they whiz to the 10-53, Hamlet resumes their "scenario," asking about a patient whose stopped heart was electrically shocked: "The doctor went to defib him when he was asystole? Won't it hurt him?"

"He's dead," George says, chuckling. "Ain't nothing hurt him worse than that."

Within two minutes, George and Hamlet arrive at the corner of Marcus Garvey and Sumner Avenues, where two cars have collided and a third is crushed like a xylophone against a telephone pole. A mob of bystanders ring several fire trucks, and the police are wielding blowtorches, dismantling one of the cars to extricate three people trapped in the wreckage. It's a "pin job."

George vanishes into the fray, then reappears on the far side of the smashed-up car. Even as sparks fly from the blowtorch, George reaches out and pulls open one of the car doors untried by the police. He climbs in, then slides out the injured driver. Meanwhile, a second BSVAC bus arrives on the scene. Minutes have elapsed before the city's EMS buses finally pull up, in a blaze of light.

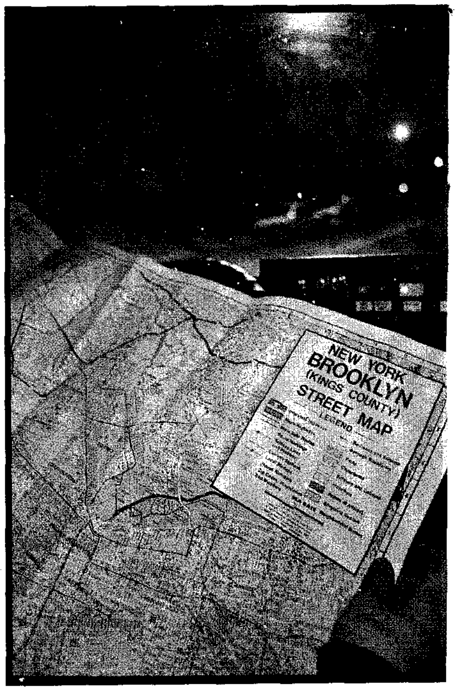
George slides a woman out and onto a stretcher, her face a map of lacerations. She's three months pregnant. Quickly, he's got her in the ambulance, ready to go—if only he could find a way out through the crush of emergency crews, vehicles, and bystanders. George closes his eyes. It's his Zen version of rage.

The encounter becomes another case study in George's load-and-go philosophy. His pithy takeaway for Hamlet is "Alive is fine, but don't waste time. They die."

"WE USED TO BE JUVENILE DELINQUI

AT BSVAC HEADQUARTERS, A RUN-DOWN storefront at the corner of Marcus Garvey and Van Buren with posters of Martin Luther King Jr. taped to the glass, James "Rocky" Robinson, 57, stretches his massive legs and explains the origins of the ambulance corps. When it started in 1988—at a time when Bed-Stuy was home to 250 crack dens and described by the national media as an American Beirut—the mission was simple: to reduce emergency response time in a neighborhood where there was a lot of violence and not a lot of attention from the city-run EMS.

Rocky and his wiry partner, Joe Perez, both worked as paramedics at night and planned to volunteer during the day. To raise funds, they first canvassed local politicians, who mostly gave them the cold shoulder. So they tried going door to door, where the results were similarly disappointing. "Everybody has so many con games laid on them," says Rocky. "Here's two guys saying they're gonna start something in a community, and the mentality was 'We don't volunteer for nothin'! We're not going to give' you money to go out there and buy drugs."



So Rocky and Joe turned to Plan C. They set up headquarters in an abandoned building with no heat and no water—not to mention that it was across from a car lot humming with crack dealers—and scanned a borrowed radio for calls. They had one other big problem: no vehicle.

"We would take our big old black trauma bags, and we'd strap our oxygen tanks to our backs, okay? And we'd run. In tennis shoes," Rocky remembers. "We'd get on the scene and everybody would be laughing: 'There's that ambulance corps without an ambulance!' "

Dr. Alexander Kuehl, then the vice-president of New York City Health and

Hospitals Corporation (which used to oversee EMS), gave them their first grant, for $2,000, which they used to buy oxygen masks and CPR books. Then a *Daily News* article about the mad-dash ambulance company brought a phone call from a New Jersey businessman asking, “How would you guys like an ambulance?”

Their first day in the bus, they were out riding the streets and looking for emergencies when they saw flames leaping from a window. They were the first ones on the scene and saved ten people from the building at 537–539 Quincy Street, which brought publicity and another phone call. Could they make use of a trailer? They hired a tractor to tow it through the streets of Bed-Stuy—“It was like a parade route,” Joe recalls—and plunked it down in the crack dealers’ lot.

As he says, “we took one page right outta the drug addicts’ book!”—namely, stake out your turf and don’t wait for someone to grant permission. But it wasn’t long before the city discovered them and sent an eviction notice, which they promptly took to Howard Golden, the Brooklyn borough president. He helped get their trailer, which had been hooked up to a city lamppost, legally wired into Con Ed.

That didn’t impress the crack dealers, who took to using the trailer for target practice. “Every other day, they was shootin’ through the windows. People would hit the floor, and it sorta became routine on the weekends. But we refused to move. We used to be juvenile delinquents and the whole nine yards, so we wasn’t about to be intimidated by the drug dealers or anybody else,” says Rocky. In fact, he and Joe once even chased the dealers off the lot with baseball bats. (It was in the midst of these hostilities that Joe had a heart attack, which turned out to have a fortunate side effect. While laid up recovering from surgery, he had time to write the corps’s first grant proposal, which netted $100,000 from the Department of Youth Services.) Later, the ambulance corps made peace when Rocky started treating the dealers after they’d gunned down one another. The shooting at the trailer stopped.

Soon, the Establishment was hailing BSVAC as the nation’s first minority-run volunteer ambulance corps. Rocky and Joe were featured on *20/20*. PBS named them among twenty Americans who’d made a difference in their communities. They were held out as a model in President Bush’s 1,000-points-of-light campaign; Rocky was even enlisted to perform a rap piece at the ’92 Republican Convention. More recently, Sinbad, the Hollywood comic-actor, licensed their life rights for a movie. “People are always skeptical about positive things,” says Sinbad from his car phone in Los Angeles. “We know what a crack house is. But what is this?” These days, Rocky and Joe have no shortage of new projects, new ideas to expand the reach of their ambulance corps. The only obstacle—which they’ve contended with all along—is money.

IN THE EARLY DAYS, ROCKY AND JOE had problems finding volunteers. After all, people were hardly lining up to work on a crack dealers’ lot with bullets flying. So they went looking in unusual places, tapping welfare mothers, recovering alcoholics, and gang members. “We started saving the lives of the people who we were training,” says Rocky. “The same kids that’s going around calling themselves pimp-daddy and wearing the big gold chains. We told them, ‘How would you like to learn CPR and first aid, and be able to save your homeboy’s life—instead of sneaking up behind him and putting a bullet in his brain?’ ”

Since 1988, Rocky has trained a generation of paramedics, 120-plus a year, first in a trailer on an abandoned lot up the block and now in the storefront classroom. His graduates work throughout the city. Three are currently in medical school. Deborah Crawford, once a welfare mother with five children, who knew Rocky from his days as a neighborhood D.J., filled in as the corps’s secretary. Now, along with two of her kids, she’s an EMS paramedic, nicknamed Trauma Mama. BSVAC has also started an after-school Trauma Troopers program, teaching kids ages 12 to 16 how to perform cardiopulmonary resuscitation and first aid.

On a recent Friday, newly qualified graduates are clustered around a rickety table in headquarters doing load-and-go scenarios. As always, George is running the drill: “Pulmonary edema is a true, critical emergency. You get your ambu bag ready [a plastic, handheld device to make the patient breathe]. And what’s the other piece of equipment?”

“Your suction,” one of the students quickly offers.

“Get your suction ready, ’cause you’re going to see what looks like strawberry ice cream. That’s fluid mixed with blood. Now increase your vital signs, ’cause he’s going to lose his pulse, go into arrest, and it happens like this,” George snaps his fingers. “Put him on the highest-concentration oxygen, throw him in the chair, and by the time you carry him down six floors, hopefully the medics will be there. If they’re not, then go. Just go.”

Meanwhile, in the classroom next door, a new group of trainees, funded by the dregs of a state grant, study cardiac care. The training costs the students nothing, and many enroll to escape their own crises. La-

, SO WE WASN’T ABOUT TO BE INTIMIDATED BY DRUG DEALERS.”

SOUTH
CENTRAL
V.C.

HEALING POWERS: Top left, 17-year-old Faith comforts a patient while George takes vitals. Above, BSVAC co-founders Joe Perez and Rocky Robinson.

Toya, 18, who keeps her nails long and purple and wears a Tommy Hilfiger jacket, began commuting from Washington Heights to the class after her older brother was murdered. “A detective suggested I come here,” she says. “I was feeling down.”

But it’s hardly feel-good therapy. Martial discipline rules. Students are not permitted to take the state exam that will certify them as EMTs unless they maintain a 75 percent grade-point average during the ten-week class. Acting out is not tolerated. Rocky prohibits “gangsterly” attire and attitude. No caps worn to the side. No profane language on the ambulance radio, which he monitors closely. No recreation while in BSVAC uniform.

The results have been stellar. Almost 90 percent of the students complete the course and pass the state exam. At least three quarters move on to EMS jobs. In between, they graduate to George’s load-and-go roundtable, working as volunteers until (and even after) they get hired.

This intensive training, followed by impromptu rescue scenarios and hand-holding, has helped students break into the 911 system. “Up until recently, EMS was always filled with white men from the suburbs because they had access to volunteer programs,” says Dr. Kuehl. BSVAC’s success also disproved a powerful, prejudicial theory. “People believed that you wouldn’t have volunteers in minority communities where people are struggling to survive,” says Tamsin Wolf, a Merrill Lynch lawyer who has done pro bono legal work for BSVAC. “ ‘They’re too selfish, and won’t have anything left over for volunteerism’ was the theory. Clearly, that is wrong.”

EVEN WITH THE HOLLYWOOD feelers and the Washington accolades, BSVAC barely scrapes by these days. Last year, its annual budget was suddenly halved, to $112,000, when a state grant evaporated. With these dwindling resources and only three buses, it still manages to respond to more than 350 calls a month. “We’re the second-busiest volunteer corps in the country, on this budget?” Rocky exclaims. “It’s ludicrous.”

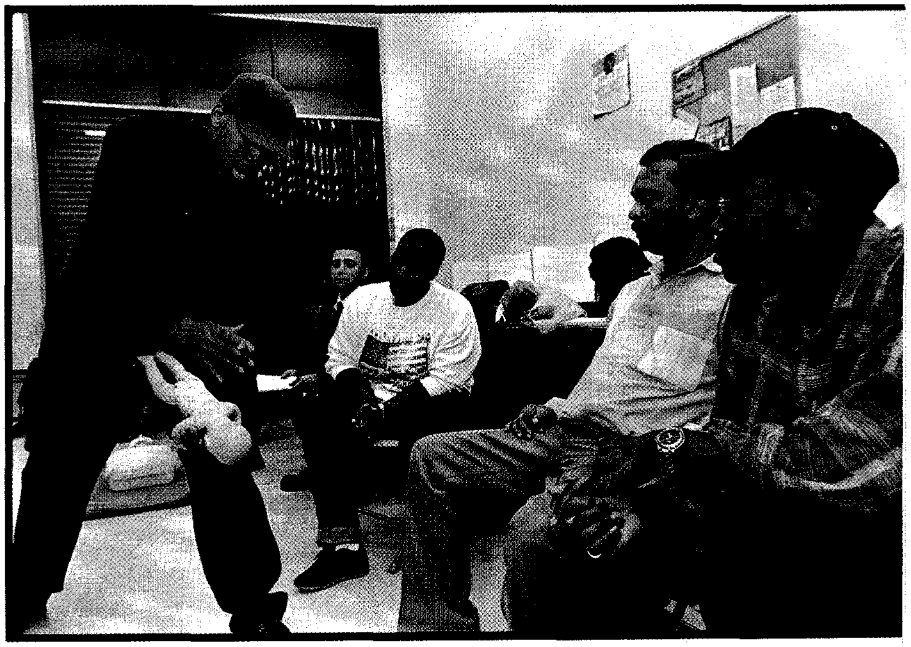
Joe, who now works full-time for BSVAC, is paid a salary, but it’s not much. “Did I say I make $250 a week?” he says, lighting up a True Blue. “Make that $150.” Headquarters remains ragged. The executive “office”—a space of several desks and a gym locker that holds BSVAC windbreakers—is separated from the dispatch area–cum–family room by a makeshift partition. Rocky’s children play and holler there. With six of them to feed, he still works for EMS and comes in every night (no salary for him). His wife, a minister and qualified emergency medical technician, works as a postal supervisor.

Their operation is a hodgepodge of willing volunteers and those in search of redemption. BSVAC’s radio dispatcher is a 17-year-old Trauma Trooper, Faith, who also mops the floor and cleans the bathroom when it’s slow. During weekend all-nighters, her mother calls in every hour to make sure she’s okay. Until recently, security was supplied by a recovering alcoholic named Wayne who had no fixed address and hovered around the abandoned lot up the street, guarding the ambulances. (In this same lot, BSVAC’s collie mascot, Trauma, was gunned down by crack dealers, and a headstone for her stands there.)

Such devotion only gets them so far. According to George, 911 dispatchers, loyal to the EMS, never repeat an address to BSVAC medics, even if they’re on the scene but can’t find the apartment. City ambulances are outfitted with electronic monitors that record and display patient addresses, while BSVAC makes do with a police radio that they borrow, every day, from the 81st Precinct.

But Rocky and Joe aren’t content to just survive. This year, BSVAC has launched two new projects. One is with the Brooklyn district attorney, to train 50 juvenile delinquents to be emergency medical technicians. The other is with the State University of New York Health Science Center, to train the Russian-immigrant community in Brighton Beach.

“WE TOLD THEM, ‘HOW WOULD YOU LIKE T



LIFESAVING 101: Some of the 120 paramedics BSVAC trains a year. Top right, Rocky and local kids. Right, Hamlet and his mentor, George, take a breather.

With government money increasingly hard to come by, BSVAC makes do with the unreliable ebb and flow of private donations. “People call in after a TV show and say, ‘You’ll never have to worry about gas again.’ Then they disappear,” says Mark Gibbel, associate director of development at New York University, who has raised funds for BSVAC. “The basic hurdle is that they’re so busy saving lives, they have no time for fund-raising.”

But Rocky envisions more, and hopes that the Sinbad film (if it gets made) can swing it. “If we could build a building on that lot, it could be a permanent school and a training center, with a health clinic and an ambulance garage, where people could wash their face and take a shower. I’d like a full-time ambulance mechanic and a real office manager.”

IT’S 9 P.M., AND GEORGE HAS MOVED ON TO *The Next War,* a book by former secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. His stethoscope, with a mini-statuette of the Wizard of Oz’s Tin Man stuck to it, is wrapped around his neck. The streets twinkle with neon ads for personal-injury lawyers, dollar signs flashing next to 1-800 numbers.

As we cruise, Hamlet plans for a weekend that never happens: “Come on, man. Go fishing with us. We’ll get some flounder in the net.”

“If you were the fish, would you want people to catch you?”

“No. I would feel like a fugitive of the law.”

“You go. I don’t really fish.” George resists taking time off and has no apparent

RN CPR AND BE ABLE TO SAVE YOUR HOMEBOY'S LIFE?”

AMBULANCE
RESCUE
AA6487

social life. He doesn't eat much, and he sleeps less. We're driving down streets peppered with burned-out buildings when Faith comes over the radio with a 10-54, a possible cardiac patient. We stop nose-to-nose with a fire truck on Myrtle Avenue, in front of a yellow-brick housing project with metal doors, and squeeze into an elevator. Then we clump along the dim hall into a small, immaculate apartment, where a gaunt West Indian man sits dead-eyed at the dining-room table, surrounded by seven city firefighters wielding axes. (In the revamped EMS system, which Mayor Giuliani merged into the Fire Department last June, firefighters have been trained as “first responders” to medical emergencies, in order to reduce response time. However, they show up in their own vehicles, *not* ambulances equipped for patients. So the time it takes for help to arrive on the scene has gone down, but it is not clear whether the time it takes to get someone to a hospital has also.)

George cuts through the scrum and slaps a Velcro cuff onto the man's arm. “You don't have any blood pressure to speak of,” George tells him.

The door to the apartment then opens, and in comes a team of city paramedics. They take stock of our jackets, emblazoned on the back with THE PEOPLES EMS. Many of the BSVAC crew work for the EMS themselves, but when volunteer companies and city medics encounter each other on calls, relations can be strained. There is heated competition over who gets credit for what. (“They hate our guts,” insists one BSVAC veteran.) As yet another paramedic team arrives, the apartment becomes ridiculously jammed with at least twenty people. The family has been forced out to the kitchen.

“He doesn't want to go to the hospital,” the man's wife explains apologetically to everyone gathered.

In the close environment, my notepad makes waves. One of the paramedics crouched by the patient looks up and asks, “When are you going to write a story about us? We do this seven days a week, and we don't get to pick our calls. We go to the crappy ones.”

“We are the real deal,” his partner chimes in. Morale, it would seem, is low. As another call comes over the radio, bronchitis in the same building six floors down, George opts to respond and leave the cardiac patient to EMS. As we exit the apartment and take the back stairs, he is steaming. “We beat them here,” he says.

Downstairs, George pounds on a door covered with JESUS LOVES YOU bumper stickers. Inside, a girl with huge eyes that stare out from her emaciated face trembles on the couch. In fact, she is 33, and she wretches into a paper bag that her mother is holding. “She smokes and she drinks, but she's not sick that way,” says the mother, insisting her daughter does not have AIDS.

As Hamlet wheels her to the ambulance, George is still angry over the encounter. “Did we pick and choose tonight?” He then rattles off examples. “We've done a seventeen-floor walk-up when the elevator was out. And as we came down, EMS pulled up. They're the real EMS. But we're the People's EMS. I guess that means we do it for a different reason.”

As we roll the patient into the fluorescent theater of the Woodhull hospital emergency room, our EMS colleagues are right behind us, walking in the West Indian man with low blood pressure. Filling out forms at the nurse's desk, George gets upset again. “They walked this man. If he goes down, he could bust his head. He could be harboring an aneurysm. But when you're that bitter and frustrated, you just don't care.”

Later, we return to the bus. Across the street from the hospital is Spike Lee's store, remarkably free of graffiti and enclosed by a handsome gate. George shows me a photo album documenting the calls he's responded to over the years, from gunshot fatalities to suicides known as “jumpers down,” who have leaped to their deaths. He is a good amateur photographer and has caught some pretty gruesome scenes. One shot shows the steam rising off the snow from a splattered head. Another is of an EDP (emotionally distressed person) with his head under the wheel of a train, his limbs splayed on a police tarp.

“Was he dead?” I ask, studying the photograph in the orange light of a street lamp.

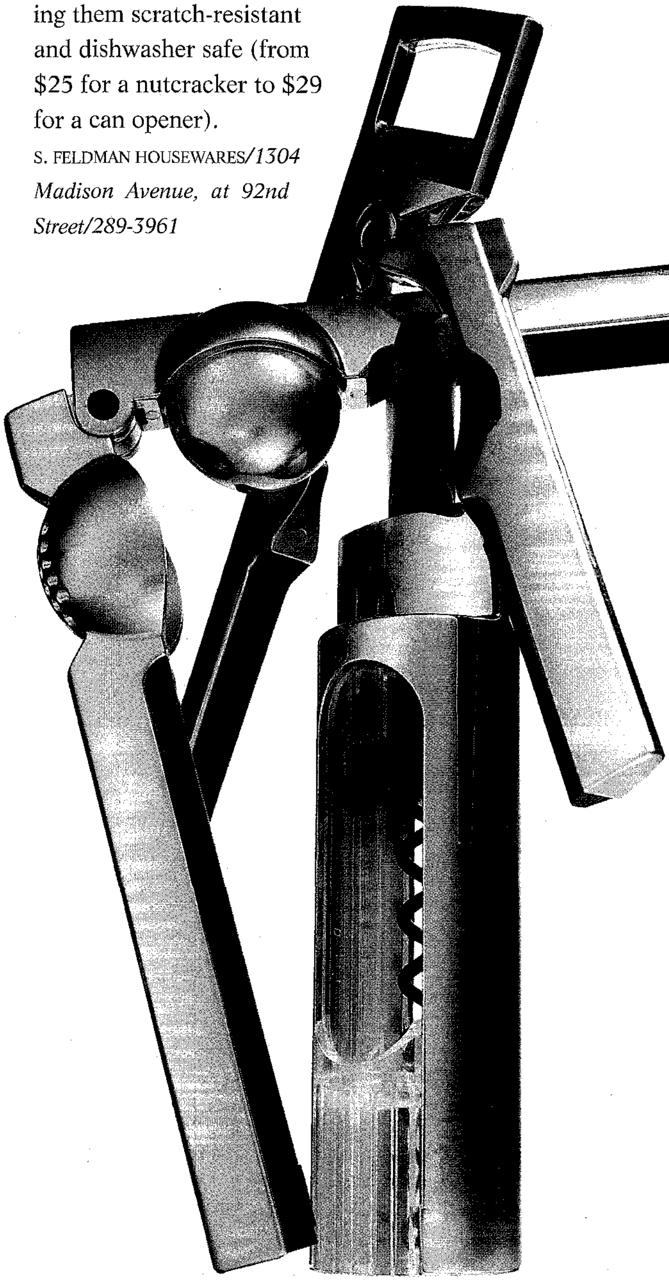
“Yeah. A little bit.”

The radio starts to crackle. Hamlet fires up the bus and we begin to roll. The social clubs are starting to close. Their customers stumble out, wasted; the street is slick with rain. The combination is sure to produce casualties. “Now we'll really get something,” George says. ■

The Kitchen Zinc

If it's been a while since you've indulged your gizmo jones, check out Protocol's new line of bar and kitchen gadgets. The company has merged high-style Italian design with American practicality: ever-so-crisp-looking bottle openers, garlic presses, corkscrews, and the like are made of triple-plated zinc (copper, then nickel, then chrome), rendering them scratch-resistant and dishwasher safe (from $25 for a nutcracker to $29 for a can opener).

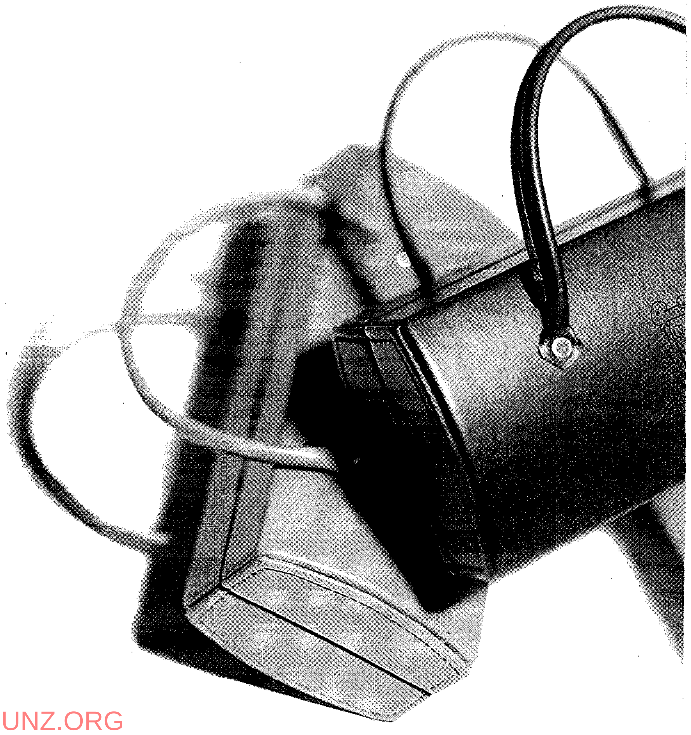
S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, at 92nd Street/289-3961*



Psionism

New World Technologies has come up with the closest thing to a dream computer: the Psion Series 5. Though it's small enough to stash in a back pocket, it has a touch-type, laptop-style keyboard and a full-width screen. That means there's no need to struggle with itty-bitty, impossible-to-use keys or scroll right or left to view a full page of a document. There's a database, a spreadsheet, a word processor, a calculator, and an agenda (pretty standard now for most top-of-the-line handheld computers), but the Series 5 also offers eight megabytes of memory, a full PC link, a pen stylus to activate functions, and a built-in voice recorder. With the S5, you can send and receive faxes (and sign your name) and print text and graphics ($699; lithium backup battery included).

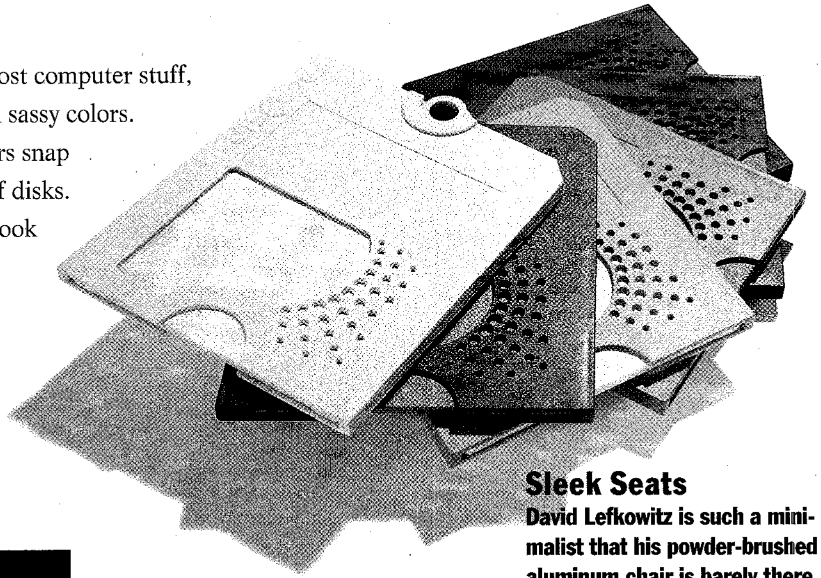
NEW WORLD TECHNOLOGIES/*110 Greene Street/Fifth floor/941-4663, ext. 223*



Color Guard

Black and gray is the exceedingly dull palette of most computer stuff, but fresh from Finland comes a storage solution in sassy colors. Doppler Oy's individual ABS-plastic diskette covers snap together to form one unit for stashing quantities of disks. But these sturdy carriers are more than cheery to look at; they're also great for mailing, travel, or storing ($10 for a set of six).

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/767-1050*



BEST BETS

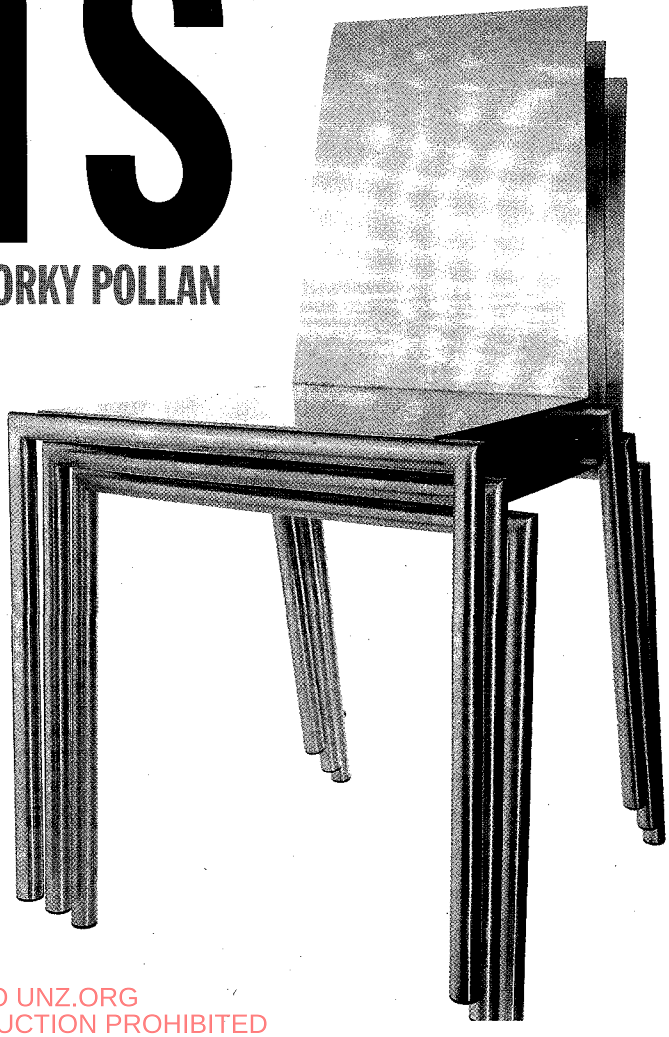
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Sleek Seats

David Lefkowitz is such a minimalist that his powder-brushed aluminum chair is barely there. Yet what *is* there is sleekly elegant—no surprise, since Lefkowitz has designed furniture for David Rockwell as well as the Donna Karan showrooms. And the good news: His Flex chair is also remarkably comfortable ($350, two-chair minimum; allow six weeks).

QUINTO + COMPANY/*270 Lafayette Street/Suite 504/965-1146*

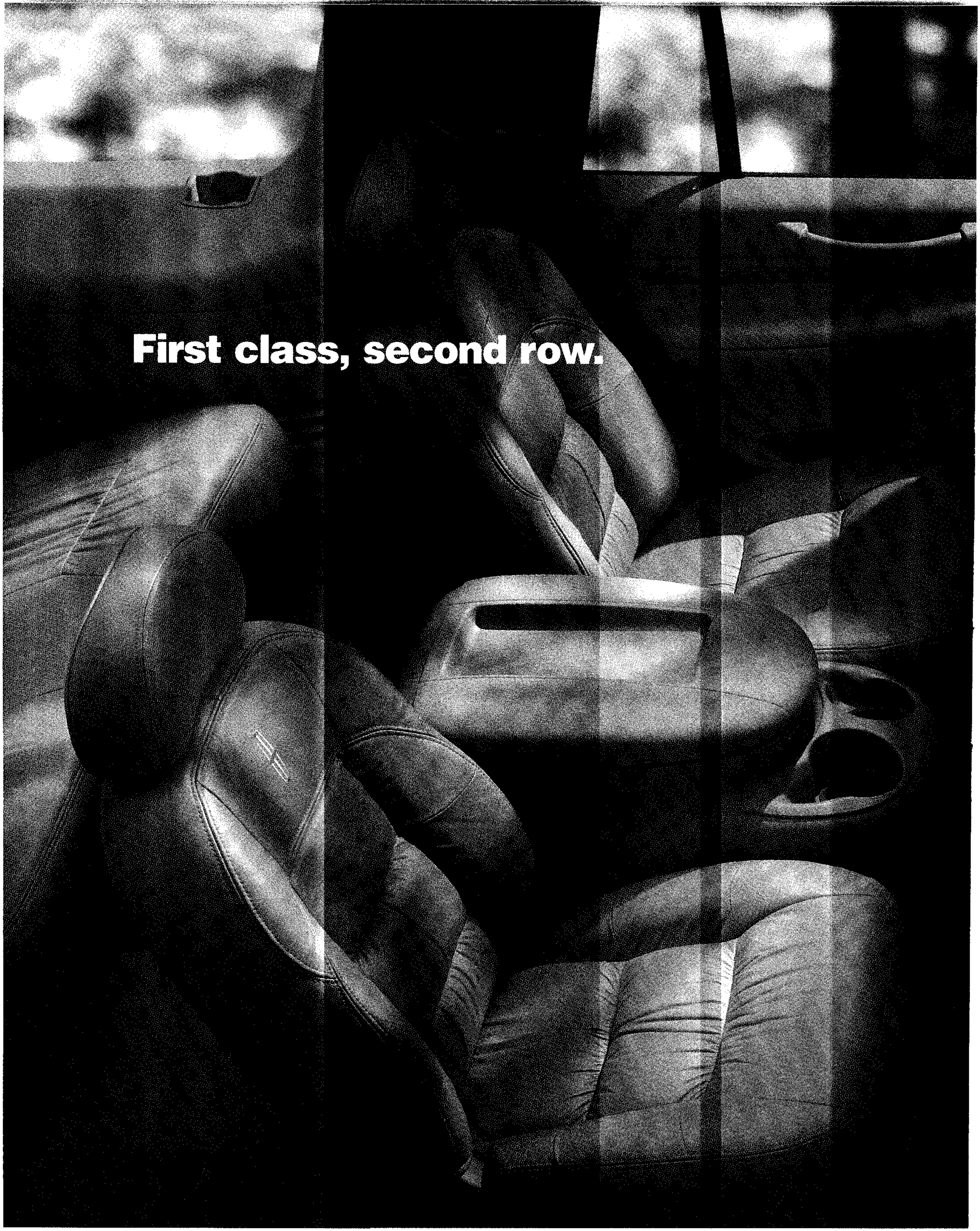


Case Study

Cynthia Rowley's girlie little vinyl sunglasses cases are bound to prove multigenerational. For the Ensure crowd they're a clever way of keeping track of reading glasses, but ravers will snap them up as ultrahip evening purses ($35).

CYNTHIA ROWLEY/*112 Wooster Street/334-1144*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE WISBAUER



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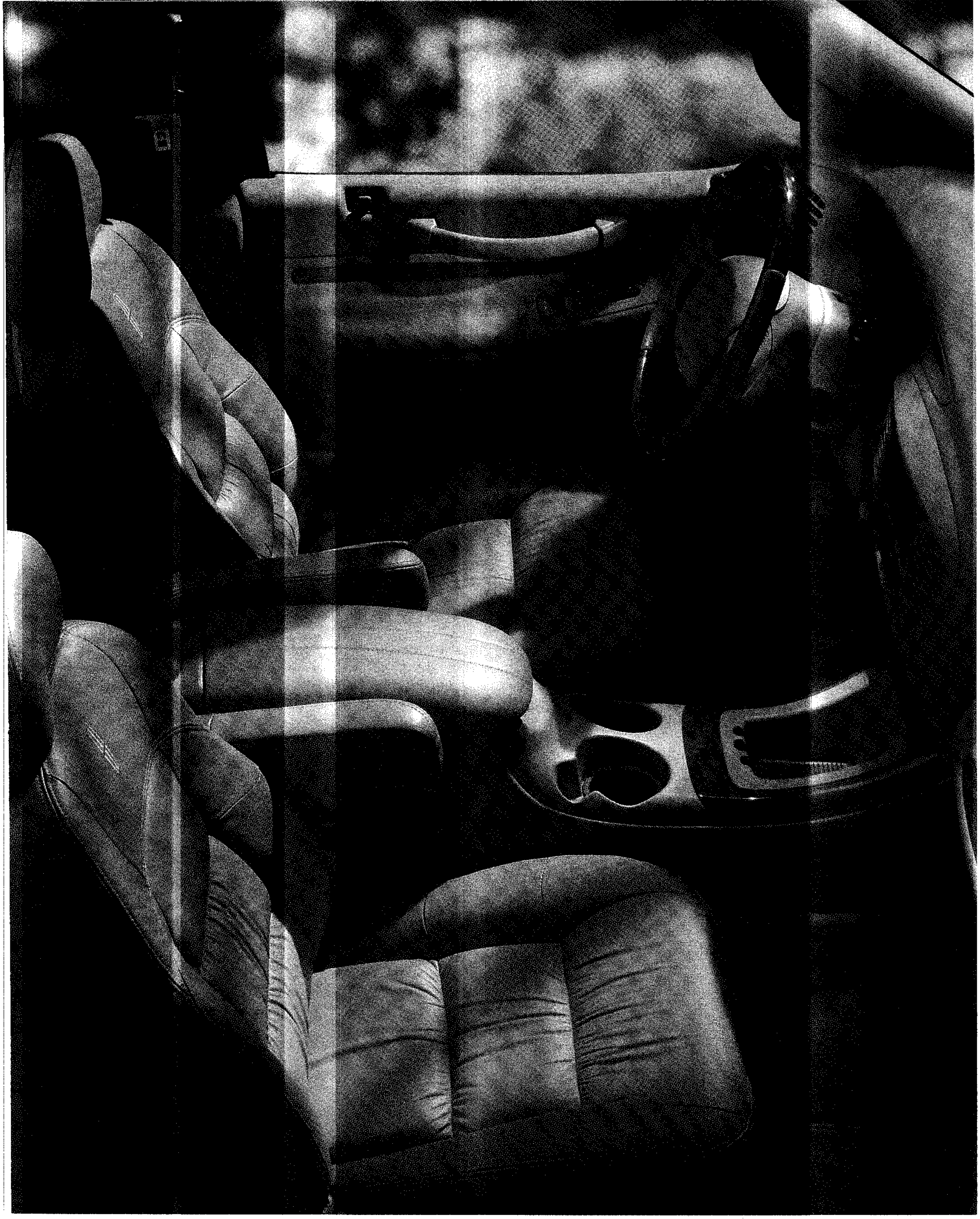

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SALES & BARGAINS DANY LEVY

Upside Down

Gotham's **north end** *becomes prime bargain terrain with block-party discounts in Carnegie Hill and, farther north,* **vintage finds in Sugar Hill.**

IT'S PLACES LIKE SAVON, A SHOP BRIMming with sudsy treats from haute lines like Côte Bastide (pictured at right), Rigaud, Pré de Provence, Phyto, Robert Isabell, L'Occitane, and Molten Brown, that make it a pity we can't spend all day *au bain.* The entire store is now (slightly) on sale. *Savon, 35 Christopher St. (463-SOAP); A.E., M.C., V.; daily 12–8 (closed Wed.); 8/4–8/31.*

Outside Edge

THERE IS SOME ALFRESCO SHOPPING TO BE done in Carnegie Hill this week: Four shops—Penny Whistle Toys, Jacadi, Veronique Delachaux, and East Side Kids—are doing their rendition of a block party, setting up stands and offering serious discounts on summer merchandise. *Madison Ave. between 91st and 93rd Sts.; for information, call individual stores; A.E., M.C., V., checks; Tues.–Wed. 10–4; 8/5–8/6.*

Boot Camp

IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR THE ANNUAL warehouse sale at To Boot New York: black lug-sole loafers, were $245, now $99; French calf cap-toes, were $255, now $129, dress loafers, were $245, now $99; handmade lace-ups, were $450, now $199; suede boots, were $260, now $119; belts, were $95, now $39. *To Boot Warehouse, 603 Washington St. (463-0467); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 8:30–6:30; Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; 8/6–8/10.*

Must-Have A nifty resource for everything from wispy vintage nighties to Lana Turner's cast-offs, the Fan Club is having a sale. Suffice it to say, it's worth hitting. ***The Fan Club, 22 West 19th Street (929-3349); 8/4–8/30.***

Sun Spot

AGATHA'S SHADES, PERFECT FOR strolling incognito in SoHo, are now on sale: Sunglasses that retail for $70–$120 are $60. *Agatha, 610 Fifth Ave. (586-5890), at 49th St., 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St. (758-4301), and 158 Spring St. (925-7701); A.E., M.C., V.; call for hours; 8/1–9/1.*

Sugar Fix

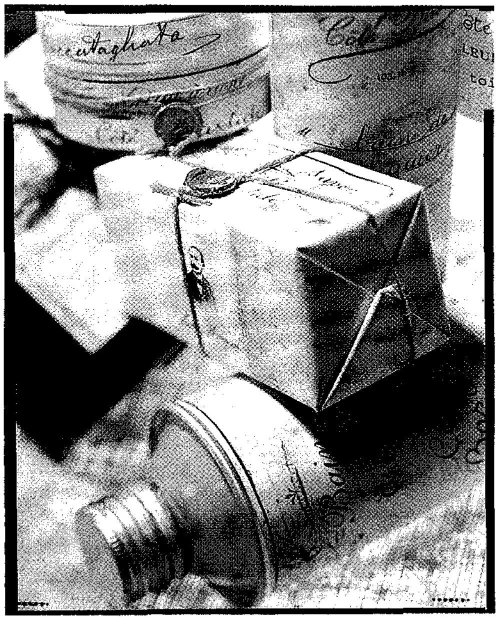
RIFE WITH CHOICE VINTAGE FINDS IS THE Sugar Hill Thrift Shop, a newish store with a great inventory of clothing, china, antiques, and designer clothing: Moschino cocktail dress, $50: Arnold Scaasi nightgown, $3, Love N.Y.C. fuschia tank dress, $15: men's Diesel jeans, $10–$25. *Sugar Hill Thrift Shop, 409 W. 145th St. (281-2396); cash only; Tues., Wed., Fri. 11–6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10–5.*

Orli Departures

ALWAYS TASTEFUL YET NEVER DULL ARE THE hats designed by Orli, and the charming milliner is having her summer sale: A Paglina straw hat, was $270, now $160. Beginning August 24, selected winter chapeaus are 15 to 20 percent off. *Orli, 155 E. 84th St. (734-6730); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Fri. 11–6, Tues., Thurs. till 7:30, Wed. till 6:30, Sun. noon–6; 8/4–9/8.*

Ellis Island

CHRIS ELLIS COLLECTION HOUSES A LOVELY spread of antique furniture, chandeliers, lamps, and accessories that are now up to 75 percent off. The showroom also has a new shipment of French Art Deco sofas, chairs, tables, armoires, and mirrors that were $595–$4,395 but are now $175–$2,595. In addition, thirties Venetian glass chandeliers, lamps, and torchères are 20 to 40 percent off. *Chris Ellis Collection, Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 W. 25th St. (647-1700); M.C., V., checks; daily 10–6; 8/4–8/18.*



Further proof that the French don't endorse the Ivory Girl ideal: Côte Bastide's bath products are almost too pretty to unwrap.

What's Cooking

IF ANYONE CAN MAKE A COOK OF YOU IN one day, the *maîtres* at Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts are the ones for the job. The atelier for aspiring chefs is jumping on the sale bandwagon: For $45, "Late Summer Classics," a one-day hands-on class, promises baby back ribs with chipotle rub, cole slaw with horseradish sauce, black-bean-and-corn salad, jalapeño-cheddar corn bread, and peach cobbler. (Similar classes usually run $90–$110.) The class meets Sunday, August 24, from 5:30 to 10 P.M. *Peter Kump's School of Culinary Arts, 50 W. 23rd St. (410-4601); A.E., M.C., V., checks.* ■

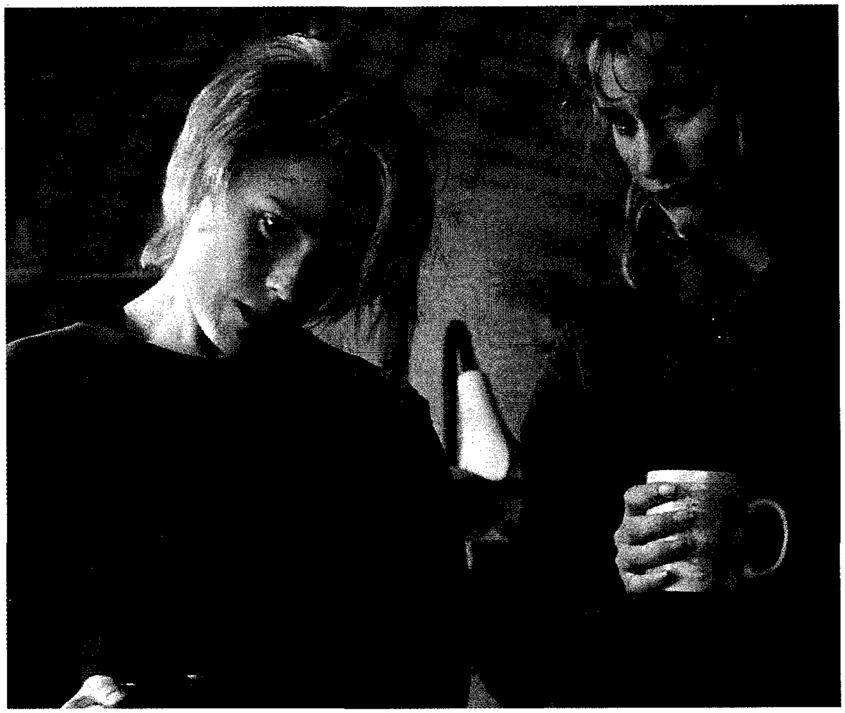
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photographs: top, Steve Wisbauer; bottom, Robert Wright.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Roommates With a View

Mike Leigh's 'Career Girls' tells the raw and rollicking story of two women whose funny, intimate friendship stubbornly endures.



Annie (Lynda Steadman) and Hannah (Katrin Cartlidge): A veneer of success over messy lives.

KATRIN CARTLIDGE, WHO DOMINATES Mike Leigh's new film, **Career Girls,** is tall and thin, with the aspect of a beautiful scarecrow. You may remember her as one of the young women David Thewlis made love to in Leigh's earlier film *Naked,* where she appeared as a sort of twittering yet oddly withdrawn siren. Cartlidge has a ghostly pallor, a pointed witch's nose, and a thatch of flung-about hair, and she's definitely something new in British actresses. She doesn't possess—how shall I put it?—that Royal Shakespeare Company equipoise. She isn't fiercely lucid (Emma Thompson) or beautifully melancholic (Kate Winslet) or passionately sincere (Helena Bonham Carter) or any of the other wonderful things that young British actresses usually are. She's abrupt and helter-skelter; you never know quite what she's going to do. Nervously combative, and then suddenly quiet and recessive, she's a funny and vulnerable actress who seems to discover each emotion as she goes along. Katrin Cartlidge is mysteriously touching, and that's what makes me think she could go far—we are attracted by what's inaccessible or inexplicable in her temperament, which makes us want to see more of her, and we're also held by her odd, convoluted emotional power, which rewards our curiosity.

Darting here and there in *Career Girls,* she is Hannah—or, as she grandly announces herself, drawing out the last syllable in mock-duchess hauteur, Han*naaah.* Whatever her name is, she's a student in London looking for a roommate, and when tiny Annie appears, Hannah both accepts her and makes fun of her. Annie (Lynda Steadman) has the worst case of dermatitis in history (one side of her face has been ravaged), and she speaks in a high voice, suddenly jerking her head down and away from people in shame. She's almost comically pathetic, and Hannah slams right into her—and then apologizes. In temperament and appearance, Hannah and Annie are very different women, but they share a sense of humor as well as a taste for rawness, and a friendship is struck for life (a third roommate gets quickly cast aside).

When the movie opens, Hannah and Annie are 30 and well established professionally yet unsettled in their personal lives. Annie, who has been living up north, takes the train to London, and as she sits in her compartment, and later that night in bed in Hannah's flat, she plays through her mind moments from their lives together as students. Mike Leigh has constructed the movie as a reverie on time and friendship; he shifts back and forth between the drab student past, in which each girl, in a different way, was a mess, and the rather comfortable present (the lighting scheme emphasizes the contrast). Working in the business world, the women have learned to smooth out the rougher edges and hide their discontent. But if we see the ways they have changed, we also see the ways they haven't changed—and can't change. To our relief, the mysteries of personality remain intact. There is something stubborn in each of them that resists "maturity" (i.e., the job market)—call it an essence, and that essence is what their friendship is built on. It may also be what their unhappiness is built on.

As in his last movie, *Secrets & Lies,* Leigh is interested less in dramatic resolution than in portraiture and mood. Yet *Career Girls* is hardly without tension. Cartlidge drives through each scene in a fury. In her student days, her Hannah is a tempest of jokes, quotations, put-downs, little bits of patter and profanity, the Cartlidge tongue moving faster than light. We don't get, or even hear, everything she says—the De Niro and Brando imitations that flash by, the quick mocking voices, the rapid and scathing commentary on everything. But we may be ravished by it nonetheless. Leigh has dramatized something that remains part of the past of many in the audience—a time at school when wit and friendship and shared references to movies were the things that mattered most. *(continued on page 58)*

Photograph by Joss Barratt/October Films.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Sad Genius

A rare mounting of Pfitzner's beautiful 'Palestrina' reveals a brilliant composer in harmony with his unrepentant hero.

HANS PFITZNER CALLED HIS MASTERPIECE, **Palestrina,** "a musical legend in three acts." That's what it is, and legendary is what the opera itself has always been beyond Germany since its premiere in Munich in 1917. Bruno Walter, who conducted that performance, never ceased to tell doubting posterity that the score contained all the elements of immortality. Thomas Mann continued to adore *Palestrina,* even after he, like so many, quarreled with its cantankerous composer. Others who have fallen under the opera's spell watch for performances and travel great distances to attend. Yet no company in this country has ever risked a staging, and most people who saw the production by London's Royal Opera, recently imported to the Metropolitan Opera House by Lincoln Center Festival 97, were probably encountering the work for the first time. Perhaps now we can start laying to rest some of the false legends about *Palestrina.*

Many seemed surprised that they actually weren't bored by a stage work long rumored to be a talky philosophical treatise or a paranoid apologia, the last word in operatic longueur. It might well have turned out that way. Pfitzner clearly meant to dramatize his own aesthetic dilemma by identifying himself so closely with his hero, a composer who also found himself at the end of a great age about to be extinguished by "corrupting" modernist tendencies. Palestrina stood on the threshold of the Baroque era, and the immediate threat to his art came from a dilettantish clique of Florentine monodists (whose major innovation, ironically, was the invention of opera). The crisis Pfitzner faced, and one that eventually helped turn him into an isolated misanthrope, was generated 300 years later by the rhythmic and tonal revolutions initiated by Stravinsky and Schoenberg.

When he first conceived *Palestrina,* though, Pfitzner was still fired by his interior vision. He wrote the text himself and looked far beyond his own reactionary beliefs when he took a few key incidents from the life of the great sixteenth-century polyphonist and wove them into a rich historical drama populated by complex, deeply feeling human beings. The opera may not be easy to grasp the first time around, but it definitely makes itself available. One does not have to be a despondent creative artist to feel Palestrina's agony as he stands despairingly before the spirits of his great predecessors and tests his genius. Nor does one need to be a scholar of church history to savor the panoramic brilliance of the second act, a turbulent session of the Council of Trent that vividly contrasts the inner world of Palestrina with the vanities and sterile intrigues of public life. What a fascinating collection of personalities Pfitzner presents here, headed by the grim Cardinal Borromeo, who literally resorts to torture in hopes of wresting from Palestrina the Mass that will save church music from destruction. Borromeo's self-absorbed associates at this chaotic summit meeting virtually guarantee disaster: the smooth-talking Cardinal Morone; the wily and unscrupulous politician Cardinal Novagerio; the exotic, senile Abdisu, patriarch of Assyria; the buffoonish Bishop of Budoja; the arrogant Count Luna from Spain; the lowering, bearlike Cardinal Madruscht. And how ferociously Pfitzner twists the knife at the end of the act, a scene of horrifying brutality as the delegates' rioting servants are massacred by a troop of armed guards.

Thomas Moser and the Royal Opera's *Palestrina.*

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

Pfitzner's aesthetic principles may have been retrospective, but his musical style was, if hardly avant-garde, completely up to date. He lacked the facility of his arch-rival, Richard Strauss, but the patches of labored syntax and murky orchestration are more than offset by the beauty of the melodic invention, the cunning motivic workmanship, and the keenly observed musical characterizations. At the end of Act One, Palestrina writes his Mass in one magical night, accompanied by visions of angels, the tolling of Roman church bells, and the exhorting voice of his dead wife—a romanticized portrait of how composers really work, perhaps (this is "a musical legend," after all), but the power and beauty of the scene, its depiction of Palestrina's soaring creative ecstasy, is breathtaking.

It has lately become fashionable to view *Palestrina* and Pfitzner within the context of the Third Reich, but that red herring turns positively scarlet upon close examination. By the thirties, Pfitzner was an embittered shell of a man, unrecognizable as the idealistic composer of *Palestrina,* and, despite his repulsive nationalistic enthusiasms and anti-Semitism, he eventually alienated the Nazis as well as most of his friends and supporters. Yet Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, and dozens of other Jewish musicians continued to treasure the memory. I studied piano at the New England Conservatory with one of them—Felix Wolfes, a gay man as well as a Jew, who revered Pfitzner, worked with him throughout the composition period of *Palestrina,* prepared the piano vocal score under the composer's supervision, and conducted the opera frequently. He, too, would get misty-eyed whenever we talked about the music and its testy creator, who only became really unpleasant once, when he caught Wolfes in rehearsal touching up a passage of awkward instrumentation.

After hearing Christian Thielemann conduct the opera with the Royal Opera House Orchestra, I now wonder whether any such adjustments ever were necessary. The orchestral playing was the special glory of the Royal Opera's performance, a warmly shaped, ardently inflected, and carefully balanced reading of the score. Tobias Hoheisel's serviceable sets consisted mainly of a plain Roman-style room, which, with minimal rearrangements, had to make do for both Palestrina's modest study and Cardinal Madruscht's palace in Trent. The meager look of the production testified to the austerity crunch that currently besets the British opera scene, but Bettina J. Walter's period costumes added a dash of color, while Nikolaus Lehnhoff's efficient direction served the piece adequately, if seldom delving deeply into its content.

With its many effective cameo roles, *Palestrina* invites stellar casts, and performances in Germany during the fifties were often a roundup of Central Europe's operatic elite. Those days are gone, but the production still contained plenty of vivid figures: Kim Begley's dangerous Novagerio, Robert Tear's mischievous Bishop of Budoja, Sergei Leiferkus's preening Count Luna, Anthony Rolfe Johnson's otherworldly Abdisu, and Randi Stene's obstreperous Silla, Palestrina's pupil who deserts his master to follow new Florentine fashions. Alan Held lacked the vocal presence to be a truly commanding Borromeo, but his understanding of the man—a proud, controlling prince of the church brought to his knees by Palestrina's genius—was complete. Thomas Moser was competent if rather characterless in the title role, but Ruth Ziesak as the composer's adolescent son, Ighino, supplied the visionary element in their moving scenes together.

It was enterprising of Festival 97 to surround the Royal Opera's *Palestrina* with several instructive related events. A three-part concert in Alice Tully Hall explored "The Intimate Pfitzner": chamber music and songs ranging over a 50-year period, from his Op. 1 Cello Sonata of 1890 to the Op. 55 Sextet for Piano, Clarinet, and Strings of 1945. As one might expect from a composer who never altered his conservative musical principles appreciably from youth to old age, not much stylistic development could be noted. Schumann and Brahms were always the major role models, but Pfitzner had his own ideas about voice leading, harmonic tensions, and instrumental coloring. The best scores are usually the earliest, music brimming with the rhythmic energy and expressive urgency he would lose later on. A consortium of musicians from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the New York Philharmonic, and the Royal Opera House Orchestra gave superb performances, making the best possible case for this perplexing, troubled composer.

To give us a taste of the real Palestrina, the choral group Pomerium, directed by Alexander Blachly, presented two concerts devoted to the music he wrote before and after the Council of Trent, the first program featuring the actual work Palestrina composes in the opera: the *Missa Papae Marcelli.* This compact score's chiseled phrases and lucid textures were surely not wrought in a single night, but they eloquently explain why the music has remained current for more than 400 years. Hearing it together with choice sacred motets by some of Palestrina's most famous predecessors—Guillaume Dufay, Josquin Desprez, Cipriano de Rore—one could easily understand why the church became so concerned over an art that was increasingly calling attention to itself, and with such expressive power. ■

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THE SALVATION ARMY
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Royal Makeover

Evicted from its home, unsure of its direction, the once-great Royal Ballet dances gamely on—and shows signs of new life.

ENGLAND'S **Royal Ballet** BROUGHT TO ITS APPEARance at the Metropolitan Opera House—part of Lincoln Center Festival 97—problems currently shared by other companies of its grand size, caliber, and history. Ever since the death of Frederick Ashton, the genius chiefly responsible for its luminous image, his successors, conspicuously less gifted, have done as much to undermine his work as to preserve it in its original spirit. (This irreparable evil is probably not intentional; it reflects an inevitable change in the tenor of the times and an accompanying shift in aesthetic values.) Meanwhile, the British government, whose financial support is essential to the Royal's operation, hurls charges of "elitist" at the troupe—the description, once honorable, having become an epithet.

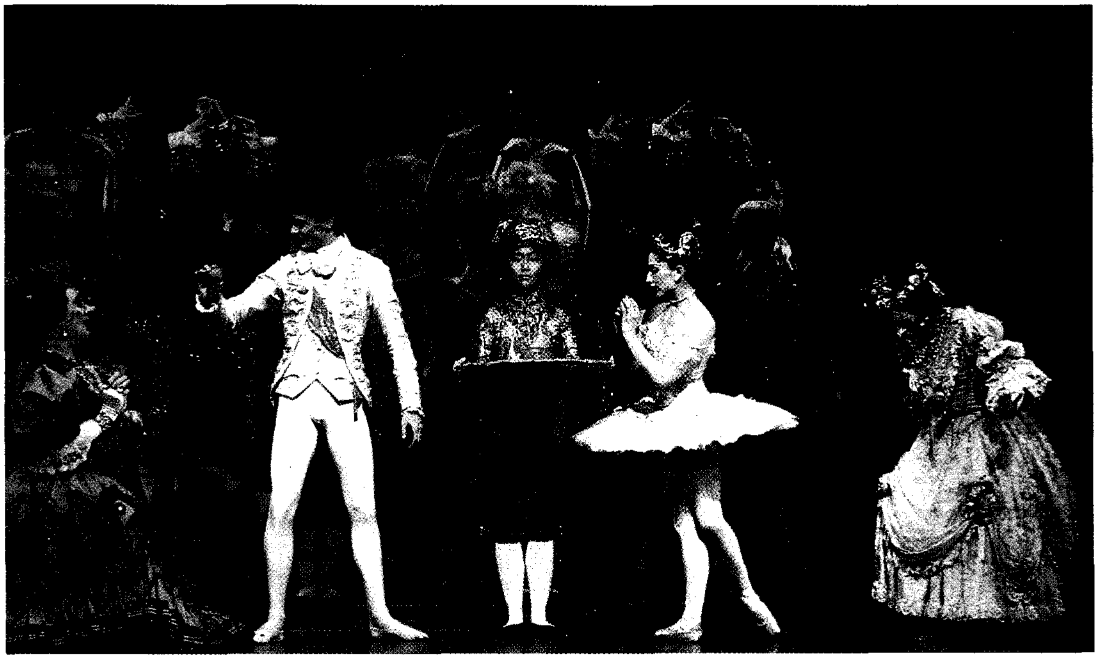
Homeless for the next two and a half years while the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden is being renovated, the company will suffer further from the stresses of constant touring, performing in a variety of theaters in London and abroad. It has resigned itself to dancing, during its wanderings, mostly the program-length, ornately decorated narrative ballets (some classics, some elaborate trash) that the general public seems to prefer to a mix of repertory items, which includes chancy new creations. When the corps de ballet members protest that the projected repertory forces them to spend too much of their time as living scenery, the Royal's director, the former danseur noble Anthony Dowell, can remind them that the alternative was disbanding for the duration. When Dowell's not coping with his artists' complaints, he'll be busy dealing with the internal administrative warfare at the Opera House, some of which was charted in a recent television series. Given all the economic and political concerns plaguing him, it's a miracle Dowell has a moment to address art for its own sweet sake.

Obviously he has, though. The Royal Ballet's dancers, who had weakened appallingly for a time, are now noticeably stronger, although the women lack the filigreed lyricism and subtlety of feeling once embodied by Margot Fonteyn. Dowell himself turned in a potent, scrupulously observed character-dance performance on opening night as an emperor-in-his-dotage in *The Prince of the Pagodas,* by the late Kenneth MacMillan, who succeeded Ashton as the company's chief choreographer. This piece was also enhanced by assured, fluent work from Darcey Bussell, the company's 28-year-old reigning ballerina, who originated the role of the princess-heroine in 1989, and a tender, masterly rendition by Jonathan Cope of the prince, who's subjected to the misfortune of spending half his time transformed into a salamander.

Unfortunately, since it aspires to fairy-tale appeal, *The Prince of the Pagodas* is a narrative mess. John Cranko, who choreographed the original version of the ballet for the Royal in 1957, concocted the libretto that MacMillan has adapted. Did no one think to warn these gentlemen that combining basic elements of *King Lear* and *The Sleeping Beauty* is foolhardy enough without adding touches of *Beauty and the Beast, The Little Mermaid,* and generic chinoiserie?

MacMillan's version of the ballet isn't much in the department of choreography, either, unless you're fond of diminutive male virtuosi doing phenomenal technical tricks in the role of court fool. The chief problem of the ballet is that it's set to a score, commissioned from Benjamin Britten, that, for all its merits (see "Classical Music: Mix Masters," by Peter G. Davis, August 4), cannot be danced. MacMillan clots the stage with busywork for the legs and feet and indulges in the distractingly intricate lifts that were a fetish with him. He's unable to get the conditions for a proper pas de deux out of the score, tell his weird story clearly, or achieve a single moment in which classical

(continued on page 58)



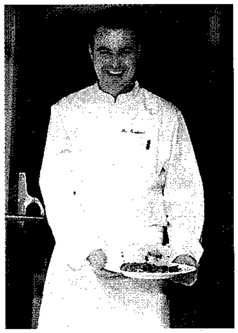
Bruce Sansom and Leanne Benjamin in the Royal Ballet's *Cinderella.*

Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Food From the Tap

The Belgian buzz at Waterloo Brasserie isn't just from the beer-based cuisine; at Amarone, an Italian pretheater escape from Restaurant Row.



Square meal: Waterloo, left. Top, chef Luc Dendievel.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SECRET INGREDIENT IS that makes a place effortlessly hot, but I am sure that it has something to do with the restaurateur's style. Back in the seventies, the late Mickey Ruskin—a man with a hyper, late-night energy but a laid-back soul—had a knack for attracting the Warhol gang to Max's Kansas City. More recently, the McNally brothers' efforts ("44," Pravda, Balthazar) have set the standard for the wannabe-hip patron. To this short list of aura-emanating restaurant-makers, you may add the triumvirate of Stephane Dorian, Aymen Bourjini, and chef Luc Dendievel. Their first effort, Le Zoo, packed in a gorgeous crowd from day one. Now, two years later, they have re-created that success with **Waterloo Brasserie** (145 Charles Street; 352-1119).

Don't look for a sign in front; there is none. Look instead for a wall of the massive double-hung windows that reach from floor to very high ceiling. The frosted panes can be raised to varying heights, lending an alfresco feel to a storefront whose patchwork look recalls a Mondrian canvas. Within, the room has a high, boxy aspect, usually a tip-off to conversation-deadening cacophony. Not so at Waterloo. Maybe it's the acoustic contouring of the ceiling, or maybe it's the enormous wall of sound-absorbing, multicolored fabric patches in muted tones; whatever, this a big room where intimate conversation is still possible.

Chief among Waterloo's charms is Dendievel's Belgian-inspired menu. Big enamel pots filled to the brim with steaming mussels are set in front of you—just as they are in Brussels—alongside a stainless-steel cup overflowing with excellent Belgian fried potatoes. The moules Waterloo, which are cooked in Belgian beer along with some bacon, goat cheese, onions, and celery, are particularly robust.

Of the appetizers, a lobster-and-pike cake wrapped in wilted endive leaves and served with a velvety chive sauce elicited high marks from my party. Soft-shell crabs were cracklingly crisp, and in place of a more traditional coleslaw, Dendievel has dreamed up a crunchy and cool remoulade of chayote (a crisp root vegetable).

In keeping with typical Belgian cuisine, Dendieval explores beer-based cookery in a number of entrées. I was pleasantly surprised by the free-range chicken with cherry-beer sauce. It looks for all the world like one of those cloying fifties cherries-jubilee kind of dishes that one used to see in cookbooks given away at supermarkets. But instead of turning out a sugary thickness, Dendievel finesses a bright, clean, slightly earthy mixture. Sautéed skate is served with an intense sauce of fish stock and white beer (which has a very focused taste, slightly bitter with a citrusy edge to it). A New York sirloin steak was properly black and blue and stood up to a rich peppery sauce.

Soon to come, an all-chocolate dessert menu to be offered alongside the current offerings, which include a marvelous roast nectarine and a brilliant, off-the-wall pairing of lime and basil in a meal-capping mousse.

Some alchemy in the air at Waterloo invites conversation with one's neighbor, usually taboo in a happening place where sangfroid is the rule. A publishing executive and her guest suddenly moved their table closer to that of the frostily correct couple on their left and started trading beers. A Harley-driving dentist next to us was free with advice on how to find good food anywhere in America: Ask a stranger on the street what three restaurants in town he or she would like to go to for a birthday. "Also," he added, "don't

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

take advice from anyone without teeth.”

Waterloo is open daily (except Mondays in August) 6 P.M. to 3 A.M. Appetizers, $5 to $9; mussels, $12 to $14; main courses, $13 to $19. A well-chosen wine list with at least one good affordable wine in every category and a great beer list. A.E., M.C., V.

Amarone (686 NINTH AVENUE, BETWEEN 47th and 48th Streets; 245-6060), like the wine for which it is named, eschews subtle tastes for powerful flavors as called forth by owner-chef Giovanni Apicella. His newest restaurant compares admirably with Portico and Zucchero, the Upper East Side restaurants where Apicella developed a loyal following.

If you are just stopping into the small honey-and-blue room for a pretheater meal and don’t want to clutter your mind with a lot of choices, skip the menu and go straight for the pasta specials. The recipes, many of which are inspired by the food of the Veneto (from Verona to Venice), are noteworthy both for their novelty and for their execution. Since the chef changes the four pasta and risotto specials daily, you may not find the same dishes that I tried, but I have never been disappointed. Pappardelle with butter and porcini mushrooms fills the nose with moist, earthy vapors. Squid-ink pasta, a cliché for Italian kitchens whose ambitions exceed their skill, is deliciously sauced with brightly acidic tomatoes and a medley of clams, mussels, and scallops. And a deep-purple risotto, which acquires its color from cooking in Amarone wine, is sweet, salty, and grapy.

Although the pasta is the main attraction at Amarone, a few entrées bear mentioning. The pollo tecia Amarone features moist pieces of chicken cooked in a flavorful sauce of mushrooms, sun-dried tomatoes, pine nuts, fresh rosemary, and white wine. The filet mignon, although not very large, is quite tasty in a sauce of Amarone, pepper, and truffle cream. And, putting first things last, the mixed-grilled-vegetable appetizer plate is superb, with vinegar and herbs that vary from vegetable to vegetable to make for an intriguing mix of flavors and textures.

Although bottles of Amarone wine in the $30 range may not seem like an attraction to the thrifty patron, the recent vintages available here have the flavor and character of older and more developed Amarones without the higher price tags that one often sees. You’ll get at least a hint of the taste without destroying your finances.

Open seven days from noon to 1 A.M. Appetizers, $5 to $8; pastas, $8 to $12; main courses, $11 to $20. Beer, wine, cocktails. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Denby *continued from page 53*

Thirty years ago, Jean-Luc Godard got some of this onto the screen, but always with elements of Parisian glamour, even chic, that Leigh, the English realist, disdains. There is, for instance, a recurring game in which one person holds up a copy of *Wuthering Heights* and the other asks, in a pleading voice, such questions as “Ms. Brontë, Ms. Brontë, will I have a fuck soon?” and the answer is procured by flipping open the novel and pouncing on the first word that comes into view. The results are oddly bleak—a little punch in the jaw each time. Ms. Brontë has nothing but dark advice to offer.

Mike Leigh gets his rough, spontaneous surface in an unusual way. He doesn’t improvise. Instead, he spends months rehearsing with actors who are living as their characters (Leigh gives them the idea, not the specific words). The script that develops out of these sessions is finally set down and shot. The results, to my ears, are much more pointed and affecting than what, say, John Cassavetes achieved twenty years ago using improvisation to develop a written script. Cassavetes’s work all too often fell into nagging repetition or wandered off into blind alleys. For every revelation, there was also the embarrassing sight of an actor stranded, desperately trying to fill the dead air, and the movies, for all their moments of power, made a blurry impression. In Leigh’s movies, the texture of ambiguities and contradictions, layered in well before shooting, is much more precise. The actors know where they are going; they can fool around with confidence.

As students, Hannah and Annie don’t do much of anything; they just talk, cook, and hang out with a few friends, particularly the unfortunate Ricky, who squints when he tries to say something, then touches his closed eye with an alarmingly mobile forefinger, and speaks at last in impassioned fragments. “I’m not an idiot,” he says. “I’m an idiot savant. I just haven’t found the savant part yet.” Leigh’s touch with character is idiosyncratic and almost always deeply moving. He digs deeper into people than any other director now working in movies, and he never touches cliché. Each of his characters is an original.

When the women link up again at 30, they keep running into people from their past, including Ricky as well as a young man with whom they both had affairs and who doesn’t recognize them. For all its jokes and its spirit of female solidarity, the movie has an overall melancholy. The past hasn’t stopped hurting either of these women. It’s part of Leigh’s complexity of mind that he makes us see that they’ve been hurt without reducing the hopes that we have for them in the future. ■

Tobias *continued from page 56*

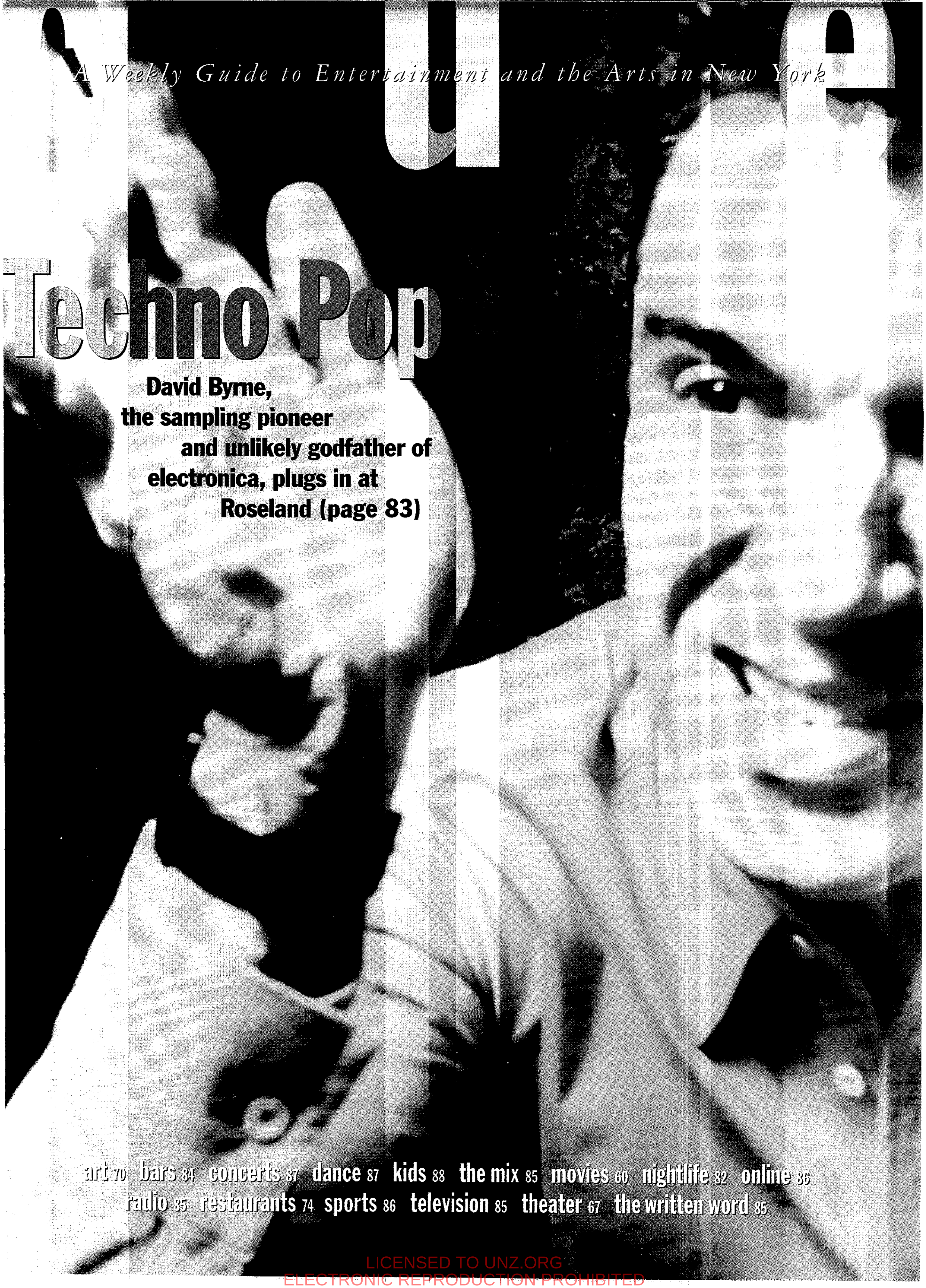
dancing reveals the sublime imaginary world one has spent considerable time and money to visit.

That kingdom is still apparent, if fitfully, in the Royal’s current production of Ashton’s 1948 *Cinderella,* set to the haunting Prokofiev score. The ballet, in Ashton’s conception, is best understood as the kind of entertainment with which the child of our dreams might be beguiled. Its magic is gentle and unemphatic; many of its charms are naïve in the best sense. (I’d except the ravishing set of variations for the four nymphs representing the seasons, in which Ashton enters into a dialogue with Petipa and holds his own—and on his own, lyric terms—with the nineteenth-century Russian master.) This *Cinderella,* easily the most rewarding I know, mingles comedy based on an affectionate treatment of the human foibles (the material for the stepsisters) with pathos (the passages for Cinderella in rags) and ecstasy (her transformation into the realm of starlight). The flaws of the piece have been well documented, from the absence of a climactic pas de deux to occasionally humdrum ensemble dancing. In the court scene, moreover, period social dance and academic ballet are awkwardly mixed. No matter; one is still entranced by this fantasy, in which meanness is vanquished and forgiven while a modest nature, generous heart, and ardent spirit are given their due.

The actual dancing was uneven. The work of David Drew and Oliver Symons, *en travesti,* as the stepsisters lacked light, shade, and spontaneity; it was forced for a predetermined effect. Leanne Benjamin, the first-cast Cinderella, delivered a constant stream of fluctuating emotion in the opening act, subsequently continuing to dance excellently—despite unreliable partnering—but on automatic pilot. At a subsequent matinee, Darcey Bussell illuminated the entire ballet with her truthful rendering of the homeliest detail and an ardent belief in every stage of the heroine’s progress toward her apotheosis.

A third program comprised shorter works, all to Ravel music. It offered MacMillan being simultaneously chichi and inscrutable (*La Fin du jour*) and the young Christopher Wheeldon being absurd and pretentious (*Pavane pour une infante défunte*). One looked to Ashton to reveal dancing’s soul, but the occasional ravishing image in his otherwise schematic *La Valse* hardly did the job, while his 1951 *Daphnis and Chloë,* despite its several beauties, is dated in many of its conventions and tarted up by its present décor. If the Royal is to save its own soul—and reputation—the Ashton ballets and the Ashtonian style of dancing still provide the only sure means, but this legacy must be cultivated assiduously and with greater discrimination. ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Techno Pop

David Byrne, the sampling pioneer and unlikely godfather of electronica, plugs in at Roseland (page 83)

art 70 bars 84 concerts 87 dance 87 kids 88 the mix 85 movies 60 nightlife 82 online 86
radio 85 restaurants 74 sports 86 television 85 theater 67 the written word 85

movies

Pasolini...*Hamsun*...Mike Leigh

New Films

Air Bud—A lonely young boy (Kevin Zegers) moves to a small town where he befriends a stray golden retriever with a great hoop shot. When the boy and the dog lead the school basketball team to the state playoffs, the animal's former owner (Michael Jeter) tries to cash in on the dog's new celebrity. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas; Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well-made, and utterly preposterous—a 14-year-old boy's fantasy of being president of the United States. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. A commando holing up in the baggage compartment, he thrashes terrorists with his fists, slams them on the floor, grabs a machine gun, and shoots off dozens of rounds in the pressurized cabin. Whoopee! It's *Independence Day* all over again. The first-time screenwriter Andrew W. Marlowe has structured the script so that Harrison Ford has to do pretty much everything by himself. Onboard the plane, the staff is out of the picture (literally). In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of Defense (Dean Stockwell), who wants to take command in the president's absence. Some of the actors are at the top of their form, especially Gary Oldman as the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms. *Air Force One* certainly holds our attention, and a few of us, easily manipulated, may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. Didn't the filmmakers realize it would have been much funnier and more inventive if their hero had been a president actually like the current office-holder—a little soft, unacquainted with guns, given to cajolery, flattery, charm, and guile, and now forced to deal with an implacably violent ideologue? That might have been an original movie. The film that's been made, however effective, traps us in the disgust of a movie culture that doesn't respect our intelligence and gets away with that contempt season after season. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Career Girls—See David Denby, p. 53. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R).

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex–U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday, he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. The director, Simon West, a Brit maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Guild 50th Street; Manhattan Twin.*

Conspiracy Theory—Cabdriver and conspiracy theorist Jerry Fletcher (Mel Gibson) teams up with Justice Department attorney Alice Sutton (Julia Roberts) to search for the truth about his foggy memories and her father's death. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R). *Opening Friday.*

Tribute
Groundbreakers

Their roles were often stereotypes, but from the silent-picture era into the sixties, Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong were rare Asian stars in Hollywood. Their successes are saluted in the Asian American International Film Festival, at the American Museum of the Moving Image, August 9 and 10. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

"Cue" cover photograph by Danny Clinch.

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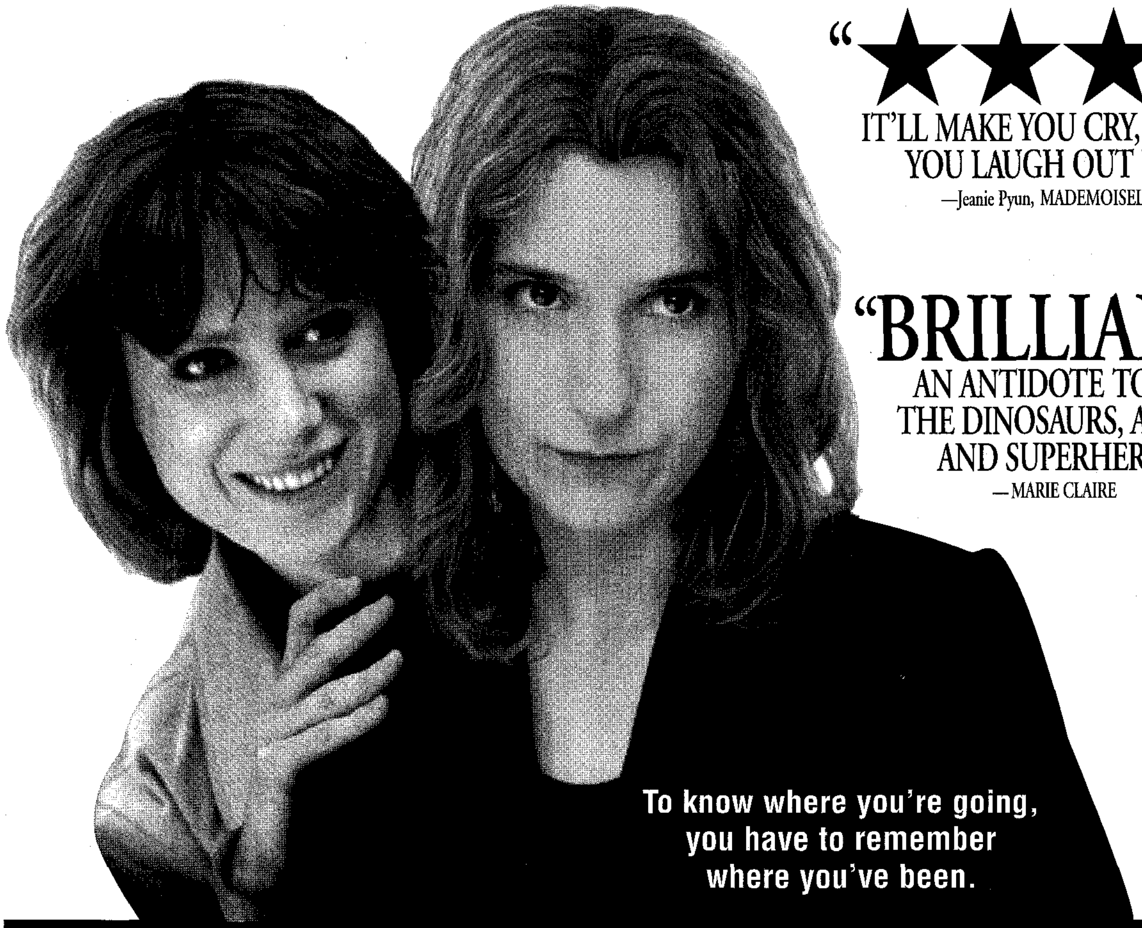

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IT'LL MAKE YOU CRY, EVEN AS YOU LAUGH OUT LOUD."

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you have to remember
where you've been.

career girls

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★**Contact**—Robert Zemeckis's metaphysical sci-fi movie, from a novel by the late Carl Sagan, explicitly asks the big-bowwow questions: Are we alone in the universe? Does scientific reasoning threaten religious faith? At the heart of *Contact* there are patches of rapt silence and a lonely young woman, Dr. Ellie Arroway (Jodie Foster). Ellie has been obsessed since girlhood with hearing messages from outer space. There she sits in the New Mexico desert, a modern anchorite, listening through headphones to whatever is picked up by an array of powerful radio telescopes. Finally, she hears something—a steady metallic pulse that is clearly a message from a major brain. When Ellie makes the discovery public, the White House becomes alarmed, the media go into a frenzy, and religious groups sense blasphemy or the end of the world. The government sets about building a space vehicle. Someone's got to go out there and meet Them. The material, following Sagan's bent, has been given a feminist tilt: The big-shot White House science adviser (Tom Skerritt) who is Ellie's former mentor keeps taking the credit for her discoveries and pushing her out of the way, and Ellie has to suffer and fight. We are constantly asked to worry about Ellie's career moves and whether she's getting proper credit for her genius, all of which seems a little odd if not trivial in a movie offering to solve the eternal questions of the universe. Ellie's been given a lover, a defrocked clergyman named Palmer Joss who shows up every once in a while to argue with her about God. In the person of Matthew McConaughey, he looks like a moist-eyed sex hustler that people are unaccountably taking seriously (Palmer even sits in on White House cabinet meetings). At the end, when Ellie journeys (perhaps) into a new dimension, Zemeckis gives us a *son et lumière* show that tops Stanley Kubrick's famous trip at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. In its finest moments, *Contact* merges spectacle, science, and a genuine religious impulse. (Denby; 7/21/97) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.*

★**Contempt**—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Face/Off**—In this surprisingly daring and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. Sean Archer and Castor Troy are temperamental as well as moral opposites, about as far apart as two men could be. Or so we think. Early in *Face/Off,* the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who has designed a biological bomb that is armed and ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body (there are amused references to Travolta's love handles), he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in his face and body. Realism is not at issue here. John Woo is part magician, part schlock-movie maker. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up to shoot again. The

movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre.*

4 Little Girls—Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the lives of four Sunday-school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Screening Room.*

Gabbeh—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Good Burger—Kel Mitchell and Kenan Thompson star as two fast-food employees who help elevate their lowly establishment into a hot spot. Directed by Brian Robbins. (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Guantanamera—A Cuban comedic social commentary about a former university teacher who takes a cross-island trip and finds her true self. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Hamsun—Max von Sydow as Knut Hamsun, the Nobel Prize–winning Norwegian author and Nazi sympathizer who was branded a traitor and later tried for treason. Directed by Jan Troell. (2 hrs. 40 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods is the best thing in the movie and plays Hades as a chiseling con man, using the ripe Megara to trap the young champion. Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin,* does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; Guild 50th Street; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre.*

How to Be a Player—Bill Bellamy plays Drayton Jackson, a womanizer whose sister Jenny (Natalie Desselle) decides to teach him a lesson on behalf of all women. Directed by Lionel C. Martin. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin.*

In the Company of Men—Two mid-level executives take out their frustrations on a blind temp by showering her with attention and planning to drop her when she least expects it. Newcomer Neil LaBute wrote and directed this winner of Sundance's best dramatic feature award. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Continental; Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Chelsea West.*

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park,* journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred. A hurricane has destroyed the facilities at the island, but some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are, agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs. Spielberg and screenwriter David Koepp seem both timid and exploitative, afraid to offend the animal-rights movement even while using animals to rip humans to shreds. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all.

One Shot
Northern Turncoat

In 'Hamsun,' Max von Sydow (above) plays the Nobel prize–winning novelist Knut Hamsun, an ardent nationalist who stunned his fellow Norwegians by becoming a Nazi sympathizer. The story of the former hero—who ultimately served as the führer's obituarist—plays for two weeks at Film Forum beginning August 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum.

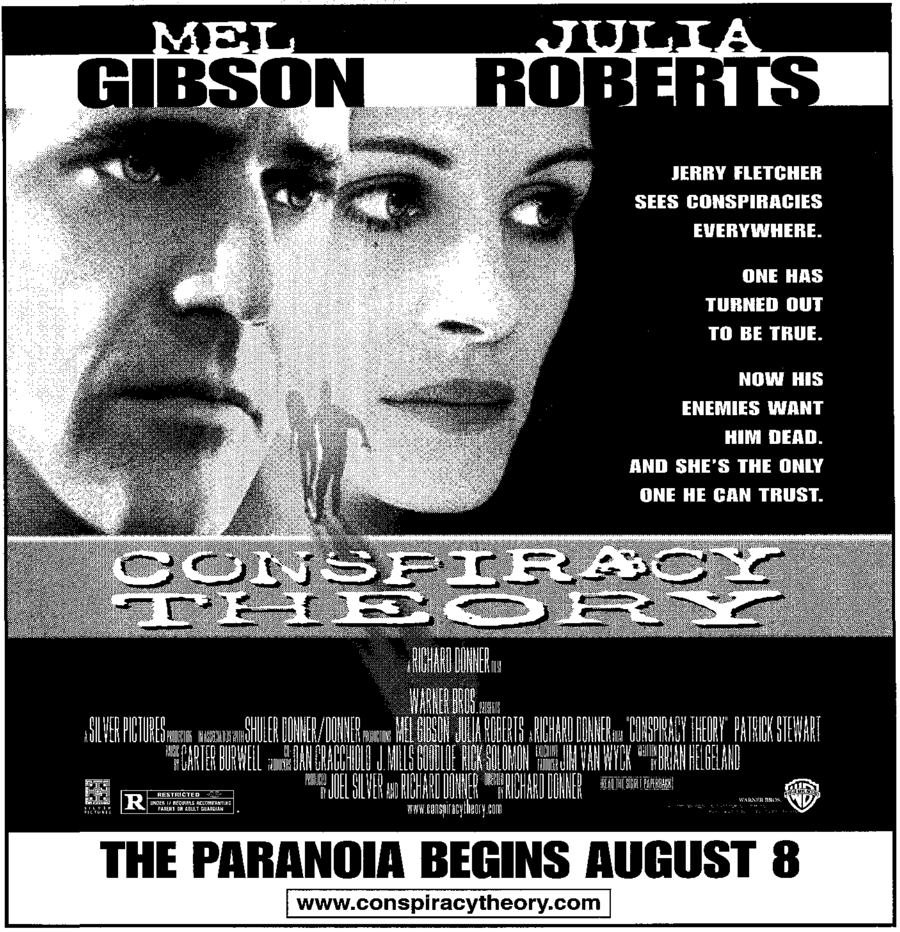
(Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Ziegfeld.*

Love Serenade—Australian writer-director Shirley Barrett's first feature film is a black comedy about two sisters smitten with the local D.J. and the lengths they'll go to to catch him. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty,* has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality: The extraordinary is treated as routine business. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. Rick Baker, the great make-up-effects designer, works here with his usual ferocious skill but with a new spirit of gothic wit that he may have picked up from Sonnenfeld. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. Arching his elegant eyebrows (they play off the Dumbo ears; Smith's face is a visual joke in itself), Smith gets to engage in sexy badinage with Linda Fiorentino's mortician, who has a thing for dead bodies with strangely alien insides. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Main Street Cinemas; Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre.*

Molom—The story of a shaman-priest who teaches a young Mongolian boy how to love, live and learn. Directed by Marie Jaoul de Poncheville. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday at the Quad.*

★**Mrs. Brown**—Mrs. Brown is not as powerful as *The Madness of King George,* but it's fascinating and bleakly funny. The theater and TV director John Madden (who also adapted *Ethan Frome* for the movies) successfully captures the immense weight of the imperial state as it awkwardly follows in the wake of Victoria's sorrow. At his wit's end, the queen's secretary, Sir Henry Ponsonby (the baleful Geoffrey Palmer), hits on the idea of calling back into royal service Prince Albert's groom, John Brown (Billy Connolly), a highlands Scot whom the prince had been fond of. Brown shows up and tells the queen, to the court's shocked dismay, that she looks awful. He treats her as a friend who can be brought out of her funk with affectionate raillery, summoning her to life by treating her as an ordinary person. The queen suffers Brown's impertinence, and they become friends, at which point the London scandal sheets begin referring to her as "Mrs. Brown." Connolly might be a working-class lover out of D. H. Lawrence—hearty and happily dominating—yet this lover possesses no erotic drive that we can see, or, rather, his drive all flows into an ecstasy of service. In his way, he becomes the craziest of courtiers: He believes he possesses the queen. *Mrs. Brown* has its tremulous, precious side—they will touch, but will they kiss?—and the movie could easily have become insufferable. But Madden and the screenwriter, Jeremy Brock, stick to the psychological realities of the situation and don't embarrass us. *Mrs. Brown,* with its misty highlands and severely luxurious royal rooms, is very handsome, but the dim light of rectitude rules the court, and I was highly grateful for the presence of Antony Sher, who plays Prime Minister Benjamin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NOW HIS ENEMIES WANT HIM DEAD.
AND SHE'S THE ONLY ONE HE CAN TRUST.
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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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New York

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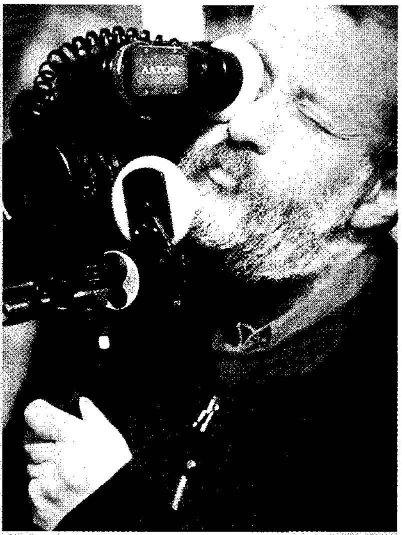
Talent
No Laughing Matter



Given the gritty storylines that British writer-director Mike Leigh typically brings to film, it's puzzling that the advertising copy for his new film, Career Girls—about two former college roommates revisiting heartbreak and crippling insecurities past—reads A NEW COMEDY BY MIKE LEIGH (see Denby, page 53). Even he's slightly concerned. "I think to sort of slap the label *comedy* all over it—which is probably what the distributors have done on the vague notion that that will make people go and see it—is misleading," he says. "I mean, I don't know whether it's a comedy or what it is. It's certainly got all kinds of sadness in it, because it's in the nature of life and relationships. There are some pretty kind of heavy moments lurking about in there, I think."

It's the heavy moments that Leigh (*Secrets & Lies*) is known for, his ability to make sadness and happiness real and therefore somehow inseparable. In *Career Girls*, he adds the wistfulness of memory to his emotional repertoire. Hannah and Annie, now 30, find that much of what they've forgotten about their young selves still remains—they've just tidied up a bit. Gone are the diets of chips (now they eat pasta), the torn, Cure-inspired clothing (both corporate citizens, they dress in muted tones), and the peculiar physical characteristics they exhibit in Leigh's flashback sequences (as a student, Hannah is always making her point with an invisible hand puppet; Annie's head jerks, palsylike, as she speaks). There's also a new layer to their lives, an adultish mix of melancholy and contentment. "I think 30 is really an important age from which to look back," says Leigh, now 54. "It's a real landmark. You have come right through it and you're a grownup, really. And the leap back to ten years previous is quite a huge leap, really. Isn't it?" **PATRICIA FALVO**

Disraeli. Sher's Disraeli is a dandy delight and the only one shrewd enough to know that Brown, Victoria's half-mad imaginary lover, is the man to bring Victoria back into the public's eye, which is finally the only place she belongs. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. In Jules's head, Michael has always belonged to her. She has, however, never realized how much she loves him until she's threatened with losing him forever. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago (which looks dazzling here), and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another. The audience is with her from the beginning, and that is why the picture's strategy is so perverse. For when Jules gets to Chicago she discovers that her rival, young Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), a junior at the University of Chicago, is a very nice girl and quite selflessly in love with Michael—so selflessly that she is willing (despite misgivings) to give up her prospective career for him. It's hard to tell what the filmmakers want us to think of Kimmy. Cameron Diaz is nervous and giggly, and wails piteously whenever things go wrong with Michael. But how can we root for Jules to send Kimmy packing? We can't. It's hard as well to know what to make of Michael. Here's a young sports reporter who gets all huffy about his integrity, yet he's marrying the daughter of the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Is he merely deluded? Stupid? What causes two beautiful women to knock themselves out for him? Dermot Mulroney is a handsome young man, but he's been made quite inarticulate, and his temperament is sludgy. He seems self-centered and dim, and he hardly notices a thing (that Jules loves him deeply, for instance). The movie has the structure of a romantic comedy, but its characters don't fit into that structure. Julia Roberts keeps struggling and striving and expending endless energy and emotion, yet she's working for something—marriage to Dermot Mulroney—that doesn't make sense for her. The movie has nowhere to go; all it can do is spin around, though some of the spinning is highly entertaining. Rupert Everett, who has played high-born louts in his English movies, makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. George makes wise and witty remarks, like someone's perceptive aunt. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (Denby; 7/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Nothing to Lose—Martin Lawrence plays a would-be carjacker who makes the mistake of targeting disenfranchised white guy Tim Robbins. Written and directed by Steve Oedekerk. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Plaza Twin.*

187—A science teacher (Samuel L. Jackson) is stabbed by a student whom he refused to pass and, one year later, returns to the profession with a vengeance. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Centre Sunnyside; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Operation Condor—The latest in action from Jackie Chan, in which our hero kicks ass all over the world. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Village East; Manhattan Twin.*

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon re-team for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *National Theatre.*

Picture Perfect—Jennifer Aniston plays Kate, an underappreciated advertising copywriter who creates a faux fiancé so that her boss will see her as mature enough to promote. With Kevin Bacon as her philandering co-worker and Jay Mohr (of *Saturday Night Live*) as her love interest. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea; National Theatre; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**Shall We Dance?**—Hollywood's virtual abandonment of dancing has been one of the industry's greatest follies of the past twenty years. To our chagrin, it is now up to other countries to put dance into the movies. The Japanese, perhaps, are not ready to make a full-scale dance musical, but in the gravely charming *Shall We Dance?* they have made a shy and tender pass at one. Ballroom dancing, we learn, is a secret passion in Japan. The hero, Shohei Suhiyama (Koji Yakusho), a fortyish accountant, with a wife and daughter tucked away in a suburban house, sneaks off to a dancing school as if indulging a hidden vice. There he meets the other guilty men, all of whom, overcoming hideous shyness, stumble through beginner's agonies in the waltz, tango, and rumba. The teachers, accomplished woman dancers, do what they can with this recalcitrant material, and Shohei falls in love with one of them, Mai (Tamiyo Kusakari), a tall, lovely girl who has her own guilty secret. At times, the movie (written and directed by Masayuki Suo) comes close to embarrassment: For us, all this exquisite Japanese tact seems so nuttily beside the point. Yet it's hard not to be touched when the men speak of their pleasure in movement, and when Shohei, though not a natural, dons a beautiful tux and achieves a proud competency in a ballroom competition. (Denby; 7/28/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; 72nd St. East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shooting Porn—A documentary about the gay-porn industry, by Ronnie Larsen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *National Theatre; 86th Street.*

Soul in the Hole—A documentary of New York's street-basketball culture that follows Bed-Stuy's dream team "Kenny's Kings" through a summer of troubles and triumphs. Directed by Danielle Gardner. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Guild 50th Street.*

Spawn—An action-adventure thriller based on the best-selling comic book about a resurrected dark hero bent on revenge against the man who murdered him. With John Leguizamo and Martin Sheen. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Centre Sunnyside; Village East; 19th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

Star Maps—The story of a young Los Angeleno named Carlos who dreams of becoming a movie star while he works for his pimp father, selling maps to the stars' homes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 62nd and Broadway.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggy mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez *(Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise)* loves this backcountry Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette but the theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and un-

Photograph by Joss Barratt/October Films.

varied. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Waverly; Eastside Playhouse; 86th Street; Regency.*

★**When the Cat's Away**—Chloé (Garance Clavel) has a rather unsatisfying job as a makeup girl for fashion photo-shoots, and she lives in a shabby stretch of the Right Bank, near the Place de la Bastille, with a gay male friend who can't give her much. One of the thousands of stranded young women in the big city, Chloé is attached to her black cat, whom she calls Gris-Gris (Gray-Gray). When Chloé goes on vacation, she leaves Gris-Gris with an old woman—an animal-lover with lots of cats—and Gris-Gris apparently escapes through the kitchen window. Returning, Chloé searches the area with the old lady and soon with everyone else in the neighborhood; after a while, a battalion of old-lady cat lovers, quivering with excitement, are phoning one another like air-raid spotters in wartime Britain. Chloé, meanwhile, has acquired a new pet even more faithful than Gris-Gris—a young man of North African descent who fell off a roof as a child and is now a little slow but would do anything for Chloé. *When the Cat's Away*, written and directed by young Cédric Klapisch, feels at first like a strung-together collection of gentle anecdotes—an improvisation, always charming and funny, but minor, in which some not terribly important people are observed in their ruffled, natural state. It's only after the movie has been going for a while that we realize what a genius of melancholy Klapisch really is, for what he's done is nothing less than capture the tone and tenor of loneliness in the big city—and also the ways loneliness might end. Don't miss it. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Winner—A thriller about a group of low-aiming and low-achieving hustlers in Las Vegas. With Vincent D'Onofrio and Rebecca DeMornay. Directed by Alex Cox. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *In the Company of Men; Love Serenade; Mrs. Brown; The Pillow Book; Shall We Dance?; Star Maps.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Good Burger; Picture Perfect.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Shooting Porn; Score.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Contempt.* Through 8/19: *Hamsun.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Alive and Kicking; Guantanamera; When the Cat's Away; A Life Apart.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *4 Little Girls; Café Society.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Air Bud; Contact; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Spawn.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Kiss Me Guido; Men in Black.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off; Ulee's Gold.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Contact; Face/Off; Good Burger; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Picture Perfect.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Men in Black; Face/Off.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Men in Black; 187; Picture Perfect.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *George of the Jungle; Kiss Me Guido.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Air Force One; Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding; Nothing to Lose.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Spawn.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off; Chasing Amy.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Mrs. Brown; Temptress Moon; The Winner.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Contact.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; 187; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *George of the Jungle.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Ulee's Gold.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Nothing to Lose.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Air Bud; George of the Jungle; Good Burger.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Con Air; Hercules.* Opening 8/8: *Soul in the Hole.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Con Air; Operation Condor.* Opening 8/6: *How to Be a Player.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Out to Sea; Picture Perfect; A Simple Wish.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Day For Night.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Contact; Face/Off; Operation Condor.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Air Bud; Nothing to Lose.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Anaconda; Breakdown; The Daytrippers; The Fifth Element; Liar Liar; Volcano.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Shall We Dance?.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Ulee's Gold; A Simple Wish.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Air Bud; George of the Jungle.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Picture Perfect.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Chasing Amy; Good Burger; My Best Friend's Wedding; 187; Spawn.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Men in Black; Air Force One.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Good Burger.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Star Maps.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Good Burger; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh; Guantanamera; In the Company of Men; Love Serenade; Shall We Dance?; When the Cat's Away.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Box of Moonlight; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Kiss Me Guido; Mrs. Brown; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Air Force One; Face/Off.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *George of the Jungle; Good Burger; 187; Spawn.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Good Burger; 187; Spawn.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules; Men in Black.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold.*

Bronx

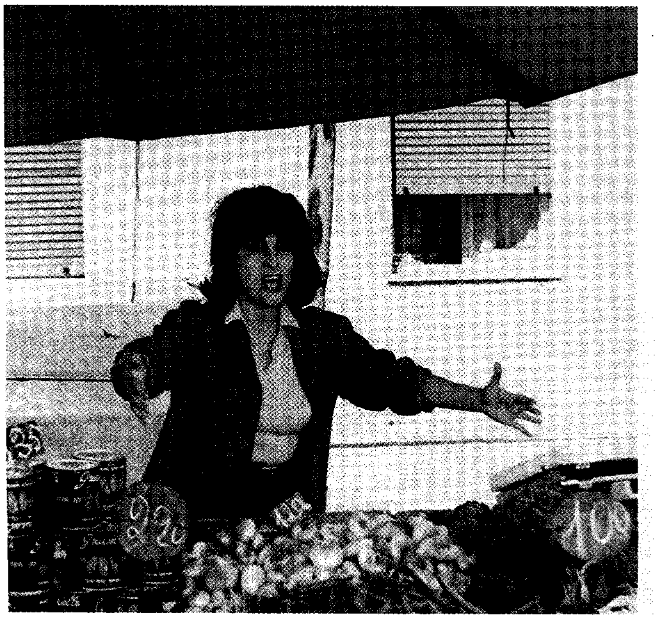
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Air Force One; Contact.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Air Bud; Air Force One;*



Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

Retrospective
Prodigal *Figlio*

The films of rogue director Pier Paolo Pasolini, who repeatedly clashed with his government and his church over works like *Saló—120 Days of Sodom* (declared obscene) and *Mamma Roma* (Anna Magnani as a prostitute), are featured in the Italian Summer Film Festival at the Anthology Film Archives. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Spawn.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *George of the Jungle; The Pillow Book.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Spawn.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Air Force One; Contact; Kiss Me Guido; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Face/Off; Good Burger; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Good Burger; 187; Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Air Force One; Good Burger; Spawn.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Air Bud; Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Face/Off; Men in Black.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Nothing to Lose; Spawn.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; Spawn.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; Nothing to Lose; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Contact; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black; 187; Nothing to Lose.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Contact; Good Burger; Hercules; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Ulee's Gold.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Kiss Me Guido; 187; Spawn.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Face/Off; 187; Nothing to Lose.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Air Force One; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger.*

Opening
Julia: Part II

In 'Conspiracy Theory,' her second comeback vehicle of the summer, Julia Roberts plays a Justice Department attorney who brushes off the doomsday theories of a seemingly crazed cabbie (Mel Gibson)—until she realizes he's sane and she's in danger (opening August 8).

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *My Best Friend's Wedding; Contact.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Spawn.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Air Bud; Hercules; Men in Black; Operation Condor; Picture Perfect.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Air Force One; Contact; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Picture Perfect.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Ulee's Gold.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Air Force One; Spawn.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Air Bud; Good Burger; Men in Black; 187.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Air Force One; Face/Off; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Nothing to Lose.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Spawn.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Air Force One; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black; Spawn.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Air Bud; Air Force One; Contact; Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Good Burger; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; 187; Nothing to Lose; Operation Condor; Picture Perfect; Spawn.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image— "A Salute to Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa." 8/9: *Dragon Painter* (1919), *Last of the Line* (1914), *The Secret Game* (1914), and *Daughter of the Dragon* (1931). 8/10: *The Toll of the Sea* (1922) and *The Daughter of Shanghai* (1937). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—"Italian Summer Festival Part 2: Pasolini." 8/8–8/12: *Le Cenere di Pasolini (The Ashes of Pasolini)* (1997). 8/11–8/12: *Accatone* (1961) and *Mamma Roma* (1962). From 8/7–8/10: Shorts by Ed Emshwiller. "Robert Gardner." 8/7: *Deep Hearts* (1981) and *Ika Hands* (1988). 8/8: *The Nuer* (1971) and *Shiva* (1985). 8/9: *Forest of Bliss* (1986) and *Mark Tobey* (1952). 8/10: *The Blue Danube Waltz* (1992) and *Dancing With Miklos* (1992). Also, 8/9: Gavin Lambert's *Another Sky* (1955). 8/4–8/7: *Raging Bull* (1980). 8/4–8/14: *Lisbon Story* (1995). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"New Films from Brazil." 8/9: *Terra estrangeira* (1996). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/4: *King Kong* (1933). 8/11: *Vertigo* (1958). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Casa La Femme—8/10: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).

Different Light—8/10: *Family Plot* (1976). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 8/4: *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1921) and *The Taming of the Shrew* (1929). 8/11: *Suds* (1920) and *Kiki* (1931). "Killer B's." 8/5–8/6: *Who Killed Teddy Bear?* (1965) and *Screaming Mimi* (1958). 8/7–8/8: *Tight Spot* (1955) and *Phenix City Story* (1955). 8/9–8/10: *Narrow Margin* (1952) and *Armored Car Robbery* (1950). 8/12: *I Married a Monster From Outer Space* (1958) and *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* (1956). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Latin American Cinema of the 90s." 8/4: *Desnudo con Naranjas* (1996), *Caballos Salvajes* (1996), and *Bajo La Piel* (1996). 8/6: *Reina y Rey* (1994). 8/6–8/7: *How Angels Are Born* (1996). 8/8–8/9: *Nueba York* (1995) and *La Dama Regresa* (1996). 8/10–8/11: *El Callejón de Los Milagros* (1994) and *Edipo Alcalde* (1996). "Movies for Kids." 8/9–8/10: *Nuns on the Run* (1990). Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—8/5: *Montparnasse 19* (1957). 8/12: *Le Dernier métro* (1980). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Museum of Modern Art—8/5: *The Ritual* (1982), *Il Miracolo* (1948), and *My Childhood* (1972). 8/5 and 8/10: *Comrades* (1969). 8/7–8/8: *Citizen Kane* (1941) and *The Killing* (1956). 8/8–8/9: *Pather Panchali* (1955). 8/9 and 8/11: *Blazing Saddles* (1974), *Children* (1974) and *La hora de los niños* (1969). 8/10 and 8/12: *Jules et Jim* (1962) and *Fahrenheit 451* (1966). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—The Guilt Trade." 8/7–8/10: *Wet Saturday* (1956), *The Horseplayer* (1961), and *I Saw the Whole Thing* (1962). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Warner Bros.

theater

Rough Crossing...George Bernard Shaw

Broadway

Previews and Openings

1776—At a time when Broadway is finding musical potential in prostitutes and sinking ships, a show about the Declaration of Independence hardly seems a stretch. It did in 1969, when the production made its debut, but the improbable subject matter hardly stopped critics from embracing it—or industry veterans from bestowing it with both Tony and Drama Desk awards for Best Musical. Book by Peter Stone; music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for an 8/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97.) $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Starring Bebe Neuwirth, Mary Lou Henner, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/31. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—We must be grateful to D. L. Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. His Pulitzer Prize–winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. (Simon: 5/5/97.) $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Opening Landing Gear

Strangely, it takes a plane crash to get George Bernard Shaw's 'Misalliance' off the ground, but once that happens, the comedy just soars; the young show up the old, the women outshine the men, and a Polish trapeze artist inherits the earth. Opens August 7 at the Roundabout.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St.(307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Misalliance—George Bernard Shaw's cheery discussion play, starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. In previews for an 8/7 opening. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.(239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Chez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

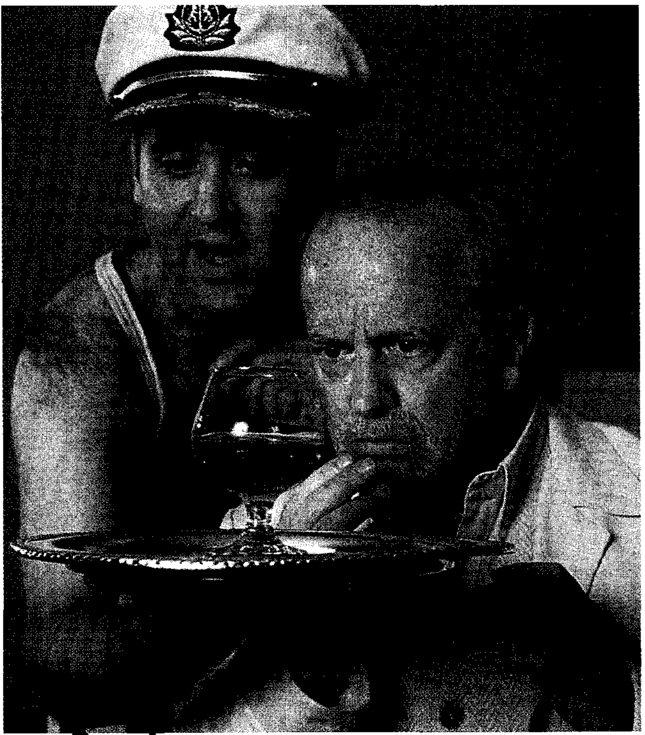
Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon. at 8:15, Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue.* We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; and conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom. (Simon:10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true.



Opening Dramamine

Tom Stoppard turns the life of a cruise-ship composer into a giddy, scrambled mess in *Rough Crossing,* his 1984 adaptation of Ferenc Molnár's *The Play's the Thing.* Presented by the venerable Jean Cocteau Repertory; performances begin August 8. Call 677-0060 for more information.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97.) Now starring Jayne Atkinson and Joel Colodner. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away last June, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/31. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to minigolf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2 and 8. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

Notions in Motion—In this modern adaptation of Pirandello's *Each in His Own Way,* no theatrical conceit is sacred: An actor bathed in the spit of an overenunciating colleague mops his face in disgust; a television screen reveals an actress offstage, reapplying her makeup. The mirthful, frame-smashing technique well serves the script's basic premise—that truth and illusion are tough to separate. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/9. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theater, 307 W. 26th St. (560-7387).*

On the Town—With no Shakespeare left in the cupboard, the organizers of the New York Shakespeare Festival had to find some felicitous replacement to fill the Delacorte stage. In addition to the chipper rhythms of Leonard Bernstein's score, the production of this 1944 musical features a four-story, 120-foot steel bridge, patterned after the styles of the most famous bridges in Manhattan. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 7/31. *Delacorte Theater at Central Park (539-8655).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—In a subway station near the meatpacking district, two homeless teenagers grapple with their fates. Presented by the New American Stage Company; written by Brian Silberman. Contains strong, adult language. $25. Mon. at 8:30, Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/16. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).*

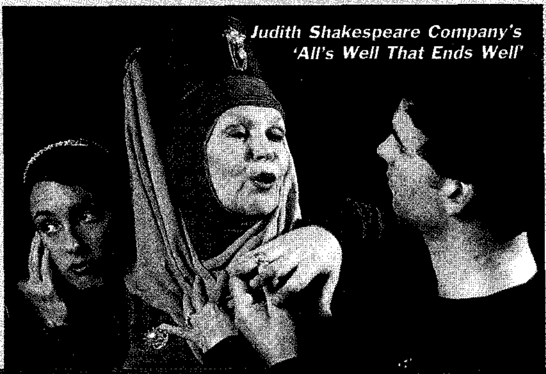
Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/97. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Onstage

Bard Overload

It's summer. Dramatically speaking, that means most nonprofit performing spaces are dark, big-name actors are off at the summer festivals, publicists are on vacation, and more Shakespeare is playing around town than was ever dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy. Below, a semi-comprehensive overview. JENNIFER SENIOR



Judith Shakespeare Company's 'All's Well That Ends Well'

THE PLAY	THE THING
MEASURE FOR MEASURE *Greenwich Street Theater, 547 Greenwich St. (279-4200). Through 8/17; $12.*	Set in the sixties. Angelo dresses like George Wallace; Mariana smokes a reefer. Music courtesy of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. *Presented by the Worth Street Theater.*
AS YOU LIKE IT *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. (914-265-9575). Through 8/17; $18–$28.*	Set in the sixties. Jaques dresses like Leon Russell; Corin smokes a bong. Music courtesy of Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix. *Presented by the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival.*
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL *Theater Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (592-1885). Through 8/10; $15.*	Set in the Middle Ages. Music courtesy of wandering minstrels. Dope-free. *Presented by Judith Shakespeare Company.*
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING *St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. (229-7496). Through 8/9; $10.*	Set in the postwar twenties. Charlie Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, and Buffalo Bill attend Hero's birthday party. *Presented by Puzzled Will and Steven Vierk.*
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM/ THE TAMING OF THE SHREW *Washington Square Park (807-4999). Through 9/21; free.*	Set in the present. Cast performs by flashlight on the rubberized hills meant for skateboarders; audience sits on the ground. *Presented by Gorilla Rep.*
MACBETH *Picnic House, 5th Street and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-826-4856). Begins 8/14; free, with suggested donation of $5.*	Traditional rendition, though at least one scene evokes, through costume, the Ottoman Empire, Nazi Germany, and the Gulf War. *Presented by Kings County Shakespeare Company.*
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM *Montauk County Park, Montauk, N.Y. (516-267-0105). Begins 8/13; free, with a suggested donation of $10.*	Set in both the present and an imaginary, fantastical past. Members of the court dress in Hamptons costume—khakis, polo shirts, loafers. *Presented by the Hamptons Shakespeare Festival.*
WITCHES' MACBETH *Locations vary (1-888-FRINGENYC). Begins 8/13; $11.*	As told from the Witches' perspective. Includes actual recitations of popular (and presumably effective) spells. *Presented by Cannon Co. and the New York International Fringe Festival.*

Photograph by Paula Court.

art

Dressed to Drive . . . 50 Brooklynites

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Abraham J. Bogdanov—Paintings of views of Monhegan Island, Maine, where the Russian-born artist (1886–1946) spent his summers; through 9/27. Spahierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist, whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Choong-Sup Lim—An installation of display cases in which found objects have been assembled; through 9/3. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Kim MacConnel/Jeff Perrone—A project inspired by the nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock prints known as "100 Views of Mt. Fuji From the Fujiwara Prefecture," in which large-scale groupings of photographs are arranged to mimic tourist viewpoint plaques and panoramas from several locations surrounding Mt. Fuji; through 8/23/New works that incorporate the artist's ceramic tiles as well as African and Indian textiles; through 8/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

J. Abbott Miller—An installation of 525 books that are the size and shape of bricks and arranged in a series of masonry constructions; through 8/22. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Chelsea

Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a performance given by the artist using those objects; through 8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

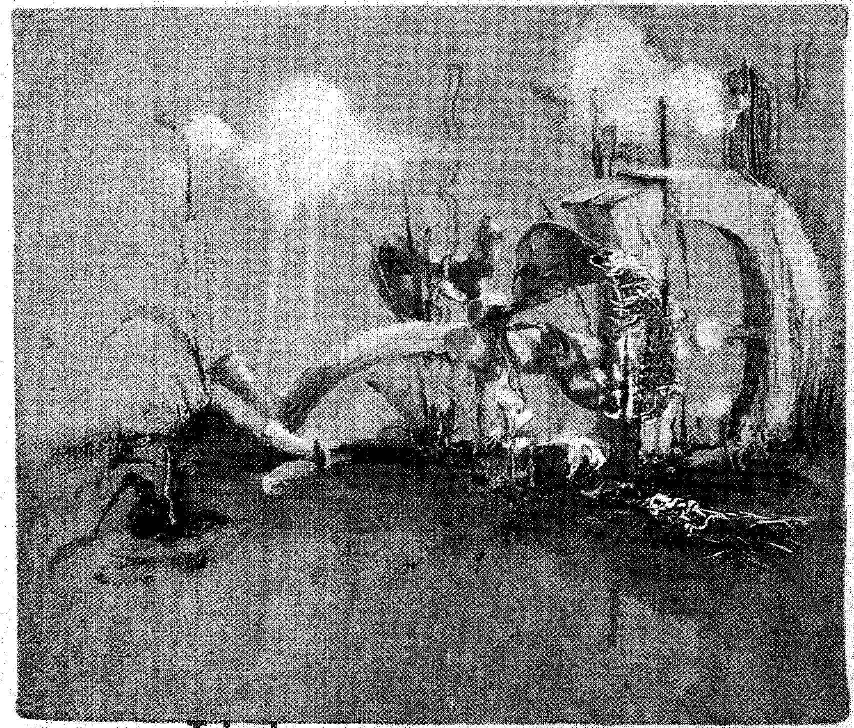
Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Frank Lloyd Wright—Drawings by the architect spanning the years 1905 to 1957; through 7/31. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Other

Bertrand Ivanoff—A site-specific installation of a light cascade of water on the floors of an empty warehouse adjacent to the Staten Island Ferry, hosted by the Snug Harbor Cultural Center's Newhouse Center of Contemporary Art; through 9/7. 1 Bay St., Lot #175, Staten Island (718-448-2500), Fri.–Sun. 3–7.

Ellen Kozak—Recent paintings; through 9/16. Pratt Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.–Fri. 9–4



Photograph courtesy of The Brooklyn Museum of Art.

Talent

Lofty Ambitions

The Brooklyn Museum of Art—now celebrating its centennial—is going grass-roots by opening its neoclassical doors to the loft-dwellers who have turned the nearby waterfront into an artistic hotbed. Current Undercurrent: Working in Brooklyn includes major pieces by 50 up-and-coming Brooklyn artists, including Margaret Curtis (above), Roxy Paine, Fred Tomaselli, and Amy Sillman, who were selected with the help of avant-garde galleries Pierogi 2000, Momenta Art, and Arena. (Through January 25, 1998.)

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscape paintings by Clark, Heade, Inness, Moran, Picknell, Shattuck, others; through 9/6.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). New sculptures by Apfelbaum, Ashkin, Baron, Feher, Greco, Levine, Paine, Soriano, others; through 8/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Happily Married: American Frames (and Their Paintings) 1725–1950," with picture frames by the Foster Brothers and Herman Dudley of Boston, and Newcomb-Macklin and Albert Milch of New York, and paintings by Hassam, Marin, Maurer, Prendergast, others; through 9/19.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Freak Show: Side Show Banner Paintings," with works from the forties and fifties by P. Barnett, Fred Johnson, Johnny Meah, Al Renton, and Snap Wyatt; through 8/15.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant, Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Werner—21 E. 67th St. (988-1623). Paintings by

Baselitz, Kirkeby, Leroy, Lüpertz; through 9/6.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works incorporating the image of one or more hands, by Arneson, Barsness, Bedia, Neshat, Stashkevetch, others; through 8/6.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the readymade urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; through 8/8.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings from the collection of Roland Pease—many of them purchased from this gallery during the fifties—by Blaine, Freilicher, Gorchov, Hartigan, Rivers, others; through 9/13.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Baumgarten, Casebere, Muñoz, Penone, Richter, others; through 8/29.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Summer group show of works by Bakker, Karella, Lewis, Marden, Nauman; through 9/6 (August by appointment).

Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings and photographs of aerial perspectives by Bordo, Innerst, Jacquette, Wegman, Wilson, Yarber; through 8/15.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Calder, Jadd, Lichtenstein, Martin, Oldenburg/vanBrueggen, Schnabel, Smith; through 8/22.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works by Lord, Price, and Woodman; through 8/15.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944 through 1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirshfield, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Secrets," with works by Bell, Caponigro, Cook, Weber, Wilde; through 8/22.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Whalen—24 W. 57th St. (397-9700). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of summer by Bricher, Curran, Helleu, Kensett, Lawson, others; through 8/30.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). Works by Krushenick, Stanley, Stevenson, Twardowicz, Redinger; through 8/30.

Art et Industrie—52 Thompson St. (966-6800). Recent sculpture by Avedisian, Clark, Henderson, Nicolai, Parker, Ryan, Snyder, Sunnarborg; through 8/16.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Collective Action," with works by Alexeev, Elagina, Monastyrsky, Panitkov, others; through 8/16.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Blair, Fecteau, Hawkins, Wurtz; through 8/15.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Magnetic," with works on paper by Dorner, Inness, Leonilsen, Prendergast, Sarmento, Ruscha; through 9/5.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.

Printed Matter, Inc.—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "Summer Reading," with artists' books by Ess, Guzman, Hahif, Kupferberg, Schor, Sheehan, the Tinklers, others; through 8/30.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.

Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). "Tracery," with works by Cohen, El Hanani, Marsh, Rule, Shepherd, Siena, Zimmerman; through 9/20.

Steinbaum Krauss—132 Greene St. (431-4224). "Hung Out to Dry," with works by Benes, Brandt, Chunn, C. Cramer, R. Cramer, Cruz, Edelson, Lovell, Norvell, Schapiro, Schor, Semmel, Shimomura, Wexler, others; through 8/28.

Teller—568 Broadway (941-7335). Prints from the twenties through the forties that depict people dancing, by Bacon, Benton, Biddle, Demuth, Homer, Nelson, others; through 8/28.

Wooster Gardens—558 Broadway (941-6210). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Feher, Halley, Herrera, Kawara, Kopstiansky, Rosen, Walker, others; through 8/8.

Chelsea

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). Works by nine artists that explore the connection between time and memory in response to specific spaces; through 8/16.

Nosei—530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695). Works by gallery and invited artists, including Amer, Bellavista, Elizondo, Ocampo, Siquier, others; through 8/18.

Other

Long Island University/Brooklyn Campus—1 University Plaza, at Flatbush and DeKalb Aves., Brooklyn (718-488-1051). Outdoor sculptures by Blackwell, Lee, McLaughlin, Pospisil, Ramsaran, Seng; through 10/31.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Vernon Blvd. at Broadway, Long Island City (718-956-1819), open daily, 10 A.M. to sunset. "From the Ground Up," with new sculpture by Baron, Di Suvero, Jagger, Van Alstine, others; through 9/1.

Photography

Arsenal—The Arsenal Building, in Central Park at 64th St. and Fifth Ave. (360-3410), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. "Horsing Around: A Frisky History of Equines in Parks," featuring more than 50 photographs of horses taken between 1860 and 1994 from the Parks Photo Archive; through 9/4.

Peter Beard—"Carnets Africains," with vintage photographs and blood paintings from Kenya; through 1/31/98. The Time Is Always Now, 476 Broome St, (343-2211).

Marianne Courville—Lifochrome prints of the artist's film stills and of stills from home movies made by her father and grandfather; through 8/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of the artist's friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

Erich Hartmann—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14. . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7.

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935 and 1955; through 8/15. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Recent photographs by Barth, Dijkstra, Moffatt, van Lamsweerde; through 8/29.

Fred McDarrah—Vintage prints from the sixties, including images of the Beatles, Bob Dylan, Jack Kerouac, Robert F. Kennedy, Andy Warhol, and others; through 8/30. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Lisette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York–based photographer (1901–1983); through 9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6; free.

Newseum/NY—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596), Mon.–Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 10–5. "Replay! Great Photo Moments from *Sports Illustrated*," with more than 100 pictures from the fifties to the present; through 10/25.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by gallery artists, including Barber, Cody, Epstein, Gentl, McLaughlin, Phelps, Prozzo, others; through 9/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs on the theme of summer pleasures, by Cartier-Bresson, La Chapelle, Miller, Ritts, von Unwerth, others; through 9/6.

Jock Sturges—Recent portraits of girls; through 8/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). "L'Homme at Home: Photographs of Male Nudes From the Nineteenth Century to the Present"; through 9/6.

Winston Wächter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). Photographs by Linda Girvin, Jean Kallina, and Joel Meyerowitz; through 8/15.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!," with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare

On View

Urban Pastoral

Works in the SculptureCenter's sixth annual site-specific exhibition—such as 'Pasture,' 'Sanctuary/Sacred Grove,' and Ian McLaughlin's rustic wooden 'Comb,' pictured at left—summon mental images of nature found far from Brooklyn's main artery. Through October 31 at Long Island University, Flatbush and DeKalb Avenues, Brooklyn.

book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." *Scenes of local life, family portraits,* and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . . 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1970." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; through 9/14. . . . "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metropolitan area; through 9/14. . . . "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five women artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; through 9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Current Undercurrents: Working in Brooklyn." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. . . . "The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; through 9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/24. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that re-creates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high-school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, *Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and se*niors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. . . . "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz." An exhibition that reconstructs and expands on the museum's 1978 exhibition of Stieglitz's portraits of O'Keeffe through the inclusion of an additional 30 images; through 10/5. . . . "Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897–1983); through 9/7. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . "The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum's Collection"; through 9/28. . . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; through 8/31. . . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950"; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman." The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . . "Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design." Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . . "Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life." A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . . "More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios"; through 9/2. . . . "Paris/The 1890s." Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. . . . "Projects: John Currin, Elizabeth Peyton, Luc Tuymans"; through 9/9. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York"; through 9/14. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum." More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy's collection; through 9/28. . . . "Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection." The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—"Visionary Daughters of

Photograph courtesy of the Sculpture Center.

Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley;" through 9/13. . . . "Maiden Voyages." An exhibition of writers' first books (in the library's Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints"; through 9/14. . . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 10/5. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—A comprehensive collection of sculpture, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets, and lamps by the American-Japanese sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-721-1932), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students (on Sat. and Sun. the museum operates a $5 roundtrip shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from Park Ave. and 70th St. beginning at 11:30 and making hourly trips on the half-hour).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping." A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . "An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection." Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Skyscraper Museum—"Downtown New York: The Architecture of Business/The Business of Buildings." Lower Manhattan's architectural, economic, and social history of the past century detailed through maps, models, photographs, postcards, and brochures; through 8/30. 44 Wall St. (968-1961), Tues.–Sat. 12–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde"; through 9/28. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997." Works by June Clark, Gregory Coates, and Vladimir Sybil; through 9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Keith Haring: Retrospective." The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . "Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922–1932." Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect's career; through 9/14. . . . "The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities." The museum's third "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art" exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney's Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night." Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . . . "Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs." Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Tunnel Visions." Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/6 at 10: "Contents of Abandoned Safe Deposit Boxes." On view from 8/1.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 8/6 at 2:30: "Posters." On view from 8/1.

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On View

Va-Va-Va-Vroom

The new generation of Range Rover fanciers may act like they are the first ones seeking the comfort of their living rooms on the road. And truth be told, the thigh-sticking vinyl interiors of cars of the seventies and eighties hardly brought fine furniture to mind. But back in 1956, publicists for Packard boasted in a brochure: "The comfort and convenience of your home . . . go with you in your Packard." To prove their point, the now-extinct car manufacturer also provided scenes of the happy nuclear family relaxing, first in their wood-paneled living room, then in their identically outfitted station wagon. The booklet and other artifacts in the illuminating, inadvertently humorous Museum at FIT exhibit Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s prove that the oh-so-fashionable 4Runners are, in fact, hopelessly retro.

The advancement of American car culture required that the automobile be integrated, literally, into the fabric of people's lives. As the wall text puts it: "While technological advances such as the automatic transmission and power steering were important, the most changes were in automobile styling." In other words, tail fins, wide windshields, and seasonally changeable seat covers were the innovations that most influenced car-buyers' conspicuous consumption.

But as the exhibition shows, Detroit's ties to fashion went further than the addition of fins. When La Femme, the first car specifically designed for women, came off the Dodge production line in 1955 and 1956, in pink or lavender with rose-sprigged upholstery, so did a full line of complementary rain gear and purses. Other car companies manufactured lipsticks to match their paint colors or, in ads like the one at left, showcased Jacques Fath and Givenchy dresses in the image of that year's Pontiac. Sad that mother-daughter dresses have replaced mother-automobile outerwear? In 1996 GM revived the concept, asking five designers to dress up their cars. Anna Sui best caught the spirit of La Femme: Her 4WD vehicle featured black patent trim, leopard-print carpeting, and exterior paint in gothic nail-polish shades. Just the thing for the car owners below Canal. (Through October 4.)

ALEXANDRA LANGE

Photograph courtesy of F.I.T.

restaurants

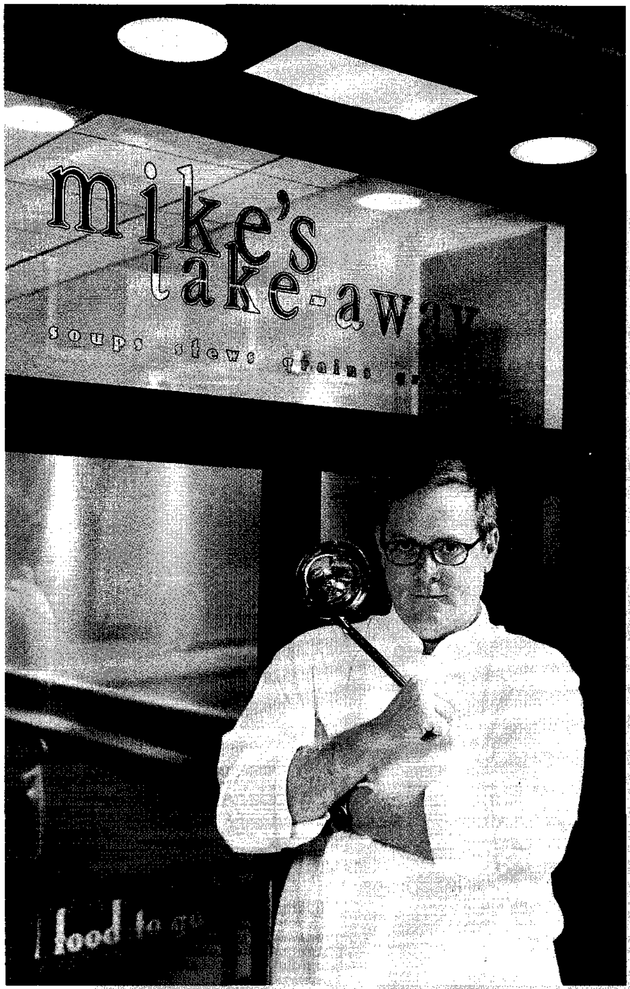
The Cart Before the Store...No. 18

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noo-

Takeout

The Little Cart That Could

The forces of food trends—and a particularly infamous *Seinfeld* episode—have tarnished the soup business of late. Modern-day purveyors of gourmet chowder come across either as unoriginal opportunists or demented control freaks. So it's refreshing to witness the ascension of a chef-entrepreneur whose business practices have so deviated from the norm that he's known in midtown lunch circles as the Nice Soup Man. Over the past six years, Mike Bergen has won over a core following addicted to his healthy, Mediterranean-inspired soups and salads. But surviving on the street has been something of an uphill battle. Despite glowing reviews from here to Japan, Bergen was nearly ousted from his sidewalk spot two years ago, when the Grand Central Partnership installed concrete planters in an attempt to displace vendors outside the MetLife Building. Next week, Bergen will be vindicated when he opens Mike's Take-Away in a storefront at 160 East 45th Street. He harbors no ill feelings toward the Partnership, which has since joined his fan club. "I'm going to be in their newsletter," he says sunnily, without a trace of a grudge. From the store, he'll stock his cart ("The customers won't let me give it up"), begin delivery and catering, and outfit a fridge with takeout meals for the discriminating executives and magazine editors of his client base. (He's always traveled in well-heeled circles: As the sales-and-marketing director of Flying Foods, the Queens-based precursor to Gourmet Garage, he'd watch Eileen Ford come in every Friday for her baby vegetables. And the late Leo Lerman, Condé Nast's spiritual mastermind, used to cater business meetings with food from the cart.) In a sublimely ironic twist, he was invited to lease a shop in Grand Central Terminal's new food court, slated to open next year. By then, he will have perfected the newest additions to his repertoire, higher-ticket items like bouillabaisse, Mediterranean beef stew with olives and oranges, and yellow-split-pea-and-vegetable casserole in a bulgur crust. Refusing to rest on his soup laurels, Bergen will also be introducing breakfast couscous and frittatas, lasagna, and fresh pasta sauces at his new store. He's even tinkering with a kids' menu and homemade desserts. After all, soup may have passed its prime. "Pudding," he says, conspiratorially. "That's the next big thing." **ROBIN RAISFELD**

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

dles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. *180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Svoboda—The food at this casual East Villager is slightly Slavic and entirely eclectic, with offerings like dumplings, corn-chowder pizza, smoked-salmon blini, and something called "Siberian sushi surprise." There's also a cigar room and an extensive spirit selection. *248 E. 5th St. (387-0707). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept—Brick-walled, softly-lit Parisian-style bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr. 181 W. 10th St. (645-8023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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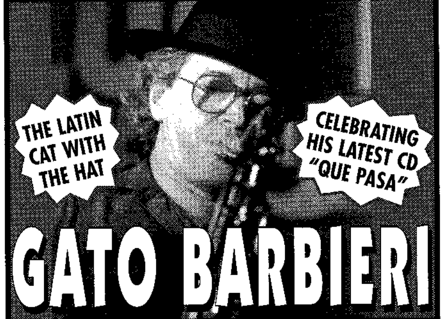
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of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

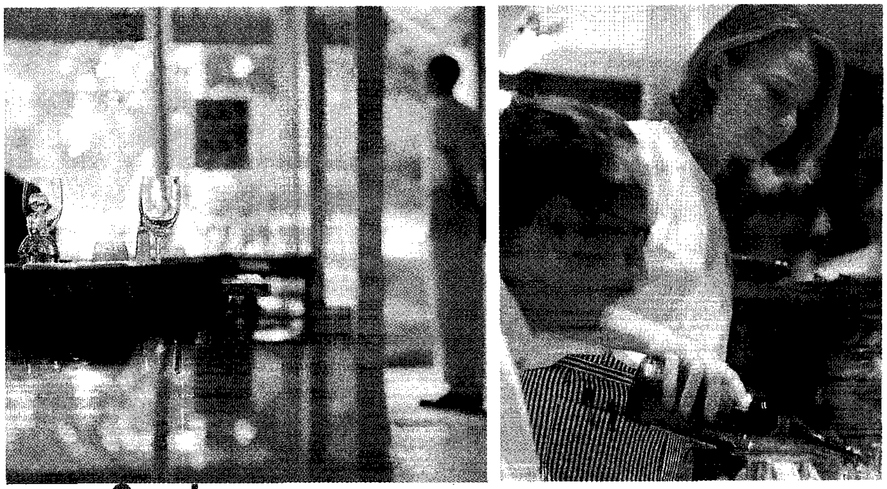
Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Stock & Tankard—Those looking to unwind after a hard day at the office can find comfort in this low-key bar, which serves over fifty microbrewed beers, twenty wines by the glass, diverse martinis, and frozen drinks. The steakhouse menu includes alligator and other offbeat options. *587 Third Ave., nr. 38th St. (661-3181). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine



Opening
Trattoria Take Two

The young, enterprising team behind Borgo Antico have opened the nearby Grano, a cheerfully unpretentious canteen catering to neighborhood tastes for affordable Italian comfort food. Standards like veal Milanese, roasted pork tenderloin, and braised rabbit with polenta top out at $16. (21 Greenwich Avenue.)

Photographs by Robert Wrigh

Opening T2

Having established a fiercely loyal following at Tartine, chef-owner Thierry Rochard has annexed a nearby storefront to open the larger, posher Titou. New touches like a full bar and an outdoor deck conspire with low prices ($15 and under) for pissaladière, seafood vol-au-vent, and hanger steak to ensure equally long, enthusiastic lines. (259 West 4th Street.)

Two for Titou: Owner Rochard, left, and his chef, Paul Vandewoude.

make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Stylized diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

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excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

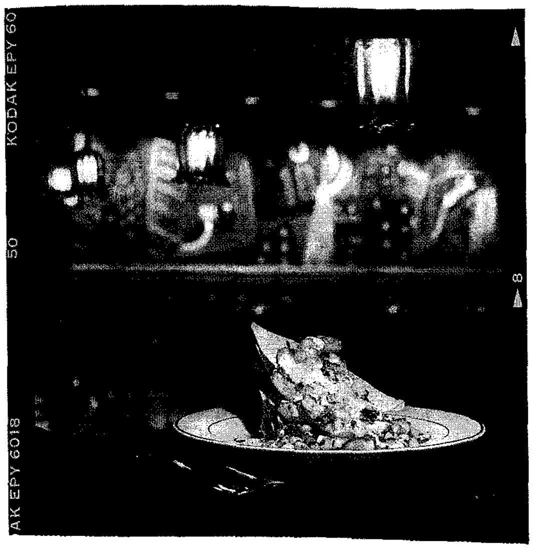
Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Town Crier—The American fare here runs the gamut from soy burgers to open-faced reuben sandwiches, and the ambience is geared toward rest and relaxation. Those not up for the relatively strenuous tasks of pool or darts may smoke cigars and watch any of the seven—count 'em—television sets. *303 E. 53rd St. (223-3157). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening
Ban the Bland

The South African owners of midtown's new No. 18—along with their Bouley-trained chef Dale Balsamo—have selectively edited the patchwork of American food into a highly seasoned fusion cuisine. By day, the sleek modern space houses casual lunch service with a takeout counter; at night, the counter becomes a bar and the tables sprout candles and cloths. Adventurous offerings on the menu include garam masala pea soup, blackeyed-pea chili with Louisiana shrimp, and lacquered beef with thread noodles and mint-lemongrass dressing. (18 West 56th Street.)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the $19.96 prix fixe. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—

Photograph by Robert Wright.

have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

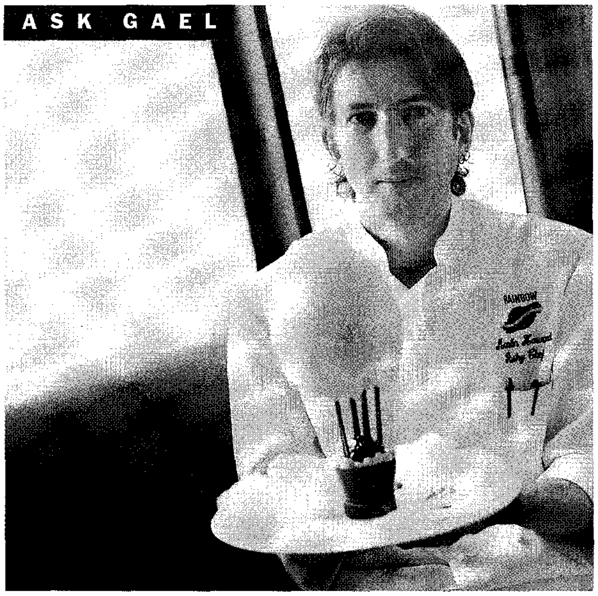
René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL



I want to feel wicked.

Do as I do. Order dessert. Not one dessert and four forks so everyone can share. Surrender to peach and rhubarb tart with buttermilk ice cream, or to "Rainbow and Clouds," a fantasy of milk-chocolate mousse and sweet cherries on a brownie (top), both dreamed up by pastry chef Martin Howard to mark his Rainbow Room ascension. Then immerse your senses in pineapple carpaccio with kaffir-lime ice cream and honey tuile at JUdson Grill. Or if it's cocoa bean you crave, check out Julie O'Brien's chocolate-cinnamon tart with espresso ice cream. The new patissière's sweet tricks reflect her stint in the three-star kitchen of Georges Blanc near Lyons.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Photographs: top, Safia Fatimi; bottom, Kenneth Chen.

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Bennahum *continued from page 25*

depending on how much access you want to continuously updated charts and information about who's trading what. Each trade costs $21.95 to $25.95, depending on volume.

The SEC is soliciting comments from the trading community to ensure that the advent of this technology translates into a level playing field for all. Keeping up has proved a bit of a struggle: As of last week, electronic-markets experts at the SEC were unaware that a product like UltimateTrader was already out and were reluctant to comment.

"The wave now is toward transparency and openness in pricing," says Tony Huston, a director at Internet Financial Services who promotes UltimateTrader for A.B. Watley. "That's the key to this industry. UltimateTrader is just bringing us even closer to the day of solid price information where what you see is *really* what you get."

To succeed in this new format, small investors are going to need to know as much as full-service brokers. That's why Stefan Cooke wakes up at five to review the latest market news. It's unclear how many people will want to assume this kind of responsibility; Forrester Research in Cambridge, Massachusetts, estimates that by the year 2001, there will be 10.5 million online brokerage accounts. No more than 5 percent of these will be used for the kind of transactions UltimateTrader offers. The danger in UltimateTrader, of course, is that the following classic scenario might unfold (as it has for other high-tech products): After a first wave of dedicated traders signed up, there would be a second wave, of less sophisticated traders. Without a broker to caution against impulse-shopping, those naïve investors (who would assuredly get fleeced) would give the software a bad name.

Trading in real time, watching the screens flicker, seeing the names of billion-dollar brokers pop up as they make a run on Intel—it's *fun*, and that's sure to be the draw. UltimateTrader reminded me of the video game Doom, except this is for grown-ups, with a potentially quick payoff. Coolness is the unquantifiable X-factor, the magnet that will lure would-be Buffetts and Soroses into A.B. Watley's purview. But unlike Doom, which has finally been supplanted by Quake after four years of dominating sales, stock trading has an enduring allure and authenticity. You might not be able to watch your virtual self get shot with a machine gun, decapitated, or hacked apart with a meat ax. But losing your shirt can be a lot more painful. ■

Above 60th Street, East Side

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Ici—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lippert *continued from page 18*

ever before. The rate of teenage smoking in the U.S., however, has risen since 1991 and is now at 34.8 percent. And this has happened despite all the health-class indoctrination and anti-smoking messages these kids grew up on. That suggests that smoking-as-rebellion continues to have a cachet unrelated to ads.

At the time he was introduced, Smokin' Joe also fit into the late-eighties bimbo-replacement phenomenon of advertising. After twenty years of the women's movement, it had finally become politically incorrect to objectify female flesh in ads, and after a bimbo limbo of a few seconds, men became the new sex objects. At the same time, it also became unacceptable to link the power of any product directly with sexual conquest. But in his cartoon remove, Joe could hang with his camel homies at racetracks and pool halls and late-night boîtes, surrounded by human and camel babes. (A similar response gave us the sudden influx of cross-dressers and frogs in formerly babelicious Budweiser commercials.)

Joe's popularity also contributed to a sorry eighties trend, something I like to call the dude-ization of America. This, along with the simultaneous hipster-attitudinizing of America, has resulted in lots of smart-ass kids' showing up in movies, commercials, and sitcoms with buzz cuts and/or backwards baseball caps, sunglasses, and high-tops, exhibiting attitude, man.

1
Joe
CAMEL CASH

The buck stops here: Old Joe's last hurrah.

This dude-with-a-'tude thing came to an apotheosis, however, when, in seeking election by appealing to a younger demographic on television, Bill Clinton appeared on *The Arsenio Hall Show* wearing regulation black shades and, yes, playing the saxophone. (Any resemblance to Joe Camel was surely unintentional.) Now in his second term, Clinton, who aspires to a more exalted, statesmanlike presence—and is attempting to distance himself from his own babe-flanked past—made this statement from Warsaw when the R.J. Reynolds decision was announced: "We must put tobacco ads like Joe Camel out of our children's reach forever."

Joe won't be disappearing immediately, of course. An RJR spokesman told me he will still appear for the time being on Camel Cash (the promotional funny money that's shrink-wrapped with the packs) that's already in circulation. The C-notes are good for Joe Camel merchandise and memorabilia until stocks runs out. (The mail-order program has created an indispensable database of tobacco customers.)

There are unintended consequences in replacing Joe, though. New no-Joe ads started appearing months ago on a trial basis and now are in August magazines. Designed for the interim until the new regulations go into effect, these ads favor old-fashioned babes and even go in for not-so-subtle subliminal branding. In one, a bitchin' vixen in black nail polish with hypersaturated possessed-cat-woman eyes and a scary come-hither look (an image mostly reserved these days for phone-sex ads) cradles a drink at a bar. On the bar is a water mark that her wineglass has left in the shape of the original Camel camel, the one still on the pack. (The drawing was taken from a picture of a Barnum & Bailey circus camel named Old Joe. The pyramid was added to make the Turkish tobacco leaves seem exotic, even though there are no pyramids in Turkey.)

Another ad goes for a forties *noir*-ish thing, a shadowy photo of a Lauren Bacall type craning her neck to blow smoke upward in tantalizing Camel-logo rings.

The *noir*-ish ad is the best of the lot because it refers to a time when smoking was considered glamorous. But the sort of paint-by-numbers hidden-symbol stuff is more *Highlights for Children* than effectively subliminal. And how is it any improvement to add blatant sex and alcohol into the nicotine mix? (I guess it's considered a more serious adult blend.)

Down the road, after the new regulations take effect, tobacco ads will also be banned from billboards. But for now, two new outdoor ads are far more happening than hokey Joe. Dazzlingly op-arty, they show the original camel figure floating on a hot-colored background. The graphics suggest skateboard culture or postmodern cyberpsychedelia. The ad is banded at the bottom with a white strip—the surgeon general's warning statement.

As the regulations grow, cigarette ads will get more and more stripped, until, bizarrely, perhaps, little more than the health warnings remain. Given that the tobacco companies will have to spend $500 million on anti-smoking campaigns, how will the restricted cigarette ads differ from their anti-smoking counterparts?

The ultimate irony may be that nothing is more potent to young smokers than a starkly graphic, naked warning sign. Not only does it hit an optic nerve, but it leaves poor old Testes-face and all of his tacky, overbuffed compatriots, those sad remnants of eighties-style partying, in the dust, dude. ■

nightlife

Byrne...Fitzsimmons...Cecil Taylor

Concerts

Aerosmith—America's oldest (and most resilient) teenagers haven't lost anything that made them such titans of adolescence way back in the stone ages. Need proof? Just check out their family-friendly *Nine Lives*. Sample title: "Falling in Love (Is Hard on the Knees)"; sample lyric: "Pink. It's my favorite crayon, yeah." All of which, of course, makes the boys from Boston the perfect sugar-coated diversion for a hot August night—at least in the absence of another Kiss reunion tour. With blues-guitar *wunderkind* Jonny Lang. 8/6 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Blues Traveller; Me'Shell Ndegeocello; Medeski, Martin and Wood—Blues Traveller has made its name with extended, free-form jams in which frontman John Popper's virtuosic harmonica playing is echoed by equally sharp guitar and bass noodlings. Similarly, Medeski, Martin and Wood's stock in trade is combining Jimmy Smith–style organ boogaloo with way-out free-jazz experimentation. Multitalented as she is, Ndegeocello is alone in this lineup as an artist whose songs are typically structured affairs. All of which has got to make you wonder, first of all, what these three acts are doing on a bill together, and secondly, why they're all backed by a 42-piece orchestra. After all, doesn't symphonic accompaniment preclude extended improvisation of both the jammy Traveller variety and the jazzy MMW kind? Perhaps. But if symphonic arrangements are good enough backing for Ornette Coleman's beautiful blowing, maybe it can work for these youngsters, too. Certainly a worthy, if odd, experiment. 8/11 at 8 P.M. *PNC Bank/Garden State Arts Center, Holmdel, N.J. (212-307-7171). $28.50–$58.*

David Byrne—See essay, page 83. 8/14 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $18.50.*

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and readings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 8/8: Boston's Alloy Orchestra accompanies F. W. Murnau's *Nosferatu* with another of its delightfully skronky original scores for silent films. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). Free ($3 suggested contribution.)*

Central Park Summerstage—The great New York institution, in its twelfth year. All events free unless otherwise designated. 8/9: Allen Toussaint; Rebirth Brass Band. 8/10: David Rudder and Charlie's Roots Krosfyah. Weekend shows at 3 P.M.; most weeknights at 8 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS).*

Chicago—8/9 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $35.25.*

Alice Cooper—During a recent chat on VH1 Online, the original camp-metalist confessed to a certain degree of perpetual adolescence in his music: "Alice is 18 when he sings 'I'm 18.' Sometimes I even break out in pimples." Let's see Marilyn Manson muster that level of self-aware irony when he's 49. With Dokken, Slaughter, and Warrant. 8/13 at 7 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $35.*

H.O.R.D.E. Festival '97—Yet another identity crisis of a summer package tour, this atypical incarnation of H.O.R.D.E. has the benefit of being far better than it's been in previous years—even if it does bear little resemblance to the noodle-dance-inspiring original. The mercifully un-hippyish Neil Young & Crazy Horse—who continue to muster more energy, spirit, and relevance than many bands half their age—headline. Beck, that greatest of nineties musical hybridists, supplies the twangy, tangy hip-hop—as does Soul Coughing, the decade's second-greatest hybridists. Plain old indie-rock gets its fair shake in the form of New York's Cakelike, while Ben Folds Five delivers the piano-pop fun. And for more characteristic H.O.R.D.E. fare, Primus, Toad the Wet Sprocket, Kula Shaker, Leftover Salmon, and New Brown Hat offer plenty of bloated self-indulgence. 8/12 at 6 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $30.*

Daryl Hall & John Oates—The greatest blue-eyed soul duo outfit in history, or just more lite-FM pap? It's all just a matter of perspective, isn't it? 8/10 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $30.*

Al Jarreau—With Boney James. 8/12 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $35–$50.*

Live—Four extremely earnest boys from Pennsylvania's dairy country, Live is possibly the only band in the land capable of making Michael Stipe look like a freewheeling party boy by comparison. But the kids love 'em, and the kids won't be denied. With Luscious Jackson (who, by being female, mellow and funky, are a sort of anti-Live) and Fun Lovin' Criminals. 8/6–8/7 at 7:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $31.50.*

Barry Manilow—8/8 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $35.*

Megadeth—A comeback that makes you just wish Beavis and Butt-head were actual, flesh-and-blood kids. 8/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom. 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

"Moonlight Dancing in the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thur.–Sun., 6 P.M.–11 P.M. *Wollman Rink, Central Park near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). $12, or $20 per couple.*

Lorrie Morgan—8/9 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, (307-7171). $35–$45.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 8/6: Gifted storyteller and virtuosic six-string picker Adrian Legg. 8/7: Guy Davis; John Gorka; Lucy Kaplansky; Suzy Roche; Hart Rouge. 8/9: The Klezmatics; Brave Combo. 8/12: Joan Baez, with guest appearances by Richard Shindell, Betty Elders, and Sinead Lohan. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 8/7: Fluffer; Utensil. 8/14: Varnaline. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 8/6: Modern English. 8/13: Geezer, starring ex-Black Sabbath bassist Geezer Butler. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 8/8: "Vote Now" show—Ruth Messinger glad-hands the indie-rock constituency, to the soothing sounds of Motochronic and Vitapup. $5 discount for anyone who registers to vote at the show.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Opening

Cheap Frills

Budget-conscious hipsters and would-be players take note: The Washington Square Hotel's new C3 Lounge (103 Waverly Place; 254-1200) is as decked out as any of its midtown counterparts, but at $5.50 a martini, it offers glamorous, hotel-bar anonymity for about half the price.

Photograph courtesy of The Washington Square Hote

8/10: Delta 72. 8/13: Rosie Flores. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 8/8: Blonde Redhead; the Warmers. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 8/8: Oren Bloedow. 8/9: Ladybug Transistor. 8/12: Amy Rigby; Richard X. Heyman. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 8/5: The Seahorses; Mansun. 8/6: Monaco. 8/13: Gov't Mule. 8/14: Edwin McCain. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 8/5: Prick Decay; Smell and Quim; Emil Beaulieu; Skin Crime; Thurston Moore. 8/6: The excellent, eclectic Belgian quartet dEUS, whose music comfortably references Mingus, Tom Waits, and Wham! —often in one song. 8/7: Willie and Lobo. 8/8: The Jungle Brothers. 8/9: Rhode Island's caustic neo-kraut-rockers Six Finger Satellite; Storm and Stress. 8/10: Mark Dresser; Miya Masaoka; Ikue Mori. 8/11: The Flying Neutrinos; Psycho the Clown; Hot Water Music. 8/12: Sean Lennon; Dave Douglas' Sanctuary. 8/13: Candy Butchers; Wild Carnations. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 8/6: Commander Cody & His Lost Planet Airmen. 8/7: Kim Simmonds & Savoy Brown. 8/8: Australian slide-guitar monster Dave Hole. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 8/7: Marry Me Jane. 8/11: Juliana Hatfield. 8/12: Whiskeytown, whose dark, countryish new album, *Strangers Almanac*, should endear them to wayward Replacements fans everywhere. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Joe Ely and Otis Blackwell, both past visitors. 8/9: Jet-powered, nitro-burning Austin rockabilly titan Ronnie Dawson. 8/14: Rosie Flores. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Talent

Byrne, Baby, Byrne

"I had a lot of family in the audience last night," says David Byrne of a recent gig in Glasgow, where he was born. "So I wore a kilt for the occasion. A pink one." Leave it to the perpetually unpredictable ex–Talking Head to ensure that even an event as potentially nostalgia-driven as a homecoming is still an occasion to test boundaries. Well, some boundaries, anyway. "Of course, the audience was yelling, 'David, David! What's under your kilt?' " Byrne recalls. "So I obliged them and spun around. But they were disappointed: A real Scotsman's not supposed to wear anything underneath; I had something on for modesty." Byrne's new album, *Feelings*, is also a return, of sorts, to roots—though not necessarily the roots you'd expect. Layering classic Byrne-isms (unsettling imagery, Latin American and Middle Eastern musical influences) with electronic beats, loops, and samples, the album might strike some listeners as an instance of digital bandwagon-hopping. But in reality, none of the electronica to which *Feelings* makes frequent nods would exist were it not for Byrne's 1981 collaboration with Brian Eno, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, on which the two pioneered the now-standard practice of sampling. Byrne, who returns to New York with a show at Roseland, August 14, is characteristically humble on this point. "I wasn't sure at first," he says, when asked whether hip-hop and electronica artists had actually drawn inspiration from *Bush of Ghosts*. "But then I'd hear that from a lot of people. The guys in Public Enemy, for instance, told me it was an influence." For the moment though, Byrne—ever the cultural anthropologist—is more eager to discuss a discovery he made in Scotland. "Did you know," he asks with a laugh, "that in the bathroom at the Glasgow airport they have curry-flavored condoms? No lie! It's a new frontier in condomology." ETHAN SMITH

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/5: "Exodus Reggae Unplugged," with Junior Jazz, Papa Jube, and John Brown's Body. 8/7: "Basement Bhangra" mixes the catchy soundtrack music of the Bombay film scene with slamming hip-hop beats. The resulting blend will leave you gasping for air. 8/8: Super-smooth vibes legend Roy Ayers. 8/9: Juliana Aquino. 8/11: Jesus Cepeda y Su Grupo ABC. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 8/12: *Ladies and gentlemen*, proclaims the title of Spiritualized's new CD, *we are floating in space*. That may constitute the most concise description available of the British foursome's effect: grand, momentous, self-aggrandizing, and utterly psychedelic. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 8/8–8/9: The Funky Meters. 8/10–8/11: Wyclef Jean works with one of the broadest sonic palettes in contemporary music. As the guitarist, songwriter, and sometime singer in the Fugees, Jean has blended rap and pop in one of the most appealing and innovative combinations the decade has seen. His solo release, *Carnival*, aims to broaden his scope further, including sounds of the Caribbean, Africa, and Latin America in one happy dance-party soundtrack. Backed by the "Refugee All Stars," Jean promises guest-stars—and guest-Fugees—galore. 8/13: Meredith Brooks. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—New York's Idle play some of the most muscular, hummable power pop in the city—and that's saying something, considering the crowded field they're competing in. 8/8, they celebrate the release of their new album, *Ego Park*, whose cover illustration recently found itself recycled on the cover of the *Village Voice*. With Joey John and Hanna Cranna. 8/8. *125 E. 11th St. (307-7171).*

Wetlands—Extending its usual Tuesday-evening "Dead Night," Wetlands goes whole hog with "Jerry Week," featuring contemporaries, collaborators, and disciples of San Francisco's mellowest citizen. 8/5: Joe Gallant's Illuminati Big Band plays the music of the Dead. 8/6–8/7: Sixties folkie psychedelicists the Moby Grape reunite for the umpteenth time in their 30-year career—though for the first time under their original name. 8/8: Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band; Donna Jean Godchaux-MacKay. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

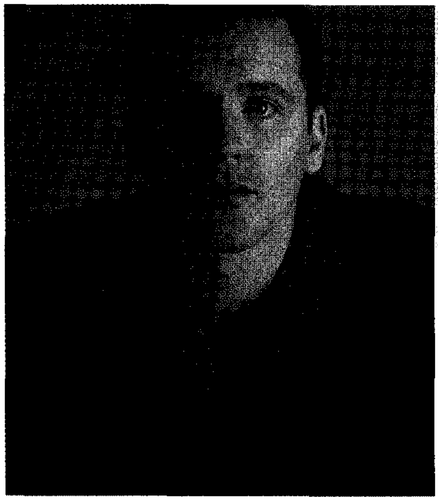
Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 8/5–8/6: Kenny Werner Trio. 8/7: Julian Corvell. 8/8–8/9: Jackie's Blues Bag—with Vincent Herring, Jimmy Green, Myron Walden, Justin Robinson, Lamont Johnson, Lonnie Plaxico, and Idris Muhammed—celebrates the funky side of the great Jackie McLean. 8/10: James Weidman Trio. 8/12–8/14: Cedar Walton Trio. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 8/5–8/10: Gato Barbieri. 8/12–8/17: Ray Brown Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Brooklyn Museum of Art—The "Turning Points" jazz series examines key moments in the history of small-band jazz, early to modern. Shows at 3 P.M. 8/10: Geri Allen and Miles Davis worshiper Wallace Roney pair for "Cool Rebirth"—a stripped-down take on the seminal *Birth of the Cool*. *Freida Schiff Warburg Memorial Sculpture Garden, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000). $6–$8.*

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2,

hotograph by Danny Clinch.



Talent

If the Shoe Fitz

In Cable-TV Land, Greg Fitzsimmons has worn innumerable hats, from the apt (hosting MTV's now-defunct Gen-X quizzathon, *Idiot Savants*) to the absurd (posing, to hilarious effect, as a hotel bellboy and a supermarket stockboy for USA Network's *Temporarily Fitzsimmons*). Back in the real world, he returns to the familiar role of stand-up comic at Caroline's, August 7–10.

Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 8/10: Crushed Mahogany. *Harlem Meer, Central Park, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 8/5–8/10: Reggie Workman, Ernie Watts, Mark Whitfield, and Ronnie Burrage. 8/12–8/17: Roy Haynes Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 8/6–8/10: Lee Musiker and Jay Leonhart. 8/13–8/16: Judy Carmichael and Mike Hashim. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 8/7: Myron Walden Trio. 8/8–8/9: Richie Vitale Quartet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 8/5–8/10: Sir Roland Hanna Quartet, with Jimmy Owens, Richard Davis, and Andrew Cyrille. 8/12–8/17: Steve Turre Sextet, with strings. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 8/7: The Gully Low Jazz Band. 8/8–8/9: Stuff! With Gordon Edwards. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—The summer of 1997 has been good to afficionados of free jazz. First, the idiom's father, Ornette Coleman, played an unheard-of four nights at Lincoln Center. Now pianist Cecil Taylor leads a trio through his alternately tricky, brainy, muscular, and aleatory musings for a week, 8/5–8/10. Lacking much of the melodicism that makes Coleman's music so appealing, Taylor's compositions—which can be up to half-an-hour long—can be exercises in pure frustration to listen to. They can also be some of the most rewarding sounds in contemporary jazz. 8/12–8/17: Geri Allen Trio, with Ralphe Armstrong and Lenny White. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/7–8/10: Greg Fitzsimmons. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 8/4–8/10: Dave Attell; Al Lubel; Greg Fitzsimmons; Wanda Sykes-Hall; Vic Henley. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 8/4–8/10: Jim Norton; Richie Byrne; Rich Ramirez. 8/11–8/17: The Most Brothers; Joe Mulligan; Quentin Heggs. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

f-Stop—Every Thursday night, the cutting-edge "Comedy Brothel" presents improv from such stand-ups of the moment as Dave Chappelle, Kevin Brennan, and *Mad-TV*'s Brian Callem. No cover; no minimum. *28 W. 20th St. (582-7589).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. 8/8–8/9: Jeff Ross; Rod Reyes; Sue Costello; Wali Collin. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "Eating It," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 8/8–8/9: Joe Matarese; Billy Jaye; Rich Ceiseler; Melvin George. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Through 8/9: *Phantom of the Opera* star Davis Gaines. 8/12–8/30: R&B powerhouse Ruth Brown. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—Every Friday night, John Malino and the Swing Society revive that old Times Square vibe. No cover; $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 8/6: Herman Foster Trio 8/9: Nick Palumbo's Flipped Fedoras. 8/13: Rick Hardeman Quartet. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

Barmacy—While everybody's griping about Disney' theme-park-ification of midtown, the East Village is quietly transforming itself into some alternate-reality version of old-time New York. A couple o blocks east of Beauty Bar's liquored-up take on a salon, Barmacy offers Alphabet City hipsters potions, pills, and medicines at an authentic soda fountain. Is it just us, or is there an element o perversion—however appealing—to this trend *538 E. 14th St. (228-2240).*

Photograph by Susan Maljar

the mix

Pure Slaughter Value...Leftist Fest

John Leonard's Television Notes

A Perfect Candidate (8/5; 10 to 12 P.M.; Channel 13), R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor's extraordinary documentary about Oliver North's run for the Senate against Chuck Robb in 1994, in Virginia, finally makes it from the art-house screen to "P.O.V."—and it's enough to make you disdain your own franchise.

Intensity (8/5 and 8/6; 8 to 10 P.M.; Fox), based on the Dean Koontz best-seller, is a thrill-killer miniseries with enough gratuitous violence to turn the strongest stomach (see Piper Laurie devoured by mad dogs!) and enough half-baked Nietzschean philosophy ("The value of any experience is the intensity of the charge you get out of it") to burn down the library at Alexandria. With Molly Parker as the childhood-damaged heroine who communes with white wolves and John C. McGinley as the crazy who poses his corpses for Polaroids.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—June LeBell hosts. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 F.M.

The Cadillac Sunday Night Opera House With Nimet—8/10 at 8 P.M.: Mozart's *Don Giovanni.* Bo Skovhus, Alessandro Corbelli, Christine Brewer, Jerry Hadley, Felicity Lott, Nuccia Focile, Umberto Chiummo, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and Chorus, Sir Charles Mackerras, conductor. WQXR, 96.3 F.M.

Classic Radio—8/10 at 11 P.M.: *The Quick and the Dead,* Part 2. Bob Hope hosts the second segment of this docudrama about the discovery of atomic power. WFUV, 90.7 F.M.

"Edward Teller and His Critics," Part 2—8/10 at 7 P.M.: The "Father of the H-Bomb' and the godfather of SDI, or "Star Wars," is the subject of this program, in which the hawk scientist talks with host Larry Josephson about his unapologetic advocacy of weapons of mass destruction. WNYC-AM 820.

New York and Company—8/4: Margot Adler discusses *Heretic's Heart;* Cynthia Copeland on the New-York Historical Society's "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." 8/5: Joe Machlis on *Allegro;* Nora Rawlinson, editor-in-chief of *Publishers Weekly,* on what people are reading right now. 8/6: Caryl Phillips on *The Nature of Blood;* Dr. Alan Cooper on the English language. 8/7: Journalist John Hess on the problems of the world; Katrin Cartlidge on her role in Mike Leigh's *Career Girls.* 8/8: Al and Larry Ubell on the nuts and bolts of home repair. Noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

The Written Word

oshua Henkin—8/6 at 7: Reading from *Swimming Across the Hudson,* Sol Goldman Y, 344 E. 14th St. (780-0800, ext. 245); free.

Jessica Care Moore—8/12 at 7: Reading from her new poetry collection, *The Words Don't Fit in My Mouth.* At Revolution Books, 9 W. 19th St. (691-3345); free.

Asha Bandele, Dean Kostos, and Barbara Lekatsas—8/6 at 6:30: Reading from their poetry. In Union Square Park (call Barnes & Noble at 253-0819 for information); free.

Lectures and Panels

Good & Cheap Ethnic Eats in New York City—8/6 at 7: Rediscover, in this lecture and tasting with *Village Voice* restaurant critic Robert Sietsema, why New York is the mecca of world cuisine. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St.; free.

Tours

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights at Twilight—8/9 at 5: Cross the Brooklyn Bridge and check out the city's first suburb. Investigate sites associated with Norman Mailer, Betty Smith, and Hart Crane. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $9.

Gramercy Park and Union Square—8/10 at 1: Revisit the tumult of Union Square's past as fashionable theater district and center of socialist rallies. Then stroll through the exclusive enclave that surrounds New York's only private park. Meet at the George Washington statue located on the 14th Street side of Union Square; $9.

The Flatiron District and Park Avenue South—8/7 at 12:30: See first-rate examples of Beaux Arts and Art Deco design (as well as the statuary in Madison Square Park, New York City's greatest outdoor museum) on this walking tour led by Municipal Art Society guide Francis Marrone. Meet at the northwest corner of Park Avenue South and 23rd St. Call 935-3960 for more information; $10.

Grand Central Terminal—8/6 at 12:30: In 1978, the Municipal Art Society played a central role in the preservation of Grand Central Terminal. On this free tour (donations to the MAS are accepted and appreciated), you'll learn about the design and signature features of this urban landmark, which is currently undergoing extensive renovation. (Groups of more than five people should make private arrangements.) Call 935-3960 for more information. Meet at the information booth on the main concourse.

Central Park West: 59th to 72nd Sts.—8/13 at 12:30: Where the urbanity of the Upper West Side meets verdant Central Park can be found one of the city's great urban ensembles. Meet at the Maine Monument at the northeast corner of 59th St. and Central Park West (935-3960); $10.

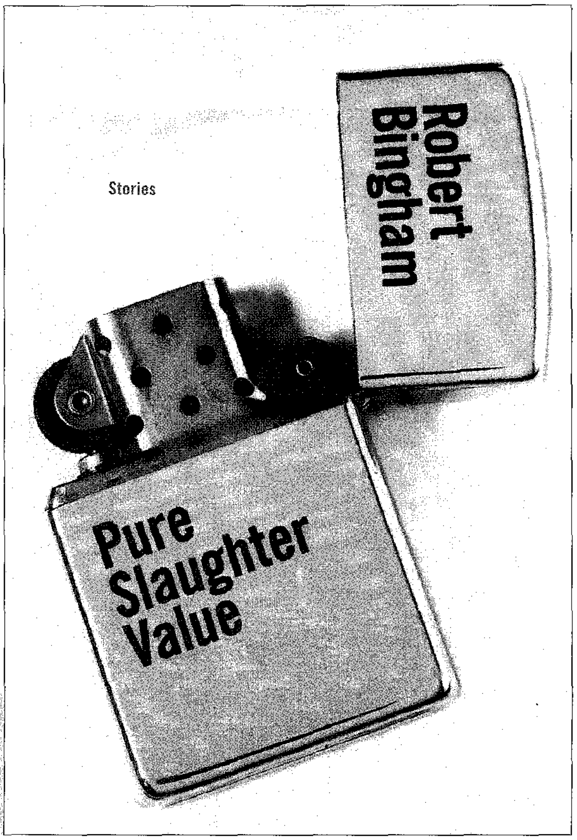
The Central Park You Never Knew—8/9 at 4:30 and 8/10 at 12:30: Discover the park's hidden places, winding roads, and early history. For information and reservations, call 465-3331; $10.

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American and Irish community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the Colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fash-



In Print In the new collection of short stories *Pure Slaughter Value,* 31-year-old Robert Bingham memorably takes on his peers, that generation of young men and women certain only of their highly celebrated confusion. (Doubleday, $21.95.)

ion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

"Contemplating Femininity"—Through 8/23: The thesis works of Laura D'Alessandro, Madeline Djerejian, Andrea Raynor, and Ilana Rein, four recent graduates of the M.F.A. program in photography and related media at the School of Visual Arts. At 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2011); free.

"21st Century Streetscape": The Doris and Alan Freedman Gallery—Through 9/12: This exhibition will feature the city's proposal to consolidate street furniture in New York City with an emphasis on urban design implications. Timed to coincide with the Request for Proposals issued by the mayor's office for the new street-furniture franchise, the exhibition is intended to provide New Yorkers with the necessary framework for understanding the changes taking place on the streets of the city. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Columbus Circle: Five Proposals for the Coliseum—Through 9/9: The public is invited to view the five proposals for Columbus Circle's most coveted site, submitted to the Metropolitan Transit Authority by some of the city's top developers. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Happening
Radical Departure

Most Greenwich Village tours now cover the activities of conspicuous lefties as a matter of course. But guide Bruce Kayton concentrates on radicalism (as well as straightforward labor history, such as the story of the builders of the Brooklyn Bridge, below) to the exclusion of everything else. Radical Walking Tours' summer-fall season begins August 17 with a visit to the City Hall area, site of anti-slavery riots and an African burial ground. Call 718-492-0069 for information; no reservations are required.

Sports

Beach Bum Bicycle Ride—8/10: A joint effort of the Five Borough Bicycle Club and the New York Cycle Club, this ride is held every Sunday through the end of August. The point of the trip is to get out of the city and hit the beach for a bit of swim and sun. The route ranges in length from 25 to 40 miles roundtrip, depending on the sandy destination chosen for the particular day. *There are two starting points: Riders can meet at 9:30 A.M. at City Hall or at 10 A.M. at the Grand Army Plaza entrance to Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Bring a bike lock, lunch (or lunch money), a bathing suit, and a towel. For more information, call 932-2300, ext. 115.*

Roosevelt Island 10K Race—8/10; 9 A.M.: The route around Roosevelt Island (which runners cover twice) is as flat as a high-school track, making this race course not only novel but easier than the usual Central Park event. *The course begins just east of the tram station on Roosevelt Island and finishes just west of it. Entry fee is $10 for NYRRC members, $15 for nonmembers.*

Baseball—8/12–13: Yankees vs. Kansas City Royals at 7:35 P.M., 1:05 P.M., and 7:35 P.M.; 8/4–5: Mets vs. Seattle Mariners at 7:40 P.M.; 8/6–7: Mets vs. Colorado Rockies at 7:40 P.M. and 12:10 P.M.; 8/8–11: Mets vs. Houston Astros at 7:40 P.M., 7:10 P.M., 1:40 P.M., and 7:40 P.M.

Women's Basketball—8/5: Liberty vs. Los Angeles Sparks at 7:30 P.M. (ESPN)

Online

Mass Appeal—The United Jewish Appeal's Website contains voluminous, detailed information about what every one of those tens of millions of dollars they raise each year is doing, from sending teenagers to Israel for the summer to caring fo seniors in hundreds of different communities worldwide. *www.uja.org*

Play, No Pay—One of the cooler multiplayer game sites on the Web is still free, but not for very much longer. Beginning in September, PlaySite plans tc start charging subscribers. (The exact date and fee have yet to be announced.) But for the rest of the summer, you can log on at any hour of the day o night and play chess, checkers, backgammon, o whatever with a total stranger from the other side of the world. The site also features a user-friendly chat interface that runs simultaneously with the games. Enjoy it while it lasts. *www.playsite.com*

Get Up and Go—One of the cooler Java features tha too few sites take advantage of is the separate ticker window that remains on your desktop, regardless of where you direct your browser. The Outtahere travel site has launched a Low Fare Ticke that will sit in a corner of your screen and spit ou the latest bargain air fares for as long as you'r connected to the Web. You can be browsing other sites, or working on a spreadsheet for that matter, and the ticker window will continually displa up-to-the-minute information about the best bargains to Katmandu. *www.outtahere.com*

Naked Came the Stranger—Like the novel of tha name, a new story (with the even sillier title *Murd Makes the Magazine*) will be written by several hundred people collectively. The first paragraph wa penned by John Updike, and visitors to the Amazon.com book site will be submitting addition paragraphs each day, hoping to bring the plot smidgen closer to completion. Each day's winne will be awarded $1,000 and the distinction of coauthoring a piece of fiction with the man who gav us a rabbit named Angstrom. *www.amazon.com*

Coming Up for Air—The Annals of Improbable Research (A.I.R.) document, in apparent seriousnes scientific investigations into things like "Felin Response to Bearded Men," the relationship Murphy's Law and fundamental constants to th likelihood that a buttered piece of toast will lan facedown, and something called "The Pop-U Medical Thermometer." *www.improb.com*

Photograph from Culver Pictur

in concert

Lincoln Center Out of Doors...Soprano Barbara Bonney

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 5

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Haydn and Mozart, with Barbara Bonney, soprano, and Melvyn Tan, piano; Jesus Lopez-Cobos, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

Naumberg Wind Symphony—Performs works from the 1939 World's Fair, including those composed by Eubie Blake, Aaron Copland, and Kurt Weill; Randall Brion, conductor. *Naumberg Bandshell, Central Park (787-0804); free, no rain date.*

Battery Park Young Performers—Performances by Juilliard musicians Shelley Watson, soprano, Roneel Mark, tenor, and Karen Schwartz, keyboard. *The Lawn in Battery Park (566-6700), at 12:30; free.*

New York Choral Society Summer Sing—Performs Verdi's *Requiem;* John Daly Goodwin, conductor. Audience participation optional. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8 admission includes a score.*

Wednesday, August 6

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Haydn and Mozart, with Ingrid Haebler, piano, and Elmar Oliveria, violin. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Thursday, August 7

Barbara Bonney, Soprano—Performs songs by Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert, with Melvyn Tan, fortepiano, and Charles Neidich, period clarinet. This is Bonney's New York recital debut. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

Bargemusic—Works by Prokofiev, Brahms, and Schubert, performed by quartet. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Summergarden—The Magellan String Quartet—Michael Shih and Patricia Sunwoo, violins; Daniel Panner, viola; and Kristina Cooper, cello—performs works by Golijov, Dun, Stravinsky, and Orbon. *Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

New York Choral Society Summer Sing—Performs Haydn's *Creation;* Harold Rosenbaum, conductor. Audience participation optional. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8 admission includes a score.*

Battery Park Young Performers—See 8/5.

Friday, August 8

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs an all-Mozart program, including the overture to *Don Giovanni,* with Ivan Moravec, piano, and Amanda Roocroft, soprano; Adam Fischer, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Alloy Orchestra—Performs junk-metal percussion with the Korean drum ensemble Shinmyung Pae as accompaniment to F. W. Murnau's *Nosferatu.* The movie is projected on an outdoor screen. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882), at 7:30; free.*

Summergarden—See 8/7.

Saturday, August 9

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Mozart and Dussek, with Amanda Roocroft, soprano; Adam Fischer, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

Homemade Instrument Day—From 2 to 9 P.M., experimental instrument installations, including boom-boxes, shoes, and glass harps; at 6:30, performances by the Pauline Oliveros/Deep Listening Band in Damrosch Park; at 8:30, choreography by Molissa Fenley with original music by Leroy Jenkins. *Lincoln Center (875-5108); free.*

Bargemusic—See 8/7, at 4.

Monday, August 11

Mozart at the Villa Bertramka—The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center performs Mozart, as well as piano works by Dusek, Vanhal, and Kozeluh, with Christine Brandes and Dominique Labelle, sopranos; David Shifrin, artistic director. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20.*

Dance

Forever Tango—The Argentinian form interpreted by Luis Bravo, 8/5–8/9 at 8. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Paul Taylor—Performs *Airs, Offenbach Overtures,* and *Esplanade,* 8/7 and 8/8 at 8:15. *Damrosch Park Bandshell, (875-5108); free.*

Trisha Brown—Performs recent works, with Wally Cardona; 8/8 at 8:30. *Central Park Summerstage (307-7171); free.*

From Chinatown With Love—Choreography by Chingwen Yeh, including *The Butterfly Lover* and *The Last,* 8/10 at 2. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (431-9740); free.*

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Performs *The Dying Swan, Swan Lake,* and the *pas d'action* from Elena Kunikova's adaptation of Pepita's *Esmeralda,* 8/5–8/9 at 8, and 8/9 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Preview
Dancing Queens

Debuting at the Joyce this week: Les Ballets Trockadero, the all-male company that cuts figures as imposing as an NFL team (and about as graceful) to spoof favorites like 'Swan Lake' and 'The Dying Swan.'

Photograph by David Tan.

kids

Fire-Eating...Velcro Athletics

Children's Events

Cultural Picnic—During the 22-day **LINCOLN CENTER** Out-of-Doors festival—a family-friendly tradition in its twenty-seventh year—the square dancing, performance art, chamber music, "Organic Jazz," "Green Fools," and Native American dancing are all free—an embarrassment of riches for families with the wisdom to stay in town. The Paul Taylor *Dance Company's Great Dance in the Bandshell* gets things under way Aug. 7 at 8:15. A lively Caribbean Carnival for kids takes place Aug. 8, starting at 10:30 (the rain date is Aug. 12). Homemade Instrument Day, Aug. 9, brings mad scientists out of the woodwork with instruments bizarre and beautiful (see photo caption). Instrument-making workshops and a tap-dance instrument are at the Fountain Plaza; a musical jump rope that has to be seen to be believed is on the North Plaza; and check out the boom-box chorus and wind drums on the South Plaza. Other blowout days include "Playday" on August 16 from 2 to 10 P.M., with Native American dancing from 3 to 5, a percussion workshop at 2, and a gargantuan puppet production called *The Tempest on Mars,* uniting monsters, giant puppets from different performing groups, and Shakespearean fantasies run amok, at 6. On August 31, the final day, the Canadian consulate general unleashes singing lumberjacks, "Potato People," and children's recording artist Fred Penner *on the plazas. For a complete festival* schedule, call 546-2656.●

***The Lost World* Deconstructed**—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs," a show that incorporates (made-up) dinosaurs from the movie and astounding new (real) fossil finds, is on view at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY** through 9/30. While you're there, visit the seals and penguins on the four-story screen in the new IMAX film *Survival Island,* shown daily at 11, 1, 3, 5, and on Fri. and Sat. at 6 and 7:30 as a double feature with the star-studded *Cosmic Voyage.* For IMAX info., call 769-5034. Admission is $12, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2 to 12; includes museum admission. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100).

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

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Nightlife

Time Travel—Go back in time at the "20th Annual New York Renaissance Faire." Well, sort of. Modernity is mixed in liberally with the armored-jousting and birds-of-prey demonstrations. Look out for Myst and King's Quest on CD-ROMs, Mattel's medieval Barbie, and Playmobil and Lego gone historic. The fair draws medievalism freaks who go to enormous lengths to wear chain mail and tights of two colors. Ogling them, along with consuming Renaissance-inspired junk food and shouting sixteenth-century encouragement at the Mud Pit Show, is part of the fun. Through 9/14, **STERLING FOREST,** Tuxedo, N.Y. (914-351-5171). Tickets are $15, $13 seniors, $6 children 3–12.

Airwaves—David Gonzalez and Florence Barrau host a freewheeling call-in radio program for the 8-to-12-year-old set that's a mix of discussion, kids' commentaries, reviews, and "New York factoids," with frequent adult guests. The program airs Sundays from 6 to 8 on **WNYC-FM,** 93.9.●

Gravitational Pull—You may not know your protons from your neutrons, but how many chances do you have to learn the science of the circus straight from *the clowns on the unicycles?* The National Circus Project juggles its way through physics at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE,** 8/10, 2–4 P.M. Bruce Lee fans will learn balance and center of gravity to go with *hai-ya's* from the karate demonstration "Getting a Kick Out of Science," 8/9, 2 P.M. The new Science Playground welcomes kids 6 and older who may have grown weary of the local swings and slides. They can jump (all together now) on a giant seesaw or make a water tornado in what amounts to an enormous physics lab, navigate streams of water or the Giant Maze, negotiate a 3-D spider web, and make (30-foot metal) waves. Don't worry, adults: High-school explainers are on-site to answer questions. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Admission $6, $4 children and seniors.

Rabbit Sense—***TADA!***'s original jazzy song-and-dance musical, recommended for ages 3 to adult, mixes "Brer Rabbit" characters with sibling-rivalry issues. The show, with a book by Davidson Lloyd, music by John Kroner, and lyrics by Gary Gardner, is performed by 25 kids from all sorts of backgrounds and corners of New York City. Showing through 8/17 on Tues., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2, Sat. at 1 and 3, plus 8/17 at 1 and 3. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); tickets $12, $6 kids under 17.

Winter Sports—On a hot day in summer, ice skating at a bargain rate could be a lot more fun than sweaty in-line skating outdoors. At the **CHELSEA PIERS,** a family of four can skate for $25, including skate rental, weekends through Aug. 31. Sky Rink is located on Pier 61 at 23rd St. and the Hudson River. Moviegoers may prefer a free viewing of *The Poseidon Adventure,* 8/7 at 8 P.M., at the tip of Pier 62, at 23rd St. Call 336-6100 for further details.

"Island Fever"—Travel to the Caribbean without a ticket: **THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN** hosts live reggae music, mondo stilt walkers, hair-braiding, straw-weaving, sugar-sculpting, and ice-cream-making. 8/10 from 10 to 3, 8/12–8/15 from 11 to 1, 8/16 from 10 to 3, and 8/17 from 10 to 5. 900 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433). Free with admission of $3, $1.50 seniors and students, 50 cents kids 6 to 16.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Don't Try This At Home—Fire-eating is on the program at Madou Dembele & Super Yunkadi's evening performance of West African drumming, dancing, and derring-do. **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM,** 8/8 at 6:30. (Subsequent Fridays in Aug. feature other free performances, with Flamenco Latina 8/15, Mariachi Los Amigos 8/22, and Moods Pan Groove Steel Orchestra 8/29.) Regular Museum summer hours are Mon., Wed., Thurs., and weekends noon–5, and Fri. till 6:30. 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Pl. (718-735-4402). Suggested admission $3.●

Try, Try Again—Kids can try their hand at running through a slalom on Rollerblades, dunking into a seven-foot basketball hoop, negotiating a Velcro obstacle course, slamming down a sledgehammer *power meter, and accomplishing a bunch of other* feats of strength, skill, and occasionally silliness at Youth Fest, a free outdoor sports competition (held in honor of New York's hosting the U.S. Youth Games; see listing below), 8/10, 1 to 5 P.M. **THE BANDSHELL,** mid–Central Park just south of 72nd St. For further information, call 360-8212.●●

Go, Team—Patrick Ewing was a U.S. Youth Games competitor in his day, and so was Kenny Anderson. This summer, New York hosts the games (started by Mayor Lindsay in 1966) in which kids in the 11-to-15 age bracket compete in basketball, track, golf, swimming, tennis, volleyball, soccer, and bowling with kids from seventeen other cities. Events are held 8/8 through 8/12 throughout the five boroughs. For information about specific events and venues, call 360-8212.●●

Happening
Bang on a Can

Make your own instruments and watch mad scientist-musicians show off their creations at Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors's semi-annual Homemade Instrument Day. This year, the festival goes electric with such technical oddities as a bar-code-reading instrument and a singing glove. August 9 from 2 to 9 P.M. on the North, South, and Fountain Plazas.

Photograph by Martin Reichenthal

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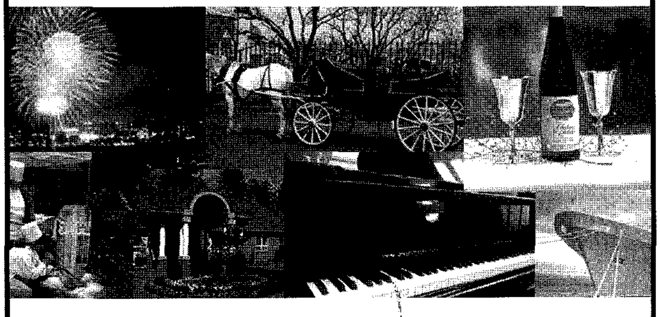

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I Had Herpes Once—Phew! I'm glad I got that out of the way. Mid 30s, good-looking, fit and athletic. I'm very upbeat, humorous and own my own business, which affords a lot of time for travel, including to the great outdoors. If you're a terrific (and hopefully gorgeous) woman, 20s-30s, it would be great to meet you. Note/photo/phone, please. 7805 ✉ ☎

Cowgirl Without A Horse—Central Virginia resident, stylish, lively, attractive, down-to-earth, would like to meet you, 50-60ish farmer, rancher or other outdoorsy type. I have my own business with a flexible schedule, love traveling, bake great berry pies, enjoy fishing and animals. Wit, kindness, passion for living are qualities we share. 7783 ✉

Gay White Male, Youthful—37, 5'11", 165, seeks handsome professional, healthy, in-shape nonsmoking male, 30-42 - for serious relationship. Photo. 7766 ✉ ☎

North Jersey Business Owner—Newly 47, Italian-born, educated, athletic, good-looking, fun-loving, financially secure, weekend soccer player/league coordinator, ready to settle down with the right woman. I enjoy travel, hiking, fine restaurants, movies, canoeing... Seeking caring, attractive, active, family-oriented, independent yet traditional woman, 30-40, ready for a future filled with love, laughter and children. Note/photo a must. 7798 ✉

Pleasant, Pretty, Ivy-Educated Nurse—Seeks a 50-something, professional/executive NJ man. 7813 ✉ ☎

Juilliard Gone Wall Street—35, Ivy, attractive, well-traveled, adventurous and forthright Asian-American woman - seeks well-educated, compassionate, accomplished, witty, fit man, 30-mid 40s, for friendship, marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 7792 ✉

Fly Me To the Moon—Or anywhere in between. Bewitching brunette, petite, successful, 32, seeks refined, witty, Catholic professional nonsmoking male to embrace the moonlight. Note/photo. 7781 ✉

Complex Guy—6'2", 41. Can walk, talk and think at the same time. Conversation, education, humor a plus. 7796 ✉ ☎

Rule-Breaking, Adventurous—Playful, very attractive, sensual, successful Jewish female, 33, professional, seeks tall, romantic, outdoorsy Renaissance man, physically and emotionally fit (runner a plus), who loves rugged travel and exploration. Photo/sense of humor a must. 7747✉

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Connecticut Socialite—Pretty, sophisticated, elegant, yet sexy. Seeks a casual, fun relationship with a kind, generous, retired gentleman (55-75). I enjoy gourmet lunches and antiquing. Manhattan, Westchester, CT. Note/photo. 7811 ✉

Good-Looking, Literate Man—54 (looks 53), seeks slim, attractive lady, 45-55, for the usual tawdry late-summer romance, cultured joys. Photo? 7784 ✉

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Dark-Eyed Beauty—Loves to laugh warm, artistic, articulate, seeks intelligent playful man, 48-58. NY and Berkshires Photo appreciated. 7810 ✉

Gotta Have It—Single male, 27, 5'10" athletic, Ivy grad, looking for pretty woman, Indian, for life's pleasures Photo/note. 7779 ✉ ☎

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Widower, 50—Very nice-looking, youthful, fit, upbeat personality, great sense of humor, intelligent, wealthy professional, considerate and a genuine nice guy. Wow! I can't believe I just wrote this. I sound so good! Think I'll take myself out to dinner tonight. Seeking very pretty, kind woman who wants it all and feels that she deserves it. Tell me about yourself. Take the time to answer, it's really worth it, and our happiness depends on it. The song "Little Things Mean A Lot" expresses my feelings. Phone/recent, clear photo. 7795 ✉

Slim, Pretty (And Pretty Sane) Shrink—Active, independent, happy with career, friends and life, seeks previously married man, 50-60, of similar spirit, for possible great relationship. Note/photo. 7760✉☎

Bicoastal—Headhunter searching for best friend, lover, soul mate to share Paradise in NYC and Malibu Beach. Attractive, funny, worldly Jewish nonsmoker, 50ish (looks 40ish), affluent, with eclectic interests in musical theater/opera, fine wine/food, cooking, golf, arts. Seeks very attractive, (212), petite (under 5'3"), sensuous, creative, fascinating, companionable lady. Note/photo. 7797 ✉☎

Adorable, Single, White Jewish Female—Professional, petite, curly hair, 39 - looks 38 1/2 (just kidding), very youthful. Enjoys the beach, biking, hiking, music, books, travel, movies, good food, friends and family. Seeking a single, white Jewish male, 35-45, to share the remaining days of summer and beyond. He should be attractive, fit, ambitious, affectionate, sincere, upbeat, a nonsmoker and interested in a committed relationship. Must have a great sense of humor and a washer and dryer. 7793 ✉☎

I Cannot Believe—I can't find a girlfriend. Extremely good-looking, well-built Jewish male, 29, 5'11", 175 lbs. Am I too picky or just unlucky? Had it with the bar scene! Looking for a lady, 24-30, who's very confident in her appearance (thin and pretty). Tired of waiting for your life to get better? Answer this ad and make it happen. Photo a must. 7765 ✉

Outstandingly Attractive—A sexy, bright, fit, fun Jewish female, 32, seeks above-average professional Jewish male, sincere, romantic and ready for the ultimate step. Note/photo. 7763 ✉☎

Extremely Successful—European background, blue-eyed, handsome executive for worldwide operating company, seeking attractive, mid 20s-early 30s female for long-lasting, rewarding relationship, because I'm sure that you deserve the best. 7761 ✉

Ready For Marriage—Good-natured, fun, loving, professional Jewish male seeks gentle, kind female, 35-42. Photo. 7794 ✉

Searching For "The One"—Beautiful, fun-loving Jewish female, 28, new to NY, 5'2", fit, successful, MA. You: 27-33, Jewish, handsome (inside and out), ambitious, love travel, nonsmoker. If you are "the one", please reply. Note/recent photo appreciated! 7803 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Personable—Photographer seeks fun-loving, creative, trim, professional, sexy, cute guy, 49-early 60s. Recent photo a must. 7751 ✉

Funny Woman—Great wit, good looks, all, slim, Manhattan/FL/Hamptons, looking for compatriot, white, 58-65. 7809 ✉

Victoria's Secrets—31, 5'5", 125, pretty brunette professional, strong family values, enjoys sports and outdoors. Happy, passionate and sincere. Requesting response from similar 30s male, ready for best buddy and more. Letter/photo. 7790 ✉

Okay, Here It Goes—45-year-old and wise male - have had three great loves in my life, only one of which resulted in a marriage. They were all tall, gorgeous and very self-centered. Ouch! That hurts... Why is that? Searching for the fourth, greatest and hopefully last. Willing to be patient, patient, patient. Please respond with a note and a photo - will reciprocate. 7749 ✉

Physician/Sailor—50, fit and free, looking for a sensuous Euro-style woman to share sunsets on the water. Photo/note/phone. 7757 ✉

The Divine Ms. "M"—Of Park Avenue wants to meet the man who can appreciate the finer things in life, like hot dog stands, sleeping late, cuddling to videos, music, holding hands, a lot of laughter. I am a tall (5'9"), leggy, very successful blond, looking for a man to wrap my arms around. I am zany and fun and cannot cook! So, if you are 39-early 50s, tall, handsome and fun...write me a note (include a photo), and let's have some takeout! 7737 ✉

Greek, Stunning Female—Professional, seeks Jewish MD/DDS, late 40s-50s, for keeps. 7759 ✉

Smart, Pretty MD—Seeks 36-48, very successful, kind man for marriage. 7802 ✉

Birds Of A Feather—Affectionate nature lover who likes easy outdoor activities and culture, slim, young-looking 55-year-old male, seeks nest mate. 7755 ✉

My Kingdom—For a day and night of ordinary pleasures, shared. Pretty woman, trim, fun-loving, 60ish, seeks mate. Photo, please. POB 234265, Great Neck, NY 11023.

Sailor—Romantic Jewish male, 45 (6', 180), seeking female sailing/soul mate to share sunset sails, beaches, mountains, skiing and traditional Friday nights/Shabbat, the Met (museum/opera) and rock. You are, like me, playful with a sense of adventure and humor, love to give and receive hugs, love and laughter. Note/photo, please. 7776 ✉☎

Accomplished Healer—Wants introspective gambling man, 45-65, willing to take a chance on finding truth and love. 7740 ✉☎

Tall, Blue Eyes, Blond—Single male, 43, successful, college graduate, seeks black female to share life's adventures and a sincere and meaningful relationship. Photo. NY/NJ/CT. 7773 ✉

"One Of The Good Ones Is Free"—Recently divorced, Jewish (nonreligious), good-looking male, 40, successful, intelligent, professional, financially secure, seeks normal, happy, fun-loving, in-shape female with style, smarts and good looks. Photo/phone/note. 7733 ✉

Quality Female—Attractive, tall, 34, professional with ambition and class, seeks single white male, 30-42, should be fun and happy with his life. 7750 ✉☎

Artistic Woman—I'm a pretty, fun-loving, down-to-earth, single, white Jewish female, 30, 5'6", designer, who seeks a tall, down-to-earth, sensitive man. Must be intelligent, with a great sense of humor. Note/photo. 7772 ✉

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

Hot Fun In The Summertime

CELEBRATION

Wednesday, August 13, 5:30pm-12am

AT THE FABULOUS

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines), 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
Mail check or money order by Aug. 7th to:

New York Magazine Party,
2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, INCLUDING DISCOUNT PARKING, CALL:

212-545-3662

Trekked The Himalayas—Paddled the Amazons, but rather walk the Brooklyn Bridge with you. Feminine, creative soul with curious mind and successful career, seeks warmhearted, eclectic Jewish male, 40-50, who lives life boldly. 7742 ✉

Your Search Is Over—If you're looking for a petite, blond, Jewish female 36, who loves tennis, skiing, golf and travel. My search is over if you are a caring Jewish male, financially secure, early 40's with a good sense of humor. Send note and recent photo. 7801 ✉

Fun Financier—Handsome, well-educated, very successful entrepreneur, mid 30s, invites gorgeous, vivacious, witty woman under 30 to explore interesting conversations and the night and the city. Note/phone/photo. 7804 ✉

Successful MD—From the Jersey Shore, Jewish, 42, kind, handsome, passionate and fit, seeking the love of a lifetime. Enjoys movies, books, running, dining and dancing. Seeks very sweet, attractive, intelligent, nonsmoking, single Jewish female for happily ever after. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 7744 ✉

Very Lonely—Because I'm missing you to share my unlimited potential. This very handsome, athletic, very wealthy executive seeks slim, pretty female, mid 20s-early 30s, for any relationship that fits your personality, because I'm ready for any challenge to find love, happiness, friendship or anything else that is going to cure the pain of loneliness. 7762 ✉

Unforgettable Female—Seeks 30-something professional male who drives European sports car, enjoys travel abroad and fine dining. Photo of car and driver. 7791 ✉

LI, Divorced White Catholic Male—Law-enforcement professional, sensitive, caring, down-to-earth, family-oriented, who's looking for a loyal, emotionally healthy and fit female, 27-35, who likes children, walks on the beach, movies and family - for fun and possible long-term relationship. Please send note/photo/phone. 7741 ✉

Looking For One Special Man—If you are refined, intelligent, tall, attractive, 45-55, dynamic, successful, and have a good sense of humor, become my hero. Christian background a must. I'm a very pretty woman - warm, caring, auburn-haired with green eyes. Can offer the right man mystery, romance and laughter. Note/photo/phone, please. 7787 ✉

Striking, Worldly, Svelte Woman—Tall, fit, athletic, young 50s, enjoys nature, travel, dancing, the arts. Seeks dynamic, smart, accomplished, gentle man to share a harmonious life. Photo/bio. 7774 ✉☎

Are All The Good Guys Taken?—I am 5'2", incredibly cute, a Jewish professional with exercised mind as well as body. Seek extremely handsome, 34-40 male professional, 5'8" plus, fit, fun and athletic. Golf and tennis a plus. Must be willing to lie about how we met. Photo a must. 7808✉

Older/Younger—White male, 49, seeks young (18-35) guy or gal for friendship, dating and to share city activities. 7753✉

Attractive And Successful—30-year-old, 6', fit Jewish dentist, Russian-born, diverse interests, seeks 23-30, pretty, professional Jewish female. 7736 ✉

Strictly Personals

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Psychiatrist—Serious, single, white, nonsmoking, nondrinking, 5'8 1/2", good shape, 38, complete with a lighter side, looking for an attractive professional woman of depth and character (26-32) for long-term relationship (spirituality and sense of adventure a plus). 7807 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Charming, Fun-Loving—46-year-old woman, in search of tall, handsome, Jewish partner 40-50 who loves to laugh, loves to play and loves kids. (No bald men please.) Note/photo. 7812 ✉

Duo Better Than Solo—White Jewish male, divorced, worldly, joie de vivre, romantic, entrepreneur, passion, active, athletics, theater, dining, travels, MBA plus, two grown daughters. Seeks BBC (beauty, brains and class), 40s. Letter/recent photo. 7743 ✉

Raised By A Pack—Of British playwrights, I frighten even myself with my wit. But my other qualities make up for it. Male, 31. My goal is to cut my chance of ending up like Gregor Samsa. Photo? 7786 ✉

Successful LI VP—Handsome, dynamic, with boyish charm. Seeks vibrant, bright, very pretty, trim, single white female, 39-49. Love, laughter follow. Photo, please. 7771 ✉ ☎

The Real Thing—Seeks same. Very smart, beautiful inside and out - long auburn hair, workout body, deep heart and soul, 36, 5'5" female (mildly spiritual but not at all religious), seeking soul mate for keeps. Passions include films, theater, restaurants, travel, books, sports (playing them, not watching them), Scrabble/games, and just hanging out with really good people. Honesty, sincerity, reliability and humor non-negotiable. Note/phone/photo. 7758 ✉

Successful, Attractive Lady—Seeking intelligent, successful, well-rounded professional male, 45-50. Note/photo/phone. 7746 ✉

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

Hot Fun In The Summer time

CELEBRATION

Wednesday, August 13, 5:30pm-12am

AT THE FABULOUS

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines), 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, and a great night out!

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash Bar.
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New York Magazine Party,
2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, INCLUDING DISCOUNT PARKING, CALL:

212-545-3662

Vivacious, Unencumbered Brunette—Looking for fun, companionship and ??? with a man who has an eclectic sense of humor and good self-esteem - 45-55 years old. 7770 ✉

Asian Woman Sought—Beautiful, intelligent and passionate, 20s-30s, wanted by handsome, passionate MD, 48, who is a lover of the arts and music, particularly the opera. Note/photo. 7785 ✉

Gay White Male—Latin looks, 42, don't do drugs, HIV-negative, affectionate and discreet. Seek a kind, romantic white man of any age over 45. Chubby or homebody is welcomed. 7738 ✉

Exotic, Head-Turning—Tall, beautiful, successful Manhattan lawyer, sexy mystique of the dark continent, 30s, loves Abu Simbel, Santorini and New Age. Seeks very successful, well-traveled, sensual and sane, 6' plus, nonsmoking male under 52, *with compatible interests, for dynamic yet* tranquil long term and more. Human race only. Note/photo/phone. 7768 ✉ ☎

Adventurer Seeks Adventuress—45, white male, sports-adventure photographer, resides six months in CT and six months in FL, nonsmoker/drinker, and sadly my only addiction is golf (should be yours as well). My worst feature is my hair...yikes, what hair! Look better without it anyhow. My best features: blue eyes, great legs, flat stomach, passionate, common sense and irreverent humor. Seeking an in-shape, petite white/Asian woman, 35-50, who's assertive, happy, kind, and a brilliant business person. Picture preferred. POB 90, Salisbury, CT 06068

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Woman With Recipes—Seeks man with chicken. Bright, spirited, trim, divorced white female, 58, successful professional, seeks professional male, financially and emotionally secure, who enjoys the arts, travel, outdoors - someone who has a light heart, relishes a loving, healthy life, still breaks for small animals and believes there are needles in haystacks; a little working and a lot of laughing; someone to be easy with and celebrate life together. Looking for long-term relationship. Letter and photo. 7752 ✉ ☎

Effervescent And Spirited—Professional Jewish female, early 50s, 5'3", financially secure, caring, sharing and passionate. I enjoy dining out, theater, museums and travel. Are you a divorced or widowed Jewish male, 50-60, looking to save a life with a widowed partner? Note/photo. 7800 ✉

Wonderful Man—35, 6', fit, blue eyes, full dark hair, clean-cut handsome, successful, happy, open-minded, educated, single white male. Seeks pretty, single white female, 25-33, 5'6" or taller, size 6, who is fit, bright, warm, positive, loves hugs - for lifelong romance/family. Recent photo/note, please. 7756 ✉ ☎

Me: Looking For Girlfriend—Me: 48, widower, enjoy being a trial lawyer. Live on LI with my daughter, 8, and a Boston terrier. Have a kayak and eclectic tastes. 5'10", 190 lbs, good-looking. I am looking for a serious, accomplished woman with real interests. Kids okay. NYC or LI preferred. Real letter/recent photo gets a response. 7764 ✉

My First Ad—I am a pretty, very together, charming, sharp, sensitive, tall, sophisticated, secure Christian widow, 40 - looks 30, just looking for my equal to complete the picture. LI. Note/photo. 7778 ✉ ☎

Well-Traveled—Daughter of North African diplomats, 22, in NY to study at Columbia and model, seeks highly successful Manhattanite male who enjoys playing creative, imaginative games. 7777 ✉ ☎

You've Heard My Voice On TV, Radio—Yes, I'm gorgeous, extremely successful, 42, 5'8", thin, very young-looking white woman, ready to share my life. You are exceptionally handsome, tall, very upper class, professional gentleman, 38-50, gentle nature, honest, fun-loving. Photo a must. 7748 ✉

Sexy, Very Pretty Jewish Female—27, looking for a good-looking Jewish guy, 27-33, for fun, adventure and romance. Must be career-minded, confident, fit and intelligent. Note/photo, please. 7799 ✉

Assortments

Introductions Club - Successful, Prof'l, Secular Jewish Men, 30-60 **& Women,** 25-49. PhD interviewer. 8 yrs. **212-877-0723**

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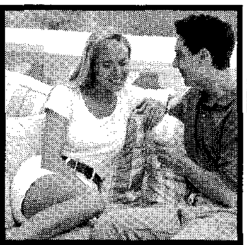
Fall In Love



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Join Hundreds of Singles at
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SEAPORT LECTURES

Journey into Jewish Mysticism under the open skies overlooking the water, every Wed, 7:45-9:15pm, 7/9-8/27, Pier 17, behind "Compagnie Internationale". Free refresh. & food for thought. **718-467-5519**

JEWISH SINGLES
Have you ever gone to a Jewish Singles party and thought that if **YOU** hosted the party **YOU** could have gotten a much better crowd? Well, here is a chance to help organize a party that **YOU** would want to be at. I will be co-hosting a private "By Invitation Only" afterwork party in September at a Manhattan nightspot for professionals in their 20's & 30's. If **YOU** want to make this **YOUR PARTY AND MAKE $$$$, let's talk 212.595.4444**

Overeating?...Underearning? "Alone?"
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The series run for 8 consecutive Tuesdays, from 6:30-8:00pm
Center for Women's Health
Columbia-Presbyterian
COLUMBIA-PRESBYTERIAN MEDICAL CENTER
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New York City
Call Maria at
(212) 326-8540

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All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

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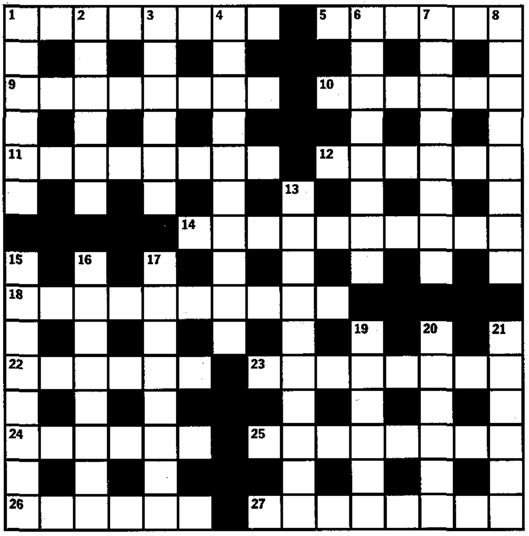
Street Address ______________________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ________
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ______________ Master Card /Visa /American Express
Card Number ______________________ Exp. Date ________
Signature ______________________________

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Force providing many a seaman with work. (8)
5 Result broadcast in Northern Ireland. (6)
9 Turn informer—and to turn informer could mean prison. (8)
10 Tries to catch crooks. (6)
11 Selected—about time!—so practised. (8)
12 As the heartless fool said about flowers. (6)
14 Chain-store designed specially for people on their own. (10)
18 The beauty appears to accept wrinkles. (10)
22 Publicity's hold over one good-looker. (6)
23 Finding school filling in time, blow up. (8)
24 Plan a camping holiday? (6)
25 Suppress the Left in exceptional situation. (8)
26 A plot which involves danger. (6)
27 Proceeds when attention is shown. (8)



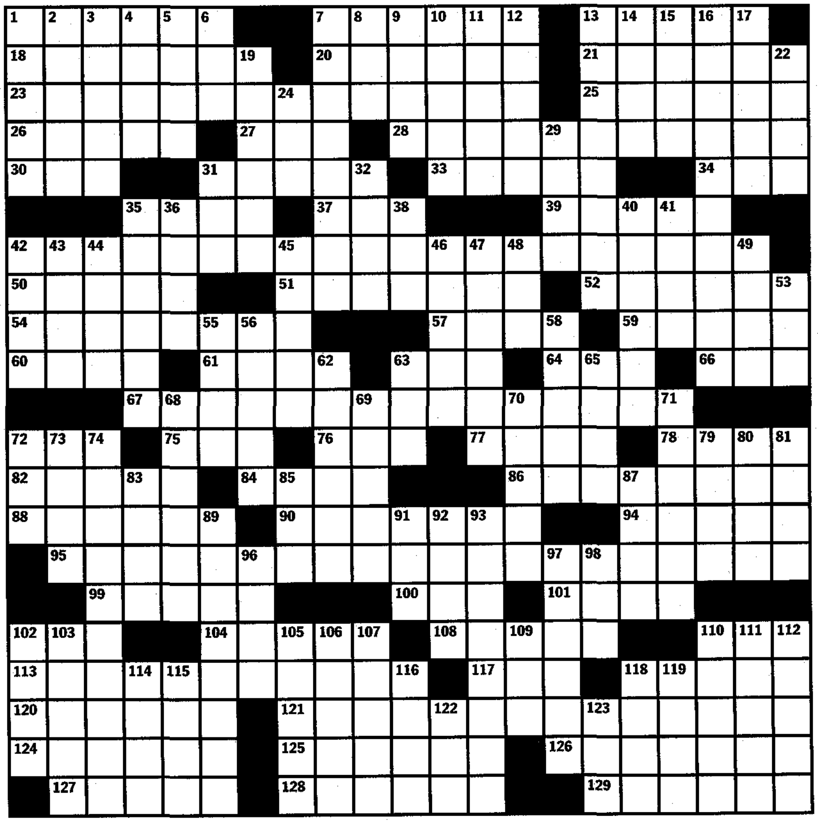
DOWN

1 What tradesmen need is practice! (6)
2 Hold out for a caretaker (6)
3 The rogue responsible for Clara's breakdown. (6)
4 Reading about medical reverse and being censorious. (10)
6 Giving pounds and pounds or a large figure for a letter. (8)
7 Allow the French following to dress down. (8)
8 Uneasy, having no support. (8)
13 He wrote the novel "The Cornets." (10)
15 Saving a little in middle-age. (8)
16 Sense hesitation in a foreign dealer. (8)
17 A combination that makes a nice change after all. (8)
19 Top-up time for the first course. (6)
20 Debate about price-fixing. (6)
21 Note and coin newly issued. (6)

'Wine Bobble': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Verdi's Moor
7 Spanish wine
13 Strips down to nothing
18 Lettuce variety
20 Worshiper
21 Former students
23 Swapping apple drinks?
25 Sounded laryngitic
26 Foamy brews
27 Inlet
28 Lowest-rated wine?
30 Anger
31 Suit bottom
33 —— Hall (New Jersey campus)
34 Pamplona cheer
35 Darn!
37 Half a bray
39 Personal journal
42 Fictional last words?
50 In the midst of
51 "He hath eaten me out of house ——": Shak.
52 River landings
54 Wildly insane
57 Chocolate-syrup brand
59 Mideast peninsula
60 "Thin Man" pooch
61 Jai's go-with
63 Ugandan first name
64 Cereal bit
66 Devoted nursing: abbr.
67 Line from a Liza song?
72 Play division
75 Ending for sin or stun
76 Unlock, poetically
77 Deserve pay
78 Conversely
82 Thai coins
84 Big book
86 Sonorous
88 Short of hemoglobin
90 Most macabre
94 Menachem's co-Nobelist
95 —— on top (oddly decorated wine bottle?)
99 Up to the time that
100 Lode load
101 Soviet news agency
102 Some M.D.'s
104 Resembling
108 Disney World's future land
110 "Diamond Lil" portrayer
113 Juliet's query?
117 Attila's follower
118 Coin-toss call
120 On an incline
121 Given short shrift?
124 Graf of 71-Down
125 Creator of the Muppets
126 Head site for jewelry
127 Nabisco best-sellers
128 Bitter—— (diehards)
129 Enters



DOWN

1 Pygmy antelope
2 Copy-machine chemical
3 Toastmaster
4 Lion's lodging
5 Hats: slang
6 Top left phone button
7 Long-distance run
8 Nabokov heroine
9 City of Poland
10 Zodiac ram
11 Art category
12 Insiders' lingo
13 Fit for a lord
14 Cry of woe
15 Crafty stratagem
16 Job
17 Fishhook fastener
19 Newspaper goofs
22 Notion, in Nantes
24 Roof metal
29 Style
31 Score to shoot for
32 Use the mails
35 Disclaimer
36 Latvia's capital
38 Biblical verb ending
40 Start of a carol
41 Sitarist Shankar
42 Cass Elliot's nickname
43 "Amo, ——, I love a lass"
44 "Thou shalt not," updated
45 —— Lama
46 Kin of Edam
47 Drink
48 Two-finger sign
49 Oscar-winner Patricia
53 "Go get 'em, Rover!"
55 Smokey Joe's place
56 On the qui vive
58 Yankees' manager
62 Physically similar chemical substance
63 Champagne-bucket filler
65 Reinking and Jillian
68 Stick to one's demand
69 Monkey business
70 Third "rock" from the sun
71 Wimbledon game
72 "The —— Daba Honeymoon"
73 Quitter's word
74 1961 Newman-Gleason film
79 Mower's pride
80 Stumbling block
81 French I infinitive
83 Ness's colleagues
85 "—— the ramparts . . ."
87 Rowboat power
89 Italian wines
91 —— Jima
92 Aer Lingus destination
93 Authors King and Crane
96 Queen of scat singing
97 Immediately
98 Jack Sprat's no-no
102 Pâté de foie ——
103 Basil-based spaghetti sauce
105 "Born —— U.S.A."
106 Actress Valentine
107 Improve a text
109 Cow's chew
110 Director Forman
111 Courtroom excuse
112 Germany's Pittsburg
114 Not in jeopardy
115 Facts, for short
116 Loosen
118 Poi ingredient
119 Competent
122 Maxwell Anderson's "High ——"
123 Crone

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page

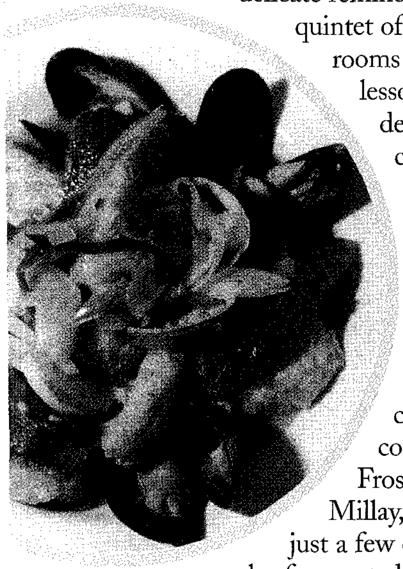
Summer Restaurant Review: Sharon Melville

AN ENCHANTING JEWEL IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

Ye Waverly Inn: Two Thumbs Up!

With its skylit patio garden this enchanting jewel tucked away in Greenwich Village is the perfect place for a Summer afternoon or evening. Located on the corner of Bank Street and Waverly Place you are greeted de by russet marigolds, scarlet geraniums and deep pink nias, marvelled inside by the many antique adorned rooms u travel through the restaurant to its treasured skylit patio en.

Built over 150 years ago as an inn for travelers, and erted to a restaurant/tea room in 1920, Ye Waverly Inn is a delicate reminder of a gentler era. The quintet of enchanting dining rooms offer up a true history lesson in 19th-century decor, from pewter candlesticks to antique sconces, authentic prints and wrought iron lanterns, each item adding to the unforgettable atmosphere. If you listen closely, you can even hear the conversations of Robert Frost, Edna St.Vincent Millay, and Eugene O'Neill, just a few of the literary legends who frequented the Inn early in this century.



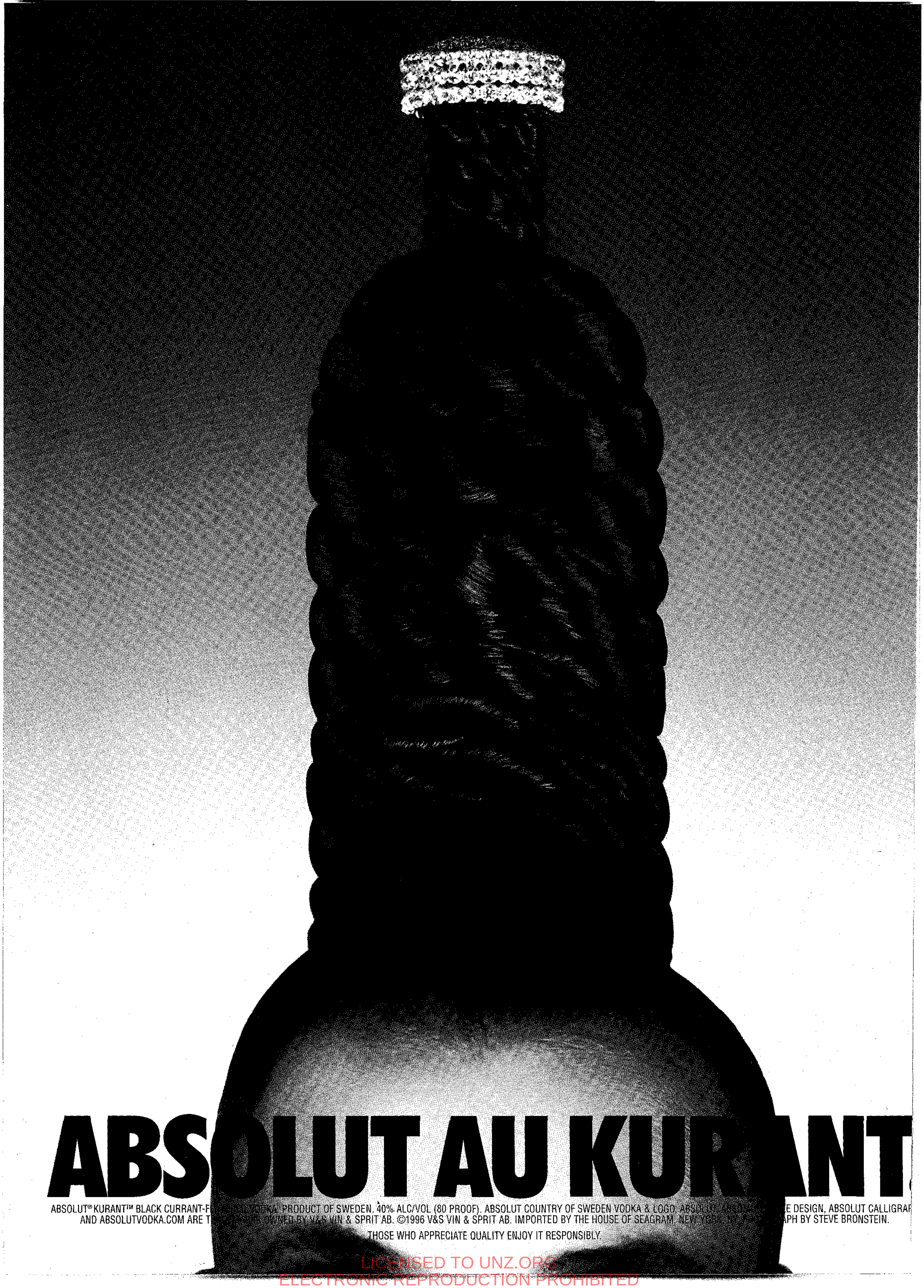
These days, celebrated writers such as Quentin Crisp, award-winning actors Matthew Broderick, Sarah Jessica Parker, Brad Pitt, Kevin Spacey, Uma Thurman, and Marisa Tomei, or model Liv Tyler may be having a tête-à-tête just a table away from you—except you may be just too entranced by the excellent dish in front of you to even notice.

Indeed, for many a New Yorker, a leisurely dinner at the Inn is the ideal antidote to a hectic day. While their American fare has always been first-rate, Ye Waverly Inn's new menu is truly superb, borrowing from both the glories of the past and the brilliance of the present. The grilled salmon filet with roasted sweet potatoes, onions, zucchini and horseradish mustard beurre blanc (16.50) could not be more delicious, but those who prefer lighter fare will be just as overjoyed with a california caesar salad with sprouts, avocado and seared scallops (13.25) or fresh grilled tuna niçoise with haricot vert, black olives, tomato, capers and warm vinaigrette (14.75). Is there any food more comforting than the house's signature entrees, chicken pot pie (12.75) and French peasant meat loaf (11.75)? No! But lately I'm taken with such recent creations as the homemade seafood ravioli with thyme and shrimp broth (15.25) and the grilled medallions of beef tenderloin with portabella and corn hash (18.75), both sophisticated and divine. And, trust me, there's plenty more here to tantalize your taste buds.

Desserts are so good here, that I make sure to make room for at least one bite. When I'm feeling virtuous, the homemade champagne sorbet is a not-so-guilty pleasure, but when it's calories-be-damned, the warm hazelnut and chocolate torte is the treat I choose. Rich, satisfying and utterly sinful, it's my perfect ending to a perfect meal.

Weekend brunch is especially popular, an elegant yet comfortable affair highlighted by sparkling champagne, sumptuous omelettes or extraordinary homemade waffles. If your schedule permits, take advantage of weekday lunch or the early dinner special offered Monday through Thursday. But no matter when you arrive, it's the right time to be at Ye Waverly Inn.

Ye Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street, off Greenwich Ave. at Seventh Ave. South. 929-4378 or 929-4377. Open seven days for Lunch and Dinner. Weekend Brunch. American Express, Master Card, Visa.



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